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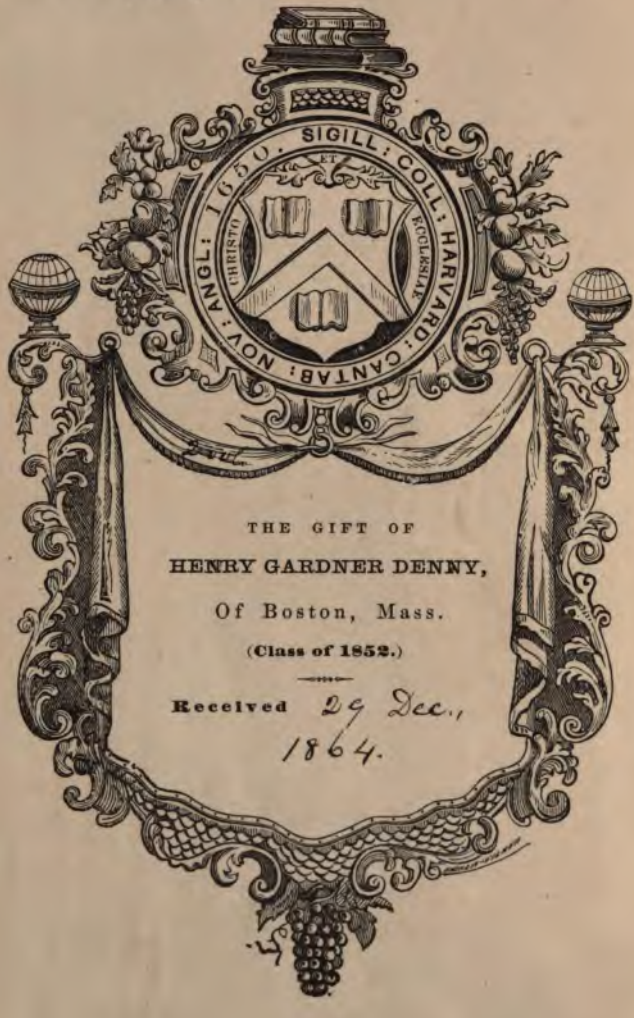

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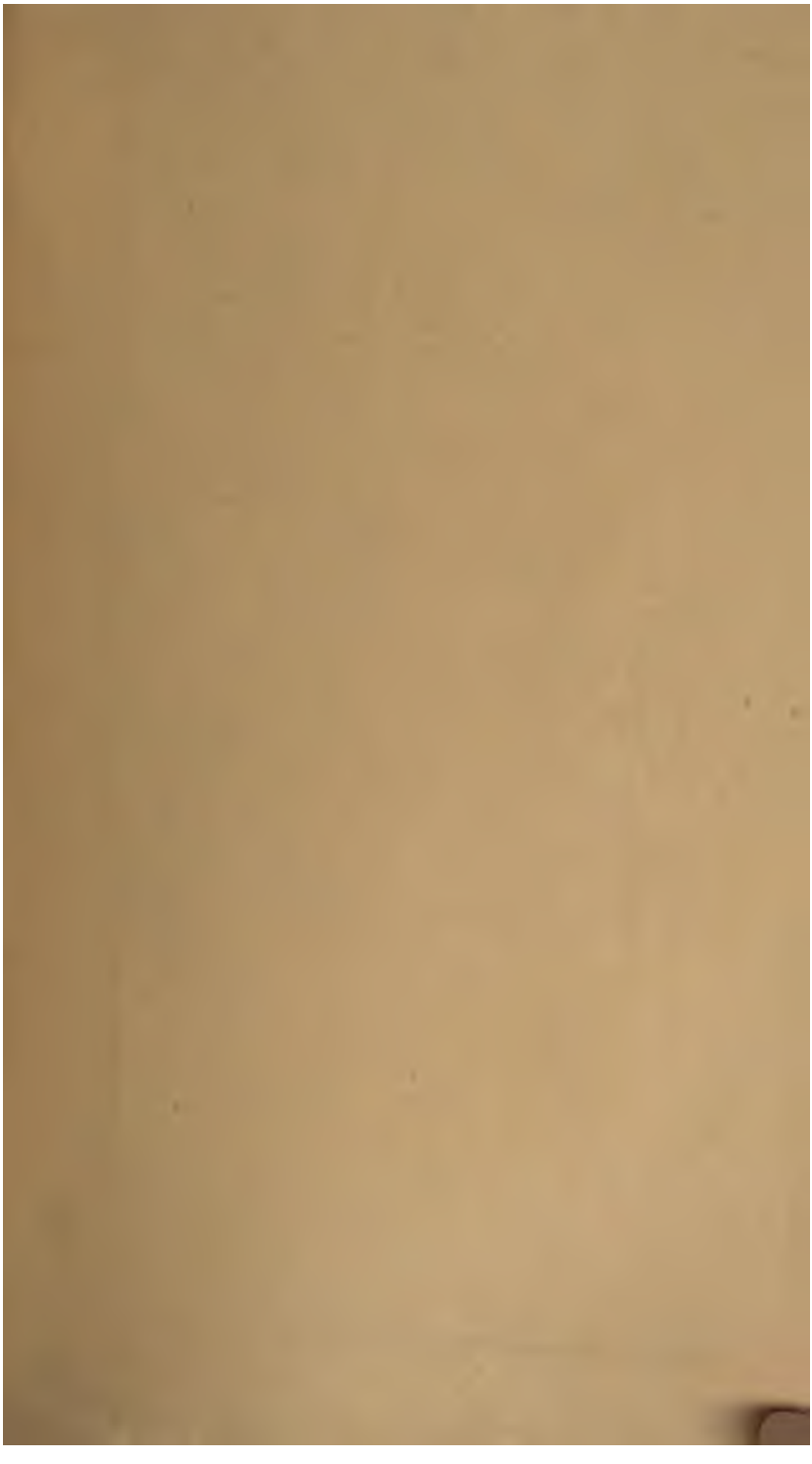

Colonel Montgomery Maxwell, K.H.

Commanding His Majesty's 36th Regt

MY ADVENTURES.

BY

COL. MONTGOMERY MAXWELL, K.H.

COMMANDING THE 36TH REGIMENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NEIL DOUGLAS,

K. C. B. and K. C. H.

Richmond Barracks, Dublin,
June 18th, 1844.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

OUR acquaintance commenced longer ago than I choose at present to mention, and it was ripened into the more lasting feeling of friendship in the sunny clime of Italy, where I had the advantage of having you for my travelling companion, when we visited Elba, the then resting-place of the great Napoleon.

Now, as our sojourn in that island, and our intercourse with that surprising man, will be among the chief "Adventures" in the work I now offer to public notice, I hope you will accept the dedication of that work as a tribute of the high respect I entertain for your renown as a soldier, and your talents, information, and amiable social

attributes as a man; and still more as a token of my esteem for your endearing qualities as a sincere friend.

You will perceive, that I have dated this Dedication on a day glorious in the annals of England, and one in which you took a distinguished part.

I have the honour to be,

My dear General,

Your most respectful and obedient Servant,

MONTGOMERY MAXWELL,

Colonel and Lieut.-Col. 36th Regiment.

PREFACE.

THE Adventures, which I here submit to the public, are an actual transcript from the earlier parts of a voluminous diary I have been in the habit of keeping for many years past,—even up to the present moment; and possibly not the least curious part of my Journal will be found to relate to the Emerald Isle, where I have had the pleasure of being quartered for the last two years and a half, since my return with my regiment from North America.

The present volumes are chiefly occupied in essaying to paint some of my Italian "adventures," many of the principal scenes of which are laid where Rowe placed those of his "*Fair Penitent*"—in Genoa—where I was quartered nearly two years, and to which attractive place I have often since returned; so that if the "love passages" between "Gay Lotharios" and "captivating Calistas" obtrude themselves too often

on the reader's notice, I frankly, but at the same time most respectfully adduce, that to attempt to designate or to pourtray, the fervent, blood-stirring, sun-shiny clime of fair Italy (where the little god runs riot) without occasionally venturing to describe what appears to be the whole occupation of the inhabitants, would be like the man who invented a machine to tell the time of day, and omitted to put a dial plate to it.

Lord Byron has admirably depicted what I mean, in his "Bride of Abydos," where he makes the *Giaour* exclaim:

> "The cold in clime, or cold in blood,
> Their love it scarce deserves the name;
> But mine was like the lava's flood,
> That boils in Etna's breast of flame."

And such it is in the heart of almost every Italian I have come in contact with, for in that land it may be truly said:

> "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> For love is heaven, and heaven is love!"

I must crave pardon for any errors, inaccuracies, or repetitions that may have crept into my pages, and which may readily be accounted for in a work of this nature, considering that it was invariably scribbled off *à briglia sciolta*, if I

may so express myself; for I was eager to commit to paper the passing events of the hour, before the freshness of them escaped my memory; and had I, at an after period, ventured to tamper with them, it would probably have destroyed the very zest and animus that I trust will be the means of recommending these "Adventures" to the favour of an indulgent public, and at no distant period warrant a continuation of them at my hands.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

VOL. I.

PORTRAIT OF SIR NEIL DOUGLAS . *To face the title.*

VOL. II.

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR . . *To face the title.*

MY ADVENTURES.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND AND FELLOW-SOLDIER.

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Palermo, Feb. 12, 1814.

We have both, my dear S——, been pretty well buffeted about the world since we took the

parting shake at Messina, which, (if you recollect) was shortly after our delightful trip to Syracuse, Augusta, and Etna. At the latter, I well recollect our mounting, hand in hand, to the summit of that stupendous mountain; at the former, plunging our paws into the Arethusian fount; at the same time taking a sly peep at some sun-burnt wenches, who were doing duty as the nymphs of that celebrated place, but in more modern guise, and instead of laving their polished limbs in the limpid stream for pleasure, they were more usefully employing their dark brown stumps in treading cloths for profit.

By the same token you may remember, it was by one of these fair ones your youthful heart was smitten, on your first arrival in Sicily, when you brought a most inconvenient stock of morality and modesty from your native country—articles little understood, and less valued in this: for when, lover like, you had for six long months passed and re-passed the palace that contained the princess of your affection, throwing amorous glances in at the windows, and heart-burning sighs at the door at which your Dulcinea took her station in vain; when, I say, you did muster up courage to tell her your passion and its requirements, do you remember her reply? "*Sarei troppo felice si vostra excellenza mi farete*

l'onore!" ("I should be too happy if your excellency would do me the honour.")

It is to be presumed you have now rubbed off a little of your rusticity, and treat not the Spanish dames in that distant fashion, and that the siege of *Ciudad Rodrigo* and storming of *Badajos* have at length taught you manners.

Now, to give you a succinct account of myself since these by-gone days, and commence our correspondence, which I intend, after concluding this missive, to do in due form, by arranging the whole into chapters. Still continuing to make you duly acquainted with my thoughts, movements, and actions, in the same free, easy, and conversational style I have been wont heretofore to do—in the shape of Extracts from my Note-Book—which I shall either present to you at meeting, or transmit from time to time, as opportunity offers.

Be it known to you, then, that whilst you were hurried off to more brilliant exploits in the Peninsula, I was doomed to languish a little longer amidst the plots and counterplots of this cunning and intriguing race; with Murat and his legions in our front, the queen and her emissaries in our rear.

There have been lots of sport for Signor Odiardi, whom you may recollect was General

D.'s head thief-taker. The plot was got up and fostered under the sovereign influence of Queen Caroline; and the first honourable gentleman who helped to stretch a rope, was the chief of the police at Messina, a captain in his Sicilian Majesty's army, who, in my opinion, was basely sacrificed, for the purpose of screening the designs of a treacherous court,—whose attempts to sell Sicily, and drive out the English, were happily discovered at the time, and rendered abortive, by the vigilance of Lord William Bentinck, whom her Sicilian Majesty, the chief exciter of this movement, hated in her heart, and used to designate *the Corporal*, from his always quoting his orders from the "Home Government." Ferdinand, her spouse, took little interest in state affairs, the height of his ambition being to be thought the best sportsman in his dominions, and the most adroit gulper of maccaroni!

I had the curiosity to attend this trial, which was most indecently hurried over; the unfortunate captain, and ci-devant chief of the police, being led from the bar of his judges to the scaffold; —the said judges not being allowed to eat, drink, or sleep, till the close of their proceedings!

We afterwards made a short excursion into Calabria, had some affairs of posts, and laid siege to Scylla Castle, but were forced to start

from it one fine day, in double quick time—leaving our implements of war, baggage, &c.; and a devil of a race we had of it, neck and neck; ten minutes more would have made the difference between the French and us getting possession of the boats.

The Calabrese are a sad set. I recollect a ferocious looking fellow coming into our camp on the heights of Mylæ one morning, and squatting down near my hut, to regale himself with the contents of his pocket, in pulling out which, he also drew out a human hand, which dropped on the ground. Coolly picking it up, and pocketing it, he commenced the rest of his collation; perhaps reserving that for a *bonne-bouche*. On my asking him the meaning of this disgusting sight, he replied, in his barbarous Calabrese patois, and again exhibiting the deadly paw, "*Chiesta fui la magno d'un nemigo mio;*" (this was the hand of mine enemy;) which he acknowledged he had cut off the preceding night, first having killed his victim.

I must here (somewhat "by-the-bye") relate an adventure that recently befell a friend of mine, —commenced in this blood-stirring clime by that malicious rogue Cupid; brought to maturity in the presence of Mars; and very nearly conducted to a close by that ugly fellow, Death.

If you recollect where Lieutenant D——, a wild hairum-scarum sort of a chap, and myself, lodged in Strada Mezzodi, in the good town of Messina, there was almost directly opposite to our quarters, and completely within *eye-shot*, (a term well understood in this country, where every house has a balcony, and every female parades herself in it,) a Calabrian family, a component part of which was a very beautiful girl of about seventeen, with the fine Grecian features that many of her countrywomen possess.

This young lady, like many others of her sex in this indolent and *dolce far niente* climate, was very often either at the window or in the balcony, as was also my young friend Lieutenant D——n, "as is the custom of war in like cases." Their eyes naturally met. Shy and sly glances at first, were soon followed by bolder and more amorous ones; from whence they at length naturally proceeded to nods and signs. In fact, a man placed in such a position, with a lovely girl for his *vis-a-vis*, that girl an Italian, and that man a soldier, could, I must maintain, do no less than make love to her. At all events, the gay lieutenant pursued this plan on the present occasion, and, as he has often since assured me, with no evil intention whatever, his affections at the moment being in the keeping of a fat Sicilian

songstress, who lived next door, and who, by some magic spell which the Italians, and more especially *les gens de théatre*, understand, (although by no means handsome,) held his heart in thraldom.

The minor plot had been arranged by signs, at which all classes in this country are adepts, and the thoughtless lieutenant came to the conclusion that the fair Antonia could come, hold a parley, and return, unobserved by her family. In this he was sadly mistaken, as the sequel will show.

One evening, on retiring from mess, and approaching my own door, the gay Lothario having preceded me but a few minutes, I beheld a young lady first flying across the street, and then rushing past me in the passage, seemingly in great agitation, and exclaiming, "Per l'amor di Dio, chiudete la porta! chiudete la porta!" (For God's sake, shut the door, shut the door!)

As I had previously been ignorant of the dumb-show arrangements that had been carried on across the street, I was totally at a loss to comprehend the scene that now took place.

I found, on mounting the stairs, Lieutenant D—— urging the fair fugitive to be calm, whilst she continued to enjoin him to barricade the door. Almost immediately I heard a dreadful noise, increased by the barking of three dogs

confined in the stable below, and which on the present occasion had acted the part of blood-hounds, serving, no doubt, by their baying from the commencement, to attract the notice and direct the steps of her pursuers, having been, as was natural enough, aroused by the sudden ingress of the bella signorina.

I had just time to lay hold of my fowling-piece; my friend, the lieutenant, grasped a rusty razor; whilst my *fidus Achates*, 'ycleped Peter Linnet, appeared on the scene, brandishing a huge frying-pan.

At this moment both doors were burst open with a tremendous crash, and in rushed six furious-looking fellows, followed by three females, one calling for Antonia, another for her daughter, others for sister and sister-in-law. The women immediately began kissing and coaxing myself and the lieutenant, whilst the men attempted to collar us; and two of the fair creatures took it by turns to move our compassion by displaying their forms on the floor, in those elegant attitudes produced by that dernier resort of female ingenuity—hysterics; the men endeavouring, at the same time, to persuade us to deliver up the fair fugitive, by exhibiting the handles of their stilettos, which they adroitly concealed up the sleeves of their coats—the mode in which almost

all Calabrians and Sicilians carry this deadly weapon about their persons.

I was resolute in resisting their request; and my conscious innocence of being principal actor in this awkward scene, raised my nerves to the sticking point. At the same time I pledged myself that the honour of the fair damsel should be held sacred. Meanwhile the poor lieutenant hung his head and shrugged his shoulders, apparently coming to the calculation in his own mind, "*que le jeu ne valoit pas la chandelle!*" although he felt he was in honour bound (as she had sought his protection) to prevent their wreaking their vengeance on the beautiful delinquent, who had ensconced herself in a small closet, or rather cupboard, off Lieutenant D.'s room, where she had bolted herself in.

I strenuously urged the retreat of the pursuing party, agreeing that the father (as great a savage as I ever beheld) should remain behind, as a proof of our honest intentions.

About this period of the *baruffa*, a fellow-soldier, Captain G., a next door neighbour, arrived with his servant, the first, for lack of more deadly weapon, grasping a clasp-knife, and the other with the leg of a table!

When the fair maiden came forth from her hiding-place, which it took the persuasions of

nearly an hour, urged through the keyhole, to effect, a council of war was held, and it was resolved that the weeping Antonia should be consigned for the night to the custody of the lady of the gallant gentleman with the clasp-knife; previous to consenting to which, we made her father swear that he would not touch a hair of her head, nor force her to marry a fellow she did not like —which I verily believe was the main motive for her flight. Whilst the ferocious-looking parent was pronouncing the oath, the poor girl emphatically exclaimed, "*M' inganeranno! M' inganeranno!*" ("They will cheat me! They will cheat me!")

The procession now proceeded to deliver her over to the care of the captain's helpmate, when a rescue was undertaken by a butcher, his wife, and his apprentices, who lived directly opposite, and who were friends of the Calabrese family, and they succeeded in dragging her into their shop.

At this interference the lieutenant became furious, and I must say I felt myself much annoyed; accordingly we both made a desperate push, and presently found ourselves in the slaughter-house, amidst the astonished butcher-boys.

The cattle-killer and his rib, seeing our deter-

mination, became more civil, and promised most faithfully, if we would leave the dejected fair one with them, that they would not, till the morrow, deliver her up to her enraged family; and they swore (kissing the cross repeatedly, and solemnly kneeling) to abide by this compact,—which, of course, Sicilian like, they broke before the expiration of the night.

A crowd had by this time collected in the street, and who should present herself before the bewildered lieutenant, but the fair warbler, returned from her theatrical avocations!

The lieutenant tried to explain; but the cantatrice was inexorable, and proceeded to let loose all the fury of her jealousy upon him. The bystanders, it appeared, had previously made her acquainted with the part enacted by the young soldier. At last, and with more than woman's strength, and almost with a maniac's power, to the surprise and dismay of all, she forced the knife out of the captain's hand, and plunged it into the breast of Lieut. D——. This done, she fainted, and was carried off the scene.

The screeching and yelling that now took place amongst the female part of the community, and the oaths and execrations of the men, are not to be described. Luckily, however, the guard returning from the theatre came to our assistance;

the wounded lieutenant was carried to his bed, and a surgeon sent for, who luckily found his hurt but of trifling consequence, the point of the knife having first come in contact with one of the breast-buttons of his coat.

The singing lady was incarcerated, much to the distress of her wounded inamorato; and the affair ended by the poor signorina being allowed to enjoy her freedom for a few days—apparently unrestrained,—when the mask was thrown off, and she was hurried to church, and united, literally at the point of the stiletto, to her Calabrian lover; for her father actually (as I was told,) kept pricking her from behind, when she seemed inclined at the altar to refuse the man she loathed; he whispering in her ear, that instant death should be her doom in case of rejection!

The evening preceding this barbarous ceremony, the poor girl had made a second attempt to escape, and on the night of the forced marriage, the dejected lieutenant and myself, as we lay on our sick couches, (for the day after the *fracas*, my horse had fallen with me, and broken my arm,) heard the most heart-rending screams uttered by the disconsolate signora. Her brutal husband, supposing that her abhorrence of him proceeded from her attachment to D., was heard

to vow he would take the lieutenant's life as an atonement for the lost affections of his cara sposa.

The affair ended by the poor lieutenant realising the proverb of the two stools: one of his flames, Antonia, being carried off to Calabria, and the fair songstress, when she was released from durance, betaking herself in disgust to Palermo, of which place she was a native.

On recovering from my accident, I was removed to the citadel of Messina, which was at this time garrisoned by the 10th regiment and De Rolls, and which, as you know, is a fine fortification, and in a very salubrious situation. Soon afterwards I was gratified by witnessing one of the wonders of this wonderful country. But, as the commencement of this exciting scene was introduced to my notice by the afore-named Peter Linnet, I had better introduce Peter in due form.

Peter Linnet is "a broth of a boy," and seldom at a loss; very fond of moistening his clay; with considerable wit, rather a demure rubicund countenance, lit up by a roguish-looking light-blue small eye; slow in his gait and manner; somewhat taciturn, but when he does give utterance to his ideas, giving evidence that he had early licked the blarney-stone; is upon the whole a useful sort of fellow, but an incorrigible drunkard. I had in vain tried to cure Peter of this last-

named besetting sin, and had often accused him of being drunk, which he always as stoutly denied. Not long since, on my return from mess one evening, my friend Peter, in stooping to place his hand on the toe of my boot, already with the heel of it in the boot-jack, lost his balance and stood on his head, with his heels high in air. I immediately exclaimed, delighted at having at length proof positive—

"Now, you scoundrel, will you at length confess that you are drunk?"

Peter recovered his balance, stood pretty erect, endeavouring soldier-like to get his heels together, and his hands to his sides, and staring at me with a half-bewildered and detected look, he collected himself, and making a bend with his head, and a scrape with his foot, said—

"Well, please your honour, for this time, I'll leave it to you."

This quintessence of politeness disarmed me, and I let the matter drop. The next morning, when he came into my room, I observed the atmosphere to be very dark, and on getting out of bed and going to the window, I found a considerable lair of a black powder laying in the sill of the windows, and some adhering to the window glass, at the same time that it was blowing a gale of wind. On asking the cause of this, Peter

said, "By J——s, the men all say that the powder magazines have been burst open during the night, and all the gunpowder is flying about."

I immediately dressed; the air was darkened, and my face covered with black grains, apparently of charcoal. The cause was soon known: a grand eruption of Mount Etna had burst forth, and the wind blowing in the direction of Messina, had carried these black ashes a distance of nearly sixty miles. A slight shock of an earthquake had been felt.

There had not been so great an eruption for many years, and various parties set out during the day and next night, to witness it. Seven distinct craters had been formed,

"Bursting from seven mouths that gaped like hell;"

and, to add to the grandeur of the conflagration, all of them were in and about the commencement of the woody region, and within ten miles of the great crater.

I obtained leave to visit the scene; and when I arrived at Tormina, whence the view of the mountain is most striking and magnificent, the appearance was awful; but when I approached the stream of liquid lava, upwards of three miles in breadth, and heard the deafening sounds of the largest of the newly-formed craters, it appeared as if ten thousand cannons were roaring,—

"As if the earth threw stars to heaven."

Some of the rocks that were thrown up were larger than the largest castle in Sicily. It was as if some giant magician had taken seventy-four guns-ships, and tossed them high in air, as a juggler does his balls.

It happened to be a cloudy dark night, which exhibited this grand and fearful scene to greater advantage. The awful flood of liquid stone filled up valleys and climbed over mountains, carrying all before it, and houses and cultivated grounds were swept off and covered up in fearful succession. As the fiery stream issued from the woody region, where it had first burst forth with terrific grandeur, women and men were seen kneeling, beating their breasts and wailing. Priests were in attendance, crucifixes were carried, saints and saintesses invoked, the efficacy of each being tried in turn; and, at last, a celebrated one who had been lucky enough to arrest the progress of a great eruption many years before, was sent for from Catania: I think it was Saint Juseppe.

A party of us sat down by the side of the burning lava, lighted our cigars, and gazed in wonder and admiration at the sublimity of this indescribable scene. The contents of our haversacks were produced, and we bivouaced for the night close to the flaming torrent, and watched all

night the progress of the never-to-be-forgotten spectacle around us.

On my return to head-quarters, troops were ordered to occupy Palermo, and I was one of those selected. Lieut. D., as belonging to my company, also went, and soon made his peace with the singing signora, who had taken such deep root in his affections, that he could not eradicate her thence, although he was of that light buoyant disposition which allows nothing seriously to affect it for any length of time.

I must not omit to mention, that amongst the numerous English who visited Messina, I became very intimate with S——d and Frank S——h, with whom one of my brothers visited Greece, as well as with that nice young fellow Lord Plymouth, and his friend Edward Drummond, with whom I had many a racket tustle. His Lordship was an admirable player.

I used to frequent the racket court daily, and once, when I found that iced lemonade would not cool me sufficiently, I tried a salt-water bath, by plunging into the ocean, just outside the port of Messina, and pretty close to old Charybdis. The next morning I sounded for Peter Linnet about daybreak, and when he entered, to his astonishment and my own, I was turning round and round in my bed like a tee-totum, with frightful

thirst upon me, but with a horror of drinking. Peter consoled me by telling me—

"Be the powers, it's the hydracopia; y've got the falling sickness. That young dog that died t'other day has done your business."

And then he set up a regular Irish howl.

I began to be myself somewhat alarmed, as my brother, the captain of the "Alceste," had a short time before given me a young pointer, which had, as I supposed, died with distemper, having previously bitten me, whilst foaming at the mouth as I was administering medicine to him. Peter's ejaculations brought all the circumstances fresh to my memory, and I booked myself to be smothered between two feather-beds. I luckily, however, told Peter to bring me some hot tea, which I was determined to try and swallow, as the test of my disorder. This he soon did, and the first mouthful relieved me; and before I had swallowed the basinful I was much better. When the doctor arrived, he said I had done perfectly right, and that my malady arose from checked perspiration, caused by my own folly in having bathed at so improper a moment.

Colonel D. of the artillery being at this period ordered to Syracuse on some duty, I got leave to accompany him, for the benefit of change of air. Whilst there, Lord and Lady Amherst and family

arrived. Lord Amherst was then ambassador at the Sicilian court, and was making a tour through the island. The German General who commanded at Syracuse, General H., sent an invitation for Colonel D. and Major F——r, the commanding officer of artillery at Syracuse, to meet his lordship at dinner the next day, leaving me out, which I thought (being a stranger and a visitor) mighty ungenteel. At the same time, he intimated that his lordship would hold a levee on the morrow, at which all officers were expected to attend.

At first I rebelled, and refused to go, as I thought I had been improperly left out. But I was cajoled to attend the levee by my friends, and as it was a duty to the representative of Majesty, I swallowed the affront put on me by the German, and presented myself at his house, where the ambassador and his family were sojourning.

A circle of officers was formed, and I, somewhat sulky, made a part of it. His lordship arrived, smiling and bowing, and as soon as he had entered the ring, he came up to me, asked if my name was Maxwell, and said that my strong resemblance to my brother Murray had attracted his attention; and ultimately he carried me off (to the astonishment of old St——, who, *instanter*,

sent me an invitation to meet his Lordship,) and presented me to Lady Amherst and the lovely Lady Maria Windsor, then a blushing, blooming maiden of "sweet seventeen." Her tournure was finished, according to the most approved model described by Hogarth in his Analysis of Beauty. I afterwards met her ladyship on the top of Etna, and had the honour of dancing with her at one or two balls at Messina.

Though I have, as you may well think, swelled this epistle to an unconscionable length, I feel the *furor scribendi* still so strong upon me, that I cannot refrain from giving you one more trait of the chief of these realms, which I confess, notwithstanding all my previous knowledge of this monarch of maccaroni, this modern Nimrod, and his unmonarchal pusuits, not a little surprised me. During the season of tunny-fishing, which is carried on to a great extent on various parts of the coast, I rode with a friend to the Baggaria, distant about nine miles from the capital, where there is a very large fishery, and where at this time Ferdinand was participating in the royal diversion.

We had our attention attracted by a state courier galloping with breathless speed along the beach; and almost at the same moment we per-

ceived his Majesty get into a small boat, in which he continued standing, whilst two athletic Sicilians, with all their might, rowed him to the strand where we had taken our station, and to which place the messenger, with furious haste, was just approaching, — charged (as we thought) with the fate of Europe—this being at the time when the great Goliath,* with his Gauls, had commenced his movement towards the north, and when every moment was big with the fate of nations, and their rulers. The Sicilian monarch, in a jacket and trowsers, leaped nimbly on the beach, took the dispatch, and held a short conference with the booted Mercury, who again bent his steps towards the metropolis, his majesty resuming his princely pastime. We, meanwhile, all anxiety, joined the courier, thinking to glean something that might give us an insight into the important matter of which no doubt he had been the bearer. Judge of our surprise on learning, that the important dispatch in question, was to announce to Ferdinand IV. *the exact price at which tunny-fish was selling in the Palermo market—this being a royal monopoly!* Ferdinand's mind is equally occupied about the success of his dairy, which supplies half the town with butter.

We were not permitted long to remain inactive

* Napoleon.

in this sink of vice—this den of corruption, and yet decidedly alluring capital; we were shipped off, much to our joy, to the Peninsula, hoping to gather some of the laurels you were so abundantly reaping. Alas! we were doomed to get more hard knocks than high honours.

You know, my dear fellow, we had formed plans of meeting this winter, when I had treasured up similar anecdotes and adventures to these I have now related, as food for a long evening in some Spanish castle on the banks of the Ebro; but, by the rapid advance of your renowned chief, and the drubbing you gave the French at Vittoria, this prospect has vanished from our sight like other châteaux en Espagne, and you are destined to winter in France, and I to pass the remainder of mine in Italy.

I arrived at Palermo a few days ago, from Tarragona, in the Swiftsure, with Lord William Bentinck, who, I flatter myself, is about to become the liberator of Italy, as Lord Wellington has been of Spain. On our anchoring in the bay, it was amusing to behold the splendid barges and gay attire of the ministers and senate, who came along side to hail the arrival of a chief whom they respect and dread, and whose presence was so necessary to set them to rights;—*he* hanging over the side by a rope, (for we were in quarantine,) with an old

grey great coat on, and an older round hat; whilst *they* stood uncovered, and cringing, in state barges and court dresses!

Notwithstanding that at this time the quarantine laws were strictly administered, we were, as his lordship predicted, speedily released from durance, and I hurried off to report myself to my commanding officer, and shake hands with many old friends.

Poor Lieut. D., who had also returned in the Swiftsure, having been badly wounded at the Pass of Ordal, on the Llobregatt, when Suchet surprised and drove our advance posts from before Barcelona, hobbled off, his heart warmed by the pangs of absence, to behold once more the bright Aspasia—meaning the oft-before-mentioned songstress. With all the confidence of a successful lover, he ushered himself into her presence, his heart humming to itself Campbell's song of "*The Wounded Hussar.*" As he afterwards facetiously described it to me, when he fancied she was going, in a fit of sentiment, to place her hand upon his heart to feel its ardent throbbings, she quietly inserted it first into his waistcoat, and then his smallclothes pockets, drawing out contemptuously and contemplating the meagre contents of the same, (which happened to be one-half-doubloon and two Spanish dollars.) She turned up,

rather more than nature had already done for her, her "*petit nez retroussé*"—told him she had got another and a richer lover—and quietly taking the astounded lieutenant by the shoulders, pushed him gently out of the door!

The poor lieutenant's face for the next few days was so rueful and woe-begone, that I could not help advising him to try the experiment of driving out one love by putting in another; and he found the plan to answer amazingly. As the story serves to exhibit the pursuits of the Palermitans, and the Italian character generally, I will tell it you. He said he was one day lounging up Strada Toledo, the principal one of this city, when he espied a very beautiful woman, at a balcony. His attention being strongly attracted, he returned to reconnoitre, when he perceived, or fancied he perceived, that, as Burns has it, "Love was in her e'e," and that it was directed towards him in a very intelligible manner; accordingly he returned to his quarters, composed an appropriate billet, and returned to the spot, where the interesting signora was still stationed.

He first displayed the corner of it, and then by degrees the whole—looking at the fair form above him as he passed under. She vanished from the window, and soon afterwards a liveried

messenger issued from her portico, passed him with a significant sign to follow, and wher they reached a convenient place, he handed to the servant the billet, with a due proportion of ballast at the tail of it, to ensure its taking a proper direction.

In an hour, the liveried Mercury reached his rooms, with a *risposta*, which he showed me. As it is a model of brief pithiness, and infinitely to the purpose, I will transcribe it:

"Io gradisco il tuo amore; amateme-credeteme. —N. N."*

This lady, I afterwards learnt, was the young wife of an old man holding a high situation at court; she had just lost her cavaliere servente, who was about to be united to the daughter of the celebrated Princess P., and as she was determined not to languish without this necessary appendage of an Italian lady's toilet, she suddenly selected my lieutenant, unaware of the military barrier that was presently to spring up. In effect this affair was of very brief duration; for the lieutenant and myself was soon all bustle, preparing for a warlike visit to Italy. An order for the embarkation of the troops was issued, and I at the same time had the happiness of finding myself appointed Brigade Major to the Royal

* "I accept your love: love me and believe me.—N. N."

Artillery, about to be employed on the expedition.

The Sicilian capital at this period was very gay. The Princess Paterno was in all her glory, with the Count St. A—— lord paramount of her affections. His brother, L——a, notwithstanding a misfortune which affected his speech, was doing duty as the lady-killer; whilst his sister, the Princess St. C—— ditto, was making sad havoc in the too-susceptible heart of a scion of a noble house, Lord M——s, who turned Catholic, and would have turned Turk, to please her.

Prince Butera kept open house for the English, to make it the more agreeable to whom, he changed his dinner-hour from one in the day till seven in the evening; a change, by-the-bye, which soon changed its maker from a living prince to a dead clod. Prince Butera was a noble fellow, generous and hospitable in the extreme. He had been very handsome, and was, not only, morally speaking, the most powerful of the noblesse in this country, but physically the strongest man; he could hold at arm's-length (so they said) a six-pounder, snap a horse-shoe in two, and break a dollar between his fingers, with as much ease as I could a hard sea biscuit. The Prince was very kind to me, and used occasionally to drive me out. His dinners were excellent;

and the balls and parties of his Princess numerous and well attended.

At this time the heart of the fair dame of this princely mansion was in the keeping of young Lord H——. I witnessed the commencement of the love-sick lady's advances to him, and observed its progress. A hussar jacket, which his lordship showed his shape in at one of her grand balls, did the business. Poor Lord P——, his father, arrived too late to arrest the progress of this amour. She was handsome, but older than his lordship, with a sleepy eye and triste visage, and looked as if she was in the habit of taking opium.

The Duchess Floresti was in the wane. The Duchess Mon Dragone was as fat, and pretty nearly as large, as a whale, but with a very beautiful face; to show which, and at the same time to hide her huge figure, Prince Butera (her father) caused her to be painted as peeping out of a wood.

One day, whilst at dinner at the Prince's, I found myself at table, placed between these rival dames, and was so furiously attacked by both, that I felt myself like the favoured animal between the two bundles of hay—starving for want of knowing which to turn to! The one was of the fat, the other of the lean kine; and as the latter order of ladies find no favour in my sight, I cottoned with the fat one,—who gave me a seat

in her carriage, and carried me off to the opera—her enormous bulk almost squeezing me to a jelly by the way. Her sister, the Princess Leonferte, was at this time in her meridian splendour, and the world said that she held in durance the heart of the gallant English admiral who commanded on the station, and that she took advantage of the same to turn it to political account.

Amongst the Sybarites, luxuriants, and exclusives, who at this time graced Palermo with their presence, were my country cousins, Lord and Lady Montgomerie, Price G——n, the young, open-hearted, frank Duke of Leinster, and his brother, Lord William Fitzgerald: also Lord Surrey, at whom the good folks used to say Lady M—— was accustomed to throw sheep's-eyes, and

"Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow"

was bandied from mouth to mouth. But Palermo was the very hot-bed of scandal.

Talking of sheep's-eyes, puts me in mind of being at a launch on board the E——h, at which all the fashionables assisted except the Chargé d'Affaires, the Hon. Frederick Lamb, whose absence seemed to cause uneasiness to a fair dame there present—and the joke was, asking Mrs. O—— H—— if she would be helped to a little *lam b-pie.*

This gay Lothario I had the honour of sailing with from Portsmouth to Malta, in the good and gallant frigate Pomone, commanded by the celebrated Bob Barrie, second to Captain Macnamara when he shot Colonel Montgomery. For a fighting character, Bob was one of the most amiable, generous, and kind-hearted of old Neptune's sons, and we fared like fighting-cocks on board. To be sure, I was obliged to what is termed "work my passage out," by parading my person daily on the quarter-deck of his majesty's ship Pomone, to get a milling from the captain, who was a celebrated bruiser; a poor lieutenant of marines and myself stood the brunt of his blows; *en revanche*, however, I had rather the best of it with the small sword. This duty performed, I had to gaze on him as he pistol-practised. His grand aim was to hit the buttons in the cockade of the middies' hats, which he made them alternately hold up to be fired at.

In addition to this, I, as one of the passengers who discussed his admirable dinners, and washed them down with champagne, hock, hermitage, and claret, &c., was obliged to listen to his adventures, commencing with his opening career in a collier, and his having gone round the world with Vancouver.

Lamb was a good, honest, merry chap then,

with the heartiest laugh I ever heard. He and I had canvas cabins erected for us outside, whilst General M'Kenzie (commonly called the Prince of Wales) took his post inside, got acquainted with the doctor of the ship, lounged on a Turkish sofa, took snuff, and abused the captain's cheer and wines, which my youthful appetite esteemed super-excellent.

L——b was his aide-de-camp, and a captain in the 66th; I in the artillery; but he soon shot a-head of me, and turned his sword into a pen; exchanging bodily encounters for mental ones, in the shape of diplomacy.

I was much amused at one of Lord William Bentinck's evening parties, to see Prince Leopold the fat, with others of the royal party, playing at leap-frog. Notwithstanding his huge figure, his royal highness both danced and leaped most nimbly. This was a curious contrast to the staid, quiet, and unobtrusive habits of the Duke of Orleans, who was present with his fair and fragile Duchess, to observe the gambols of her porpoise-like brother.

When the royal party entered the saloon, the hustling and justling to get at the royal paws of the party to kiss, by the Sicilian noblesse, was perfectly ridiculous, and afforded much diversion to the assembled British officers, and which the

game of leap-frog certainly much augmented, as we viewed the unwieldly Leopold springing over the heads of the fair Palermitans—this royal diversion taking in both sexes!

Adieu—as I have before said in this over-long epistle. I shall from time to time render you an account of my pereginations in Italy's classic clime; in return for which I expect often to hear from you, about the high-born hidalgos and punctilious Spaniards, amongst whom you are sojourning.

I got from you, whilst I was at Valencia, a short letter with a long date. Reverse this as quick as may be, and believe me, &c.

CHAPTER II.

Popularity of the English at Leghorn—Voyage from Sicily—Doubts and conjectures—View of Pisa from the sea—Dante's curse—Leghorn—Machiavelian policy of Napoleon—His treatment of the Jews—A visit to their synagogue—The middy at fault—Canova's statue of Napoleon—Napoleon's sister Elise—Lucca—Treachery of the Neapolitans—Treatment of the Livornese — Joachim — The bastinado — The inconvenience of being popular — An Italian mob — Studio of an Italian artist — The Tuscan dialect — English blunders — Hatred of the Austrians—Arrival of a friend—Anecdote—Italian society — Husbands and wives—Fashionable liaisons — Accommodating husbands and convenient lovers—The country about Leghorn.—The caffés.

Leghorn, March 24, 1814.

THE military and mercantile bustle here, so happily blended with the apparent enthusiasm of all ranks to range themselves under our banners, and to greet the arrival of a people so necessary to their well-being, and so long excluded from their sight, gives an interest and animation to this town, which it had long ceased to know,

having been dejected and neglected during its military occupation. The inhabitants have never forgotten or forgiven the burning decrees of Napoleon, issued shortly after the battle of Marengo. But I believe, when compared with the mild administration of their Dukes, Tuscany may be viewed as almost the only part of Italy that has not bent its neck kindly to the conqueror's yoke.

But, to try back, and bring you in true form to its shores. We sailed from Palermo 28th February, leaving its surrounding hills enveloped in snow;—an event rare in that country, and which caused its inhabitants to pronounce this the hardest winter ever known:—better to have said, ever remembered: what is freshest on the mind, generally produces the greatest effect, and consequently places the latest in the superlative degree.

As we passed the little island of Ustica, the last of the Lipari on this side, it began to blow, and continued gradually to increase, until it worked itself up into a perfect hurricane. Such pitching and rolling, such sickness and confusion in our little cabin, for several of us were cooped up in a small brig—such a clatter from boxes broken loose, broken glasses, broken plates, and you may add, broken promises and conjectures,

as to the period of our arrival;—for though all knew Italy to be our destination, yet the point of debarcation was kept secret.

Our commander,* at starting, steered for the Roman coast, which made us presume that Civita Vecchia was our destination, and we immediately flattered ourselves with a march to Rome. Our hopes were not allowed to rest long in that quarter, for a tremendous wind and mountainous sea, let us know we were getting between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, and coming in contact with the straits of Bonifacio. We again found ourselves off the mouth of the Tiber, and then under the conical isle of Monte Christo. Fate, and a fairer wind, at length pushed us past Elba, the north end of Corsica and Capraja, famed for the refuge its recesses and intricacies afford to pirates and freebooters. Ultimately, we bore up for Leghorn roads, the coast about which is so low, that the town appears in the middle of the ocean.

We soon got a glimpse of Pisa's leaning tower in the background, and the mouth of the Arno, whose magic banks I longed to stroll along. We now rapidly approached the classic shores of Italy, and my imagination being already heated, I thought of the fate of the famished Count

* Sir Josias Rowley.

Ugolino, within Pisa's walls, with Dante's curse upon that city, which I may quote, as embracing the whole scene which then met my eye.

> "Ahi Pisa! vituperio delle genti
> Del bel paese la', dove 'l si suona,
> Poiche i vicini a' te punir son lenti,
> Muovasi la Capraja e la Gorgona,
> E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
> Si ch' egli ame nieghi in te ogni persona."

Rather an amiable wish of the poet, "that the two islands should move forwards, take post in front of Arno's mouth, choke up its course, and drive it back to choke the disgraced Pisans!"

Having safely anchored, let us proceed. Leghorn is modern, and well built, with a noble port, well-defended mole, three lazarettos; one quarter of the town is in the style of Venice, with canals cut for the transportation of merchandize; it has a considerable population, one-third of which consists of Jews.

The policy of Napoleon, Machiavellian like—"*divide et impera*"—induced him to grant great privileges to the children of Israel here established, setting them up as a counterpoise to the discontented part of the community, for which he made them pay with their persons and property; still retaining his popularity, which they evinced by their determined resistance during our first

attack on the town. I was much diverted by a mistake I made on visiting their synagogue, which proved to me that good-breeding and respect is not measured by the same outward forms in all countries, and that a traveller must ever have the old proverb in view—"*When at Rome, do as they do at Rome.*" On entering, I naturally stood uncovered, but was presently rather rudely rapped on the shoulder by one of the tribe, and given to understand I was offering an insult to their religion, by uncovering my head! I remember once before having seen the common order of things thus reversed, and by a jolly midshipman who accompanied his captain to be presented to his new admiral. Arriving at the great man's door, the middy pulled off his hat; but when we were ushered into the presence of the naval chief, the middy lost all his presence of mind, and he clapped his castor on again, to the mingled amusement and astonishment of us all.

The Jewish temple is a magnificent building; so also is the new theatre, and an oil magazine, said to be capable of containing forty thousand barrels.

Where commerce is the order of the day, artists and antiquaries will find little encouragement. There seems only one noticeable public monument—a marble statue of Ferdinand the First,

with four slaves in bronze at his feet, by Jean de Bologna—with the exception of a colossal figure of Napoleon executed by Canova, intended to have ornamented the great square, but now in a dirty store on the Marino. It was with much difficulty we were permitted to view this noble piece of sculpture, every one wishing to deny having anything to do with it!

When contemplating this mighty example of modern art, and rapidly tracing in my mind the conqueror whose resemblance, crowned with laurel, was placed before me, cooped up in a narrow shed instead of adorning the Grand Place, I inwardly repeated the words of Petrarch:

> "O nostra vita, ch'e cosi bella in vista,
> Come perde agevolmente in un mattino
> Quel ch'n molti anni a gran pena s'acquista."

Napoleon's sister, Elise, continued some time after our arrival at Lucca, of which place she held the sovereignty. People here assure you that she is possessed of talent and enterprise worthy the Bonaparte blood. She came here the second day of our landing, habited as a peasant, to have ocular proof of our strength and pretensions to drive her from the throne.

Lucca is only twenty-four miles distant, on which place our advance moved rapidly the other

day, with intent to surprise the Duchess; but the fair lady had flown, carrying off all the treasure amassed by heavy contributions, &c., and our considerate allies, the Neapolitans, were already in possession.

There is "more than meets the eye," in the rapid advance of Murat's troops, and the retreat of the French, who good-naturedly cede everything to them; leading me to presume that a complete understanding exists, and that King Joachim only holds Italy in pledge for his imperial brother, to be delivered over on the first favourable change of circumstances.

The citadel here is in possession of the Neapolitans, and they have the complete control of the town, of which I witnessed their making a shameful use. Some poor Livornese, in the ebullition of their joy, were detected in the act of vociferating "Viva il Re Giorgio! viva gli Inglesi!" They were immediately seized by order of the Neapolitan commandant Minutilo, led to the Piazzo d'Arme, where his troops were assembled, and there, without previous trial, the poor culprits were stretched at full length on a form, and received the bastinado, in the presence of one of our German battalions, which the Hanoverian general, who commanded in the absence of Lord William Bentinck, had ordered

out to keep the populace in check during this blood-turning operation. The punishment was administered by two soldiers taking stroke about, with a common cudgel. One poor fellow, from the excessive beating, died a few days after.

Our German general also issued an order, calling upon all officers and soldiers to avoid giving encouragement to the people in their exclamations of joy on beholding the English, considering as odious all comparisons which enabled them to mark their detestation of the Neapolitans, a race hated and despised by the rest of Italy.

There is nightly an assemblage of natives, and thousands seem ripe to take up arms. A few evenings ago, I was rather put to my shifts. The multitude got hold of me, surrounded and accompanied me, and cheered me till I was perfectly stunned. In consequence of the order I have just referred to, I durst not by word or gesture acknowledge their well-intended kindness, and they continued so long to follow and pester me, that, losing my patience, and turning round, I said, "Grazie signori per l'onore chi m'avete fatto; ma volete insultarmi? questo è troppo!"

Finding I was annoyed, they retired, and the noise ceased, to my great joy; also to my astonishment, at thus finding myself able to collect and disperse an Italian mob, as if by magic.

March 30.—I am billeted here on the celebrated Mr. *Mehalli*, (as he is called,) the *c* being completely softened or changed into an *h*. His shop—I beg pardon, his magazine—is one of the wonders of these parts, for extent and magnificence, containing all that is choice in sculpture and in art. Here you behold gorgons, goddesses, and centaurs innumerable. The godlike Apollo of Belvidere, and the less than mortal Bacchus — the lascivious Satyr placed opposite to the chaste and beautiful Canovian Venus—he, to my mind, having surpassed them all in his knowledge of the human form, as well as in the taste which has directed his representation of it.

On first landing, in the distribution of quarters, my lot fell otherwise than at present. When I came to present my ticket of admission, which naturally brought me in contact with the Tuscan dialect, it appeared, after the rude Sicilian jargon I had been wont to hear, like music to my ear, especially when coming from the lips of a lovely Tuscan dame, who had no objection to accommodate me, but she could not give shelter to my horses.

Indeed, every shop-boy and dirty blackguard that addressed you, seemed to hold converse in the most classic style, and I envied the ease with which these ragged gentry seemed to run the

most difficult verb through all its tenses and moods.

A ludicrous example of the blunders which we English make in these matters occurred the other day. My gallant friend Captain G., of clasp-knife celebrity, of whom I made honourable mention in my letter from Palermo, going into an oyster-shop, told the man, in his best Italian, that he wished to eat "*una dozzina d' Austrici*," (Austrians,) meaning ostriche, (oysters.) The Livornese stared a little, at first, at this English cannibal; but at length perceiving the mistake, and humouring the joke, he replied—"*Caro lei bisognerebbe andare a Milano—là sono gli Austrici-graziamo il dio! non abbiamo qui che ostriche.*"* This added to my conviction of what is generally allowed,—that these Germans are held in great abhorrence in Italy.

Our above-named friend did not leave Sicily with the first division of the army, and only arrived a few days ago, and then not under the most agreeable circumstances. When he came to me to report his arrival, his appearance was so extraordinary that I could not help bursting out laughing, and exclaiming,

* "You must go to Milan, sir, if you wish to eat Austrians. Here, thank God, we have only oysters!"

"Why what the devil's the matter, my dear fellow?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," he replied, "I am just come on shore—I was obliged to leave the ship rather in a hurry, and had not time to dress myself properly."

On a further and more minute inspection, it appeared that our friend had on four shirts, five waistcoats, (a la Grimaldi,) two pair of pantaloons, two regimental jackets, and two great coats!

The fact is, the Captain and his troop were stranded on the Mallora shoal, coming into the roads, and he had taken this mode of putting himself in *light* marching order!

He told me afterwards, that one of his lieutenants, an eccentric chap, could scarcely be prevailed on to leave the wreck, and whilst above his knees in water, remained on the deck, taking a sketch of the Mallora shoal and lighthouse, with his paper resting on the back of an unfortunate bombardier. This you will allow was very like our friend Ned.

I have made a variety of agreeable acquaintances amongst the natives here,—who seem to vie with each other in attentions to us strangers: after the opera, I am generally invited to make

one of a supper party at the Trattoria—a favourite finish to the evening—where restraint is banished, and mirth encouraged; the fair portion of the company treating you with kind invitations to visit them, and with occasional love glances, while the husbands look on as if they felt themselves honoured by your attentions to their better halves. I conclude they are *bonâ fide* husbands; for a *cicesbeo cavaliere servente*, or whatsoever else you may please to style him, has generally a very different physiognomy from that of a complaisant spouse.

I have not been long enough established here to ascertain who are the favoured men, and who the frail fair. It appeareth they have a very expressive epithet for this fashionable liaison, and one very appropriate to the habits and pursuits of this mercantile class of the Italian community: they call them respectively, *Il trattore*, and *La trattata*, (The Treater, and the Treated;—) it being a *sine qua non* of this commercial compact, for the happy homo to find the fair a carriage, and a box at the opera.

The rides about Leghorn are neither various nor interesting, with the exception of those in the direction of Monte Nero; where the Virgin has a church rich in relics, and with a vast variety of offerings. This is on the road to Piombino,

where almost all kinds of game are found in great abundance, and where, in former times, our English sporting gentry much resorted.

The caffés here are on a grand and splendid scale, and of an evening the bustle and beauty assembled there has a novel and pleasing effect.

CHAPTER III.

Description of Pisa; its climate—TheLeaning Tower—View from its summit—The Duomo—Church of St. Stephen—Campo Santo—Dante's Beatrice—Singular relic—A removal, nolens volens—The Serchio—Frogs for sale—Via Reggia—Italian postboys—Milordi Inglesi—Pietra Santa—Sarzana—Shock of an earthquake — Gulf of Spezzia — Magnificent view — Porto Venere—Mont Napoleon—A break down—Leghorn—Good Friday—Colonel Remondi—Arrival at Lucca—Description of the city—Cæsar's head-quarters—The Casino Nobile—The ladies of Lucca—Italian conversazione—Free and easy manners — An unpleasant confidence — La Bella Gentucca — The Cathedral—Ancient Amphitheatre—The baths of Lucca.

Pisa, April 2, 1814.

This town is large, well built, but poorly populated. It is situated in a fertile plain; the Arno majestically meandering through it. It is open, on the south to the sea, at about four miles distance; and is sheltered from the north by a range of mountains which separates it from Lucca.

Mount St. Julien, where there are marble mines, and hot mineral springs, good for gouty and bilious disorders, is three miles distant, and is crowned by the vast monastery of the Chartreuse de' Calci.

You have a lively picture of the climate, manners, and politics of Pisa during the fifteenth century, traced by Guicciardini, when Charles the Eighth of France overrun Italy.

The climate is recommended to invalids, as mild in winter. Indeed, it appears to me, that the houses on the *Lung' Arno*, on the north, or sunny side, enjoy perpetual summer. But, dangerous must it be, to a valetudinarian, to cross by one of the beautiful bridges to the southern or shaded bank; as I am persuaded the atmospheric change is at least ten degrees.

Pisa lies so low that I have my doubts of its being healthy; indeed at some period, it must have been an entire marsh. I have myself seen, during rainy weather, the country between it and Leghorn completely inundated.

Cultivation is carried on in the vicinity of the town, which is the best cure for malaria. In former times it was certainly unhealthy, and as Boccacio says, "*Poco felice alla tinta del bel sesso.*" It should seem, however, to be more unhealthy now than ever; for the population of the

present day is about eighteen thousand, whereas in former times, and during the glory of its republic, it was one hundred and fifty thousand.

You may guess that I paid many visits to the magnificent Duomo-Battisterio, and the wonderful Falling Tower. The tower is built of white and sky-coloured marble, and falls from out the perpendicular eight degrees towards the river; consequently on the opposite side it forms an obtuse angle of ninety-eight. There are eight galleries, one above the other, supported by two hundred and eight columns, which surround the cylinder. In the three first it is perceived that the declination takes place, and that afterwards, the columns, the bases, and the tops of the arches are gradually raised where the edifice leans. It is therefore presumed that its weight, and the weakness of the soil on that side, caused it to sink in, when only three of its orders had been reared; and gave (to use their own words,) "*Agli architetti l'idea bizzarra di far con arte somma continuar l'edifizio in quella foggia pendente.*"

It is really too bad bothering your brains and my own with this long rigmarole description of an old tumbling tower. But recollect—this is the first time I have been let loose to contemplate the deeds of days past. I shall be more temperate hereafter. In the mean time, if

you won't laugh, I will tell you that the number of steps leading to its top is two thousand five hundred; for the trouble of mounting which I was amply repaid, by a view, on one side, of a highly cultivated and richly variegated country, with a part of Liguria covered with its olive trees, and the Apennines in the background; on the other, the town of Leghorn, with the Arno and Serchio winding through the grass-clad flat, with browsing cattle, and the Tyrrhenean sea in the distance.

The Duomo is of gothic architecture, and contains many fine paintings. The windows are beautiful, and the doors of bronze, with highly wrought relievos. The centre one is said to have been brought from Jerusalem after the Crusades, in which the ancient Pisans took an active part.

The Church of St. Stephen, in the Piazza dei Cavalieri, is adorned with the trophies of the renowned warriors of that ancient order, which here took its rise.

The Campo Santo, or Holy-ground, is said to be composed of the earth conveyed from Mount Calvary, in the year 1200, by Archbishop Ubaldo Lanfranchi, who commanded the Pisan army in Syria—an opponent of the great Saladin's. He brought, as *his* share of booty, three ships laden

with the soil of Mount Calvary. Armies are not content with this kind of booty nowadays.

Various and curious are the antiquities to be seen here. Our ancient conductor pointed out a marble slab, with a decree of the senate commanding the inhabitants to wear mourning one year for the death of Cæsar; and also the tomb of Beatrix, mother of the Countess Matilda.

Ever anxious, as I am, to view the graves or monuments of the illustrious dead,—as directing the mind to historical facts,—I was curious to gain a little more information from our matter of fact cicerone, who I puzzled and annoyed, by pouring my questions and conjectures thick upon.

Was this Beatrix Portinaria, the celebrated, (real or theologic,) mistress of Dante? For even with her we have a Matilda, and the argument to canto thirty-one of his Purgatorio, says, "Beatrice seguitando a reprender Dante, lo induce a confessar de propria bocca il suo errore. Il quale dopo certa sua caduta, tuffato da Matilda nel Fiume Lete, beve delle sue acque." Or, was it the daughter of the Count of Burgundy, married to the Emperor Frederick the First, 1156? or, was it her of Provence, wedded to the son of Louis the Eighth of France? or, was it the mother of the Countess Matilda, third wife of Azo the Second, the *undoubted stem* of the two great

branches of the house of Este and Brunswick, who lived to be upwards of an hundred years old, and who, with his Amazonian wife, took the field and led the powers of Italy; and as Gibbon says, "When the standard of St. Peter was displayed, neither the age of the one, nor the sex of the other, could deter them from the field."

Leaving you to decide these queries for yourself, (if you can,) I proceed to say that they have a church here, called La Chiesa della Spina, where they preserve, with ceremony, care, and devotion, *one thorn*, said to have appertained to the crown of our Saviour when crucified.

Lucca, April 10th, 1814.

The morning after dispatching my last epistle, I was *nolens volens* thrust into a great glass coach, in company with the commanding officers of artillery and engineers, and the chief of the medical department, and having four horses tacked to the same, we were rattled off on our road to the Gulf of Spezzia, to inspect and report on the fallen fortress of Santa Maria, &c.

Shortly after crossing the Serchio, we heard a loud and constant croaking of frogs, and presently afterwards we met a countryman who had caught several hundreds, which he was carrying to market; so it appears this food is not exclusively French.

Journeying on by a dreary cross road, sometimes swampy, sometimes sandy, we reached Via Reggia on the coast, the only seaport appertaining to the Duchy of Lucca. From whence, directing our course a little more inland, we got upon the main road, close to where a bold projecting chain of the Apennines seems to frown upon you; and where there is an old castle—meant to impede the progress of an army—which the French in their late retreat demolished in part.

We now dashed on at a furious rate, (the Italian postboys vying with each other in the rapidity they should give to the motions of the first Milordi Inglesi they ever had the honour of driving,) to Pietra Santa; thence through Massa; leaving Carara and its marble mines about four miles to our right; passing through groves of green olives, and a highly cultivated country; every turn presenting something picturesque—with the sea on one side and the Apennines on the other.

At Sarzana, the first town belonging to the Genoese, we halted for the night; and had our slumbers broken in upon by a smart shock of an earthquake. We then crossed the Magra, formerly the boundary between Etruria and Liguria, without the assistance of bridge or boat.

About an hour's drive from the river brought before our enraptured sight the magnificent Gulf of Spezzia, the borders of which, varied by hill and dale, are covered with villages, country houses, gardens, vineyards, with groves of orange and of olives. On one side, and near the narrowed entrance of this noble and extended piece of water, which appears to be separated from its ocean mother by the beautiful Island of Palmeria, is the harbour and ancient Castle of Lerici. On the other side, the romantically situated town of Porto Venere, with Mount Napoleon, as it is now denominated, rising behind, crowned by a redoubt, not quite completed. Below is the fort of Santa Maria, on the margin of the sea, close to which there is an excellent lazaretto, where ships belonging to Genoa, coming from the Levant, perform quarantine.

This splendid scene closes with the town of Spezzia, at the bottom of the bay, where, as soon as we arrived, we procured horses, and proceeded along a capitally constructed road, which has cost much labour and expense. It winds along the shore, as far as Porto Venere, displaying the varying beauties of this *mare magico*, overcoming manifold difficulties, and originally intended to have been continued, by the side of the sea, the whole way to Genoa—a vast and immortalising project, which I hope to live to see executed.

After contemplating for a time the beauties of nature and of art, as well as inspecting the captured castle, and hearing a description of its attack and defence, we returned to Spezzia, the head-quarters of our advance, got into our vehicle, and retraced our steps to Pietra Santa, where we arrived after midnight, having had our progress delayed, by the carriage breaking down.

Before five next morning we were *en route*, and arrived to breakfast at Leghorn. This day and the next were busily occupied in the embarkation of guns, stores, men, horses, &c., and in dispatching the transports to the afore-mentioned gulf; where the army were ordered to rendezvous, preparatory to their descent on Genoa.

After bidding adieu to the Livornese ladies, my kind host and hostess, and shaking hands with numerous acquaintance, I took the road to Pisa, in company with my friend and commandant, and arrived at a tolerable inn (the Tre Donzelle) on the sunny side of the Arno.

It was Good Friday, a day of sanctity and sadness here, consequently affording no food for fun or adventure. We had a long interview with a Colonel Re Mondi, an intelligent officer, who had lately been released from imprisonment at Genoa, of which place he had excellent maps

and plans. He thinks the Genoese ripe for revolt, and ready to receive us as their deliverers.

After this interview, a delightful drive of about an hour and a half brought us to Lucca; situated in the centre of a fertile plain, shut in by gently-rising hills, forming a kind of rural amphitheatre, where the Lucchesians have their villas, olive groves, and vineyards. The town is regularly fortified, with eleven bastions. No guns are mounted, and its ramparts now serve more for pleasure than defence, affording pleasing promenades and delightful drives to its inhabitants.

We got a carriage, and made a tour or two, round a circumference of about three miles, meeting numerous parties of natives, who seemed to greet our arrival by a polite salutation. Many of the streets are narrow, with houses of a dusky hue, which give to the *tout ensemble* of this town a very sombre appearance.

It was here that Cæsar was in garrison, previous to his passing the Rubicon; and perhaps it was within these walls that he plotted the subjugation of his native country. Here he held his head-quarters after his defeat of the Nervi, and hither came Pompey, Crassus, Appius, Governor of Sardinia, and Nepos, Proconsul of Spain, accompanied by one hundred and twenty

lictors, and two hundred senators, to honour him with their assiduities.

After this prodigious display of erudition, (which I suppose you are heartily sick of,) I must descend to the bathos of letting you know, that we dispatched a messenger, with a letter we had for an inhabitant, who instantly visited us, and insisted on presenting me (my friend not being fond of that sort of thing) at the Casino Nobile.

This fashionable resort, termed a conversazione, is held every night. I found it very amusing. The women are generally handsome, and all well-bred; the men pleasant, attentive, and communicative; nothing like the stiff, stupid formality of an English circle, who must know your whole birth, parentage, and education, before they condescend to look at you. Here, all was ease, and anxiety to become better acquainted; and I felt myself, soon, as much at home as if I had been bred and born in the place.

They attribute their late liberation from the yoke of the Grand Duchess entirely to the English. She constantly resided at Lucca, displaying considerable talents for governing. Her party had spread a report that we had abandoned this part of Italy; my contradicting which seemed to give general satisfaction. I remained

until a late hour, and passed a most agreeable evening; and in illustration of what I have before said, as to the ease and freedom with which I was treated, I may mention that I was actually made the confidant in a love affair, by a beautiful woman, Madame S., who concluded by making me promise to call on her next day, that she might entrust me with a billet, for an officer then with the advance, and who had made rapid progress in her affections during the short time he was billeted in her house.

Nothing so irksome as to be obliged to listen to the praises of a person you are not interested about, and from the lips of a pretty woman, whom you would yourself fain pretend to, at least.

If the Lucchesians are as handsome generally as the sample I this night saw, I almost lament that my sojourn will be too brief to afford me a chance of falling in love with "qualche cosa nobile." The air here, I presume, is favourable to the tender passion; for we read that Dante, during his exile, had here a mistress, La bella Gentucca, and one supposed to be less incorporeal than the celebrated, (and as many consider her,) the ethereal Beatrice.

The Cathedral of Lucca is gothic, and curiously encrusted with marbles. The Ducal Palace

is a magnificent structure, containing many fine paintings by Guercino, Albert Durer, and Lucca Giordano. There are also the remains of an ancient amphitheatre, and, about fifteen miles distant, surrounded by the Apennines, are the Baths of Lucca, which are much frequented during the summer months, and to which there is an excellent road, which was constructed during the administration of Elise.

CHAPTER IV.

The true "pomp and circumstance" of war—The English abroad—Vulgar errors corrected—Armies and their leaders—Departure from Lucca—Pietra Santa—Massa—Its Palace—Treatment of one of its princesses by Corsairs—Singular costumes of the peasantry—A consultation—A modern Scipio Africanus—Lerici—Italian postilions—Bella! horrida bella!—Genoa—Conclusion of the war—Soult and the battle of Toulouse—The occupation of Paris—Battle of Vittoria and King Joseph's baggage—Nervi—Lord W. Bentinck—Taking of Fort Richelieu—Capitulation of the French in Genoa—A singular figure—Popularity of the English—Hatred of the French—Anecdote of an Austrian officer—Anglomania—A premiere danseuse—A visit incog.—Lord William Bentinck—A mob of palaces—Italian sedans—Splendid ball—The King of Sardinia—The ladies of Genoa—Splendour of their costume—The Misero—The Passeggio.

Spezzia, April 13th, 1814.

This expedition has already exhibited much of the bustle and bother of war. We have been either cooped up in a crowded transport, or bustling about a dirty village, wrangling with butchers, bakers, and poulterers, providing sea

stock. This, together with half the army on shore, half on ship board, boats upsetting, women screaming, and soldiers drunk, gives but a poor picture of the "pomp and circumstance" of this sublime art.

We proud and liquor-loving islanders do not make very favourable impressions on the humbler and sober Italians. Our insular situation, and the length of time we have been excluded from the continent, have generated in our minds confined and illiberal notions, which time, and closer contact with other countries, can alone cure.

For my own part, (with shame be it spoken,) when I first left my native country, I considered every foreign man I met a rogue, and every woman—what I shall not venture to name. I am now happy to confess that I was ridiculously mistaken.

They say that now a days, "Les armées sont de vastes machines animées par le soufle du general;" and ours must have good lungs, to blow the present mass into system and harmony. Besides British, we have Sicilians, Neapolitans, Germans, nay, even Greeks, whom the natives from their dress denominate Camisciotti,—all hurrying about the little town of Spezzia, in happy confusion.

But I must solicit you to suppose yourself still at Lucca, that I may have the pleasure of bringing you here in due form.

We left a comfortable inn (the Croce di Malta) before five o'clock in the morning, after paying a moderate bill, and swallowing a cup of coffee presented by the fair hands of La bella Locandiera; got into a regular rattle-trap, furnished by the master of the post, and got out of the gates, as we had got in, without ceremony or difficulty, our passports being conspicuously placed on our foreheads, in the shape of diminutive cocked hats, which must have had a ludicrous effect on the gaping natives, who have been accustomed to behold the sky scrapers worn by the French. In former times, no person armed was allowed to enter this town; and a visitor was obliged to leave at the barrier any warlike weapon he might be possessed of.

We rapidly passed over the plain, and crossed by an excellent bridge the Serchio, which you here see descending from amidst the Apennines. A branch of it called the Ozzorra passes near the baths, along which the newly constructed road winds. We regretted our time did not permit us to visit these celebrated mineral springs.

We feared being a day after the fair, and that Genoa might fall in the interim; so we continued

our journey, crossing a considerable mountain by a beautiful road, also the handy-work of these modern improvers of the earth, the French. We breakfasted at Pietra Santa, after which, I found time to stroll through this old and sweetly situated village.

Massa is a tolerably sized town, with a fine palace and old castle. It was formerly a principality, and Voltaire tells us, in his "Candide," how amiably and interestingly one of its princesses was treated by the Corsairs of Morocco. Is it in commemoration of such event that the females of the present day are so fond of morocco leather shoes? or, is it in detestation of it, that they scornfully trample under their feet anything coming from that barbarous country?

I was much struck by the different costumes as we passed through Lavenza, a miserable hamlet, and Sarzana, a large and populous town. The peasant girls at Massa, (many of them handsome), were compared by my fellow-traveller to flying angels, they having on their shoulders something like wings, with quantities of parti-coloured ribbons. At Lavenza, they wore towels on their heads; and at Sarzana, something about the size and shape of a common plate, stuck roguishly on one side, made of straw, and adorned with flowers; large gold ear-rings, beads, silk spencers and

ribbons, and lace for shoulder-knots; short petticoats, ribbed stockings, and shoes with red bow knots in them. The men are equally singular in costume, and almost every one had a flower stuck in his hat.

Here the pure Tuscan ceases to gladden your ears, which begin to be grated by the Genoese patois.

After again crossing the Magra, we held a short consultation, my chief wishing to drive straight to Spezzia, whilst I was anxious to view the other side of the Gulf. Knowing his predilection, like my own, for great men, I carried my point, by persuading him to follow the footsteps of the subduer of Spain, of Africa, and of Hannibal at Zama—who, traditions tell us, once embarked at Lerici. I even ventured to joke my friend on the darkness of his own complexion, and the lustre of his deeds, which might make him pass for the Scipio Africanus of the present day.

We ultimately took the road which branched off to our left, and is very mountainous. We got to Lerici about two hours after mid-day,—after being well satisfied with our postilions, who drove at a furious rate, making only one stoppage before finishing the post, to breathe their horses and arrange their whip-cords, in order that they might the more effectually crack us and them-

selves into notice. On our progress we were generally saluted by the passing peasantry; a proof presumptive of their being well governed, and well to do.

At this insignificant fishing village, styled, in the time of the Roman, Ericis Portus, and where, as I have before hinted, Scipio embarked when he went to be Lieutenant in Spain, we got into a bark, and went in search of our transport, which being found, we proceeded to the shore,—from whence I am now writing, notwithstanding the din and bustle of a crowded ill-arranged inn.

Adieu! We sail immediately, and *bella, horrida bella* is about to begin. Please God to save my life, you shall soon hear from me again.

Genoa, May 12th, 1814.

Here we are, like doctors in healthy villages—no sickness—no feeling of pulses—no fees—no fighting—no fun—no promotion—and no prize-money! In short, "Othello's occupation's gone." Nothing but the name, and honourable starvation, awaits us! 'Tis true, we kept it up as long as we could, and perhaps longer than we ought to have done.

Paris was taken possession of on the 31st March; Buonaparte abdicated on the 4th April; you fought the battle of Toulouse on the 10th,

and we had our scaramouche on the 17th, and took possession of this magnificent city on the 19th, and I indite this on the very spot where Godfrey de Bouillon took up his abode previous to the Holy War; and where I am now comfortably lodged, and magnificently treated, at the end of a most *un*holy war.

No future Tasso can commence, "Canto l'arme pietose, &c.," which at the best is but an ambiguous expression, and critics very reasonably cavil at the idea of arms being either piteous or pious.

I have received your detailed and interesting account of the battle of Toulouse, and of your operations previous to it. I hold your opponent Soult the first of France's Marshals. But has he not soiled his great reputation, by fighting a fruitless battle; it being alleged he knew of the occupation of Paris at the time? I am also in possession of your account of Vittoria, and the amusing description of your officious rogues who assisted at the unpacking of King Joseph's baggage, and your passage of the Pyrenees, with the difficulties and mishaps encountered and surmounted.

Having these gigantic exploits fresh on my mind, it requires no small share of presumption to attempt the recital of our pigmy proceedings, which I shall do as succinctly as may be.

Our sea voyage was of short duration, and we landed at Nervi on the morning after our embarkation, and were just in time to see the French advanced posts driven back. On the 14th, the advanced picquets kept pelting at each other the whole day, and the French threw shells, which frightened the poor women, whom we observed abandoning their habitations half naked, with children in their arms screaming most lamentably.

This is the most hilly, intersected country I ever beheld, and most difficult of access. The 15th and 16th were occupied in landing troops, guns, stores, &c., and with the navy busy in the preparation of scaling ladders.

Sunday, April 17th.

"The better day, the better deed." Proceeded to the high ground above the Sturla Fuimara at two o'clock in the morning, and anxiously awaited daylight. The ships of war had been thundering away all night, making a feint on the Pietra d'Arena side.

Day dawned amidst the Apennines; and solemn stillness reigned around. All eyes were fixed on the hill where Fort Richelieu stands, supposing the attack would begin by attempting to carry it by storm.

Lord William Bentinck seemed lost in thought for a few seconds, and then ordered the action to commence, by the guns at this part of our position, some of whom were directed against a hill in our front, where the enemy had field-pieces, and were in force. This was the lower extremity of the chain leading to Fort Richelieu.

The corps destined for the main road, and that passing through the village of St. Martino, were already formed, and immediately moved forward to the attack; whilst, at the same time, we observed one of the Italian regiments dash across the valley which separated the right of our position from the left of the French, and carry the heights in good style. Richelieu was taken possession of, as also Fort Tecla, which commands the main road.

The navy stormed and took some sea batteries, turning the guns against the town.

Our left overcame all difficulties by the St. Martino road, though they were obliged to scale walls ten or twelve feet high, and possess themselves of various houses that were loop-holed.

Our right centre, under General Macfarlane, (whom I saw busily cheering,) pushed on by the main road; and to make a long story short, by nine in the morning, we had dislodged the

enemy from the whole of his strong positions; and I was gratified by a view of the famed walls and town of Genoa, our troops taking up a position on the heights of the Albaro.

I am convinced, had we pushed on, we might have followed and entered the town with our panic-struck foe, who could scarcely have dreamt of being driven, in so short a time, from one of the strongest positions in the world.

During the forenoon, a deputation from the inhabitants waited on Lord William Bentinck, to entreat him not to bombard the city, and several communications took place with the French General.

The Toulon fleet anchored soon after the action was over, just in time to cut us out, and come in themselves, for a share of our prize money! Its renowned commander landed to assist at the convention; and as far as the face and figure of a complete John Bull could compel a meagre-looking Frenchman to capitulate, this rough son of the sea might have done so. On a large weather-beaten hard-favoured countenance, was stuck a small three-cornered cocked hat. His huge figure wore an admiral's uniform coat, blue trowsers, shoes, with white nankeen gaiters. A tremendous pair of spurs tacked to his heels, and in his hand one of the most terrific looking

hunting-whips that ever beat a cover, completed this singular costume.

As I viewed this ponderous personage bestriding the unfortunate rozinante that was doomed to carry him to the advance, I exclaimed (to myself,) "If anything can frighten them into terms this will!"

It was a sad sight to behold the devastation committed on the beautiful palaces of the Albaro, by the French and our own troops.

In the evening tens of thousands of the natives came outside the walls, and many, from their extreme curiosity to behold so rare an animal as an Englishman in these parts, came into our cantonments.

I was sent to one of the principal gates, to await the coming of General Macfarlane, who had gone with a flag of truce into the town, and myself and horse were so hemmed in on every side, that we could not move. Men, women, and children, all pressing around, with the most eager and gaping admiration, as if I had been some angel or saint, (which, heaven knows, I am not,) everyone essaying to get near enough to kiss my hand; and many who could not arrive at that distinguished honour, were content with the hem of my garment. Others proceeded to pilfer the hair from my horse's tail (who luckily had a

long one,) to preserve as a relic of this auspicious* day, from which they dated the salvation and emancipation of Genoa.

On the following day the terms of capitulation were finally arranged; and on the morning of the 19th, I accompanied the troops destined to take possession of the gates of the town on our side; the French holding the others, by which they were to march out with their arms, baggage, and some field-pieces. The assemblage of people, the huzzaing, the screeching, the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, I shall never forget.

I proceeded to General Fazier's, the French commandant, where a scene of a different nature took place. Here, chagrined and discomfited Frenchmen were venting their spleen and rage, by the most grotesque gesticulations, accompanied by the most horrid imprecations at the tumultuous joy expressed by the inhabitants, who, but a few hours before, had been servilely bending before them, and who were now insulting them as they passed along. One or two of these officers took the trouble to explain to me, that the treacherous Genoese would serve us in the same manner on a similar reverse.

* As it afterwards turned out, I had better have placed the monosyllable *in* before this word.

The national guards were parading the town, and lining the streets in all directions, paying the most extravagant compliments to every English uniform that passed them. A very fine-looking young man of that body approached me, and in broken English requested to know "if I wanted a quarter, and if I would condescend to accept his house as my future residence?" I was much struck by his prepossessing manner and appearance, and readily embracing his offer, I put myself under his guidance, and he hurried me off to the Hotel de Ville, where he procured (as a favour from the mayor) a billet, enabling me to accept of his hospitality, which I have ever since enjoyed.

I took immediate possession of the state apartments, and was graciously asked at what hour my excellency would please to dine. I explained, that the English were not in the habit of laying their landlords under such contributions, our mode being unlike that of other nations, who not only cause everything to be furnished for themselves, but according to their rank, for others too. Thus: a field officer is entitled each day to have dinner provided for himself and two guests; and I was told an anecdote of a colonel in the Austrian service, which proves the meanness, avarice, and extortion, to which this has been carried.

This officer, during the occupation of Genoa, had been comfortably quartered and hospitably treated by a friend of my host's, but had never availed himself of his privilege of inviting guests to dinner, although covers had been laid, and preparations made for the same daily.

This delicate personage, on taking leave of the family which had so magnificently entertained him, presented a memorandum to the master of the house, calculating the expense of two *uneaten* dinners each day, for the time he had remained, and actually enforced payment of the same!

My kind entertainer very often insists on my inviting my brother officers to dine; and as he is an enthusiastic admirer of Englishmen and English customs, I have duly inculcated some of them, such as removing the table-cloth, and making the cheerful bottle circulate for an hour or two, filled with most excellent claret; he giving, on such occasions, evident proofs of being an apt scholar. I am also driven out in his curricle, and presented to his numerous friends. He has a box at the opera, convenient for ogling, and from whence my friend Lieutenant D——, who has also been his frequent guest, succeeded in attracting the attention of *la première danseuse*, a most divine creature, who is at present perform-

ing the part of Penelope. She possesses all the physical attributes ascribed to that princess, and (luckily for D.) without one of her moral ones; she seems already to have forgotten her late Ulysses, whom report says is trudging into France, whilst the amorous lieutenant seems destined for a time to hold sway in Ithaca; thus having the advantage of attracting public notice as her declared inamorata and favoured cavaliere, and by this means introducing himself to the notice of the Genoese dames, as a candidate for their future favours.

My young friend's rapid rise and progress in the affections of La bella Ballerina, shall be given at some future period, as part of the *light*, or *shade*, of the painting I am attempting to execute, of Italian manners. In the meantime, to proceed with the course of events.

The day after our lodgment I was riding out towards our lines, when I met Lord W. Bentinck, who had not as yet entered the town; although the National Guards had been under arms since day-light, and thousands had collected to pay him homage. He made me retrace my steps, for the purpose of pointing out General M'Farlane's residence; thus affording me an opportunity of leading the conqueror into the capital, in his old pepper and salt surtout. We were allowed to

pass without the slightest notice being taken of us; although drums were beating, and guards saluting every ensign with a red coat on his back. Thus his lordship avoided the pomp and ceremony of a public entry, which he seemed to have a great terror of; and the Genoese failed in their endeavours at beholding and complimenting the British chief.

I could not help inwardly smiling as I led him along; and when I had safely housed him, I should certainly have been malicious enough to have reproached the Genoese for their want of respect, had not his lordship enjoined me to let him remain incog.

The streets of this town are very narrow, with the exception of the principal ones; and the number of magnificent palaces huddled together is quite surprising. It seems as if, in the days of their republican and mercantile splendour, when wealth was flowing in upon them, they had been afraid of not finding room sufficient for a display of their opulence, and that they had thus early began to economize the small portions of commodious building-ground afforded by the near approach of the Apennines, which on all sides hem them in.

Carriages are here of little use, all state visits being made in portantinos; every lady of rank

having one, with a couple of athletic porters at her beck, and the numbers collected at the doors of the theatre of an evening are remarkable.

We had a grand ball two nights ago, where all the beauty and fashion were assembled. His Majesty of Sardinia graced it by his presence, having landed two days before, on his road to Turin, to take possession of his Italian dominions. Last night he was at the theatre, which was brilliantly illuminated. The ladies in their diamonds and court-dresses gave a splendour and animation to this scene, surpassing all I had before beheld, and the blaze of beauty around was quite stupifying. I, not knowing where to fix my astonished gaze, at the request of Lieutenant D——, pointed it towards Penelope, who was also adorned with her choicest brilliants, of which she possesses a large quantity; having been for a length of time *chère amie* of the Prince Borghese, who had been lavish in his bounty.

The Genoese ladies, who are, generally speaking, beautiful, are seen to great advantage on gala days. Their features have much of the old Roman cast, being bold and commanding, with (be it beauty or defect) a rather prominent nose, which is, however, harmonized and softened by the extreme lustre of their large eyes, and the length of their eyelashes. This characteristic is rendered

still more attractive, when their heads are tastefully decorated with gems and plumes, which would laugh to scorn a *petit nez retroussé*, and small eyes. The patrician race show much blood, and you may safely pronounce them "thorough bred."

If the evening costume of the Genoese ladies is costly and splendid, their morning one is modest and unassuming, every woman being dressed alike; so that in perambulating the streets of a morning, it is difficult to distinguish the princess from the plebeian, excepting by a more graceful *tournure*. All ranks wear a white gauze thrown over their head and shoulders, which they term a *misero*, and which in my opinion is vastly becoming. The Passegio of a Sunday in the main streets, where all ranks congregate, attired alike, is truly an interesting sight, conveying to the mind notions of republican simplicity. But more of the fair sex anon.

CHAPTER V.

GENOA.

Provisional government—Italian women—The system of marriage and cicisbeoism.—Public panders—English gullibility—Its consequences on the reputation of Italian ladies of rank—A love affair—A lame Mercury—A strange coincidence—An Italian waiting-maid—Behind the curtain—A disappointment—Patitoship—A female adjutant-general—The secrets of the Coulisses—The senator and the danseuse—Country villas of the Genoese—Splendid view—A peasant prince—Genoese palaces—The city—The climate—The flowers—The siege of Genoa—Sufferings of the French—Battle of Marengo—Republican recollections—Cathedral of San Lorenzo—Extraordinary emerald cup—Trip to Savona—Noble road—The birth-place of Columbus.

Genoa, June 1, 1814.

A PROVISIONAL government has been settled, and all seem to anticipate that Genoa will again resume its republican form, under the powerful protection of England, and that a British garrison will be stationed here. But let me return to "metal more attractive" than prospective politics—namely, the Italian ladies. And first let me tell you that they are curiously cautious

in the arrangement of that part of their establishment entitled the Cavaliere Servente, or Cicisbeo: thus affording the passing stranger, or casual visitor, little chance of engaging their affections. The ceremony preliminary to the constituting of a cavaliere servente, occupies often graver consideration than the tying of the matrimonial knot;—for, in the former momentous affair, the sex think and act for themselves; whereas in the other case, they unhappily have little or nothing to say: it being directed by family interest, and adjusted by guardians or parents, who are arbitrary in the disposal of their hands—leaving the affections and predilections of their hearts little share in the arrangement. They are led from the convent to the altar; or, like a bale of goods from the magazine, to the hammer; or, from the bosom of their own family, to that of a man indifferent to them.

The unfortunate female, previously shut up, and debarred all the enjoyments so alluring to her age and sex, (for no spinster is here seen in public,) gladly embraces the parental offer of emancipating herself; and accepts the proffered spouse whom she has oft been known to have *then* beheld for the first time, and whom she generally views merely as a key to future liberty.

Thus ought we to pause, before we condemn

the adoption of a custom so repugnant to good old English feeling; and which so little harmonizes with the happy and domestic state of English matrimony. Not that I mean to assert this to be always the case in Genoa—for I have observed several couples in the full enjoyment of connubial bliss; and many here seem to reprobate the folly and iniquity of the practice in question; although formerly it was wont to be a stipulation in the marriage contract, that the lady should have the nomination to this post, whilst at other times it was left at the discretion of the husband. There are manifold instances where women have given their hearts to men in this capacity, who have held them for twenty and thirty years; nay, even for their whole lives; and many a tottering pair have been pointed out to me, who, having enjoyed the heyday of youth and love in each other's society, are now gently gliding down the hill of life, hand in hand. The fiery fury of love having consumed and purified itself in the furnace of passion, from the animal ore, comes forth from the crucible freed from its baser qualities, under the refined and more durable guise of friendship.

What is certain is, that our misled travellers often return to their native country, after a hurried excursion through this, with most erroneous

conceptions of Italian women and Italian customs. Having been accosted in the public streets and market-places, by those disgraces to their country and to human nature, who seek to tempt them with, "Signore! signore! venite meco! Una cosa rara—una duchessa—una principessa. O Dio! bella quanta mai!"—the gulled Inglese goes back to his own land, and blasts the fair fame of Italy's illustrious dames.

Although balls, plays, and other pageantries, given by our naval heroes on ship-board, &c., are daily affording opportunities for ladies to be "courted of their hearts," I have as yet heard of no permanent liaison, and these matters are generally known as soon as finally adjusted. Though everything appears *en train*, by the facilities granted their new gallants, yet they all seem to me to have taken a leaf out of Shakspeare's book, where he makes Cressida say—

> "Yet hold I oft, women are angels wooing:
> Things won are done, joy's soul lives in the doing:
> That she beloved knows nought, that knows not this,—
> Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
> That she was never yet, that never knew
> Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue;
> Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
> Achievement is command: ungain'd beseech."

Still it must not be supposed, because my headlong friend Lieutenant D. so briskly buckled to with his gay Ballerina, that therefore the custom of off-hand love-making is general; for she is a rover like himself—"Here to-day and gone to-morrow."

I will now proceed to give you the whole of this Italian intrigue, as recounted to me by the amorous and laughter-loving lieutenant.

Whilst revolving in his mind the next step to be taken, and calling to mind that "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,"—on turning his eyes around in search of the implements necessary to carry on the attack, luckily, who should he fix them on (for lack of better) but a crippled and decayed beggar, who used daily to haunt his door, and whom, on examining and finding him intelligent and enterprising, he constituted (sur le champ) his Mercury, and dispatched him at once, to hold conference with his inamorato's femme de chambre; of whom (rather a curious coincidence) he found he had been, in days of yore, the lover.

This limping Mercury had unfortunately left his toes behind him in Russia, having been one of Napoleon's soldiers during that disastrous campaign. But he did his calling better than a better man; he succeeded in seeing the Came

riera, and returned with a request that D. would write a billet. This he accordingly did, and in due time received an answer, penned by the fair hand of the fair Penelope herself, accusing him of infinite presumption, and wondering at his hardihood, in requesting an interview for a person totally unknown to her.

This did not damp the lieutenant's ardour, for he knew that "faint heart never won fair lady." Accordingly, the very same evening he proceeded to hold a consultation with the fille de chambre, who listened to his complaints as to the wounds inflicted on his heart by the face and figure of her mistress, and then desired him to return on the morrow morning; assuring him, that in the meantime she would take his case into her mature consideration, and endeavour to provide a remedy for the same. Finally, she held out her hand with as much sang-froid to receive her fee, as the oldest member of the faculty could have done.

The impatient lover hastened to his post at the hour appointed, which was midnight, and there found the devil's kitchen-maid ready to serve him up as a dish for her mistress.

First enjoining profound silence, she opened and shut the street door with becoming mystery; then making him a sign to follow, she led the

amorous lieutenant through various apartments, until he arrived at the dressing-room of the chaste Penelope. But, alas! it was empty of the treasure he expected to find there. In short, his goddess had not returned from the theatre, and, *ad interim*, he was placed behind the window-curtains, and told to bide there concealed until the return of la signora, when he was to come forth from his hiding-place, throw himself at her feet, and wait her pleasure! Moreover, he was directed not to be alarmed if she should scream aloud,—it having been expressly agreed that she should feign great surprise and terror at his audacity; but that in due time she would allow herself to be pacified! *Non est mulieri mulier insuperabilis?*

Romeo, swearing by the blessed moon, describes the fruit tree tops as being "tipped with silver;" and the lieutenant applied the same phrase to his present conductress; by which means he saw his way more clearly, having now a pretty good perception of the finale of his tragi-comedy. The lieutenant thus found himself both morally and physically "behind the curtain."

Of the latter, he was, as he said, beginning to get heartily tired, when a fairy tread and magic voice on the stairs gave him hopes of a speedy release from the durance of a dark room.

The cruel fair, however, in order to keep up a little longer his agitation and suspense, went into an adjoining room, where she thought fit to remain a considerable time, at once to please and tease him, with a display of her vocal and instrumental powers. This done, she came into her sanctum sanctorum with the most innocent air in the world, as if nothing was farther from her thoughts than to find it profaned by the presence of a son of Mars.

To talk in military phrase, the lieutenant mustered up courage, and made a sortie from behind the curtain; but, before he had time to put the whole of his projected plan of operations into effect, she sprung a mine upon him by a most piercing shriek, and ringing a bell, staggered into the next apartment, where, throwing herself upon a sofa, a bewitching and affecting hysteric scene was represented,—her limbs and figure assuming the most graceful and alluring attitudes.

The female professor quickly appeared, when, after the expenditure of a due proportion of eau de Cologne and orange-flower water, the whole matter was amicably adjusted, so far as related to the honour of her private acquaintance; but there was still a considerable probationary term decreed to elapse, before he was to be advanced to the distinguished rank of Lover, being only

now in the first stage of *Patito-ship*, or suffering. Accordingly, for several successive nights he was regularly admitted after the theatre; when sighing and suing on his part, singing, playing, and acting on hers, beguiled the time—robbing him both of his heart and his sleep, not to mention his money; at which, becoming naturally impatient, he had again recourse to his oracle, who recommended perseverance and patience; at the same time predicting the precise night on which the fortress would surrender, and the conqueror's promotion be registered in Cupid's gazette.

The commander-in-chief for the time being now issued her preliminary orders—that he was neither to look at, nor speak to, any other woman; that he was to parade himself in public wherever she was; to which end she gave her commands, on the evening of their meeting, for the ensuing day, with all the dignity and authority of an adjutant-general. For example: At such an hour she was to promenade at such a place, where his figure was to be forthcoming. On such a night, she was to be at such a theatre, where he was to take post as near her as possible. At such a church, she was to be on such a festival, where he was doomed to contemplate her offering up her orisons to such a saint. As yet,

however, not having undergone the ceremony of a public introduction, he durst not take any further notice of her than the silent but expressive language of the eyes permitted.

After some time, it was arranged that he should procure a public presentation to her; which he had much difficulty in effecting; and the objections and excuses resorted to by her admirers and satellites, to whom he had recourse, was to him a rich fund of entertainment.

He dissembled it admirably when the introduction actually took place, by one more obliging than the rest; and their modest and embarrassed demeanour in public afforded them in private a hearty laugh.

As the lieutenant pourtrayed to me la belle danseuse, she must have had much humour and drollery about her, and her manner of recounting a visit she made to one of our line-of-battle ships, lying close to the mole at Genoa, was truly amusing.

Being now regularly installed as her lover, he visited her in her box at the opera, and in her attiring chamber behind the scenes, where it was diverting to observe the profound adoration with which she was treated by a host of old love-stricken beaux, who kissed her hands with the most doating devotion; and one man—"a grave

and reverend" senator,—used to imprint burning kisses on—her toe!

Genoa, June 5, 1814.

At this season, *les gens de condition* begin to move off to their cool and quiet retreats in the country ; or to make their annual visit to some favourite watering-place,—Italy affording a vast variety of these, from the fresh and limpid to the stinking and muddy. Of the pure kind, Lucca is the most fashionable ; among the dirtier, are those in Piedmont, at Fossano, and at Aix in Savoy.

In the vicinity of Genoa, almost every citizen and petty tradesman has his villeggatura ; and during the hot months, after the business of the day has been gone through, thither he retires to smoke his pipe, and sip (under the cool shade of the vine or mulberry) his small sour wine—what the French term *chasse cousin*—Bacchus having been here by no means bountiful. These numerous, neat, and happily situated cassinos, as well as magnificent mansions, with their gardens and pleasure-grounds, give to the shores east and west of Genoa, commonly styled la Riviera, the appearance of a perfect paradise.

The view from the hill of Rua, when approaching from the Levant, and looking down upon the town, with its towers, steeples, and many-coloured mar-

ble palaces; its noble port, its adjacent villages, orange and olive groves, thickly interspersed with beautiful buildings; the fantastic forms and ever-varying shadows of the majestic Apennines, bordering the picture on one side, whilst the ocean serves to set it off on the other, and a bright Italian sun illuminates the whole;—all this, together with the shores of the Mediterranean, beyond Savona, where the scene is terminated by the distant cloud-capt Alps, causes the admiring traveller readily to pay his tribute of applause, by acknowledging the long-acquired title of *Genoa la superba.*

When approaching on the other side, from Lombardy, the view is still more striking, for by this route the town is hid from you whilst winding amidst the mountains, and not until you have crossed the bridge of Cornigliano, passed the outer gate, and wound round by the light-house, does it burst upon your sight; and from being built on the acclivity of a hill, it displays itself to imposing advantage in its amphitheatrical form.

The palaces most worthy admiration in the city are those of Doria, Balbi, Brignole, Durazzo, and Palavicini. In the environs, are those of Brignole, Giustiniani, and Saluzzo; on the Albaro, the Spinola, Doria, and Grimaldi; at St. Pietro

d'Arena, Marcellino; Durazzo at Cornigliano; and at Sestri, Maria Spinola, now in the possession of a wealthy merchant, who has raised himself to his present position by his talents and industry. He may have been born a peasant; but what is certain is, that he spends his money like a prince, and I (with many others of our countrymen,) have enjoyed his fêtes, and shared his unbounded hospitalities.

At all events, it ought to be reckoned no disparagement here to be a merchant; for almost every noble dabbles in commerce, and all are of necessity venders of the produce of their estates, being paid for them in kind by the cultivators.

The narrowness of the streets of Genoa, and the height of the houses, shield you from the summer's sun: whilst the sea breezes, and cold winds from the surrounding mountains, render the heat tolerable.

In winter, the streets are generally dry, their inclining position carrying off the rain as it falls; and you may promenade with comfort as soon as it ceases, from the absorbing nature of the flags and bricks with which they are paved. This is a most material point, to recommend Genoa as a winter residence. Moreover, there is seldom a day passes without a peep from old Sol.

The profusion of flowers, to the cultivation of

which much attention is paid, is astonishing; and quantities are yearly dispatched to Paris, to assist at the adornment of the Christmas fêtes; the artificial ones made here are also held in high estimation, and the minuteness and delicacy with which they imitate nature, at the Serbino convent, is well worthy observation.

I lately, for want of something better to do, visited the various out-works and extended fortifications of this place, in company with an ancient military officer, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make, and who kindly undertook to be my cicerone. During our rambles, he endeavoured to give me a notion of the celebrated defence made by Massena in 1800, when the inhabitants, reduced to the greatest extremities, were even compelled to eat their domestic animals. He told me of an enamoured French commissary, who used occasionally to compliment the mistress of his affections with the appetizing offering of a bit of dead horse! Whilst other less fortunate gallants were obliged to turn rat catchers, to enable them to offer this *cáccia* (game) at the shrine of beauty.

I can only relate, not vouch for the truth of, these anecdotes. It is certain, however, that Massena's dispatch to the French authorities mentions, that "the inhabitants, for a length of

time, were without bread, and the army were obliged to eat their horses."

Massena, during the operations, narrowly escaped being made prisoner. His situation must have been arduous. For, even when he succeeded Champonet in command, the army was sadly reduced by fatigue and famine. Had he held out one day longer his defence would have immortalized him; for when his flag of truce arrived at the Austrian head-quarters, with a proposition for surrendering, an order had already been received from General Melas, to raise the siege.

The conquest, however, was of short duration. Napoleon, like a thunder-cloud, crossed the Alps, showered destruction on the devoted heads of the Imperialists in the plains of Marengo, and laid all Italy prostrate at his feet.

Let me now escort you where my exulting old guide led me—his republican blood mantling in his weather-beaten cheek,—to point out the spot long tinged with German blood—where the revolt of Austrian bondage first began in 1746, when they succeeded in destroying a part, and driving the remainder of the army from the town.

Being now at no great distance from the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo, we soon entered that

fine old, gothic, marble-encrusted edifice, and saw the renowned cup formed from a single emerald. Not being much of a mineralogist, I cannot swear that it was green glass, although it had much the appearance of it; and I knew that "*Un' uomo senza fede, val niente*,"* at least in this marvel-making country; so I quietly proceeded to contemplate the illumined chapel, with its never-dying tapers, where the ashes of St. John are carefully conserved.

My complaisant conductor now proposed a trip to view the beak of an ancient Roman galley, found near the port; but I preferred a walk to the Dock-yard, to behold a very fine seventy-four nearly complete.

The Genoese allege that our naval commander-in-chief is very assiduous in his attentions here. The captors promise themselves the reaping of a rich harvest, from the spoils of this place, and the delegated caterers have laid their relentless fingers on a quantity of hemp and nankeen, supposed to be French, but claimed as the property of my kind host.

I must now proceed to tell you that since I last wrote I have made a most agreeable excursion to Savona, distant thirty miles, by a delightful road teeming with the choicest beauties of

* A man without faith is good for nothing.

art and nature. The French had projected the prolongation of it by the sea-side, even into France, (no carriage being heretofore enabled to advance farther in that direction,) and a few miles of it have been completed on the other side of the town; and several huge projecting rocks already perforated.

The citadel of Savona is an irregular fortification, now of no considerable strength, but formerly serving as a defence for its once capacious port, which the commercial and monopolizing avidity of the Genoese induced them long since to choke up. The town itself is the see of a bishop, and served as a prison for Pope Pius VII. It also has the honour of having been the birth-place of a lyric poet, Gabriello Chiabrera, who was the great friend of his holiness Urban VIII.

Soult, in the year 1800 commanded the troops on the neighbouring heights, and I went to view the ground from whence he performed a masterly retreat.

On my journey to and fro, I found pleasure blended with melancholy on beholding in the village of ———, the now mouldering house once occupied by that ill-used but immortal navigator Columbus. What a chain of wonderful and overwhelming reflections this spot caused to

start up in my mind! Here it is said the discoverer of the great western continent first drew the breath of life. Here, then, the fate of millions yet unborn was first engendered—here originated the first cause of the many political turmoils occasioned in my own country—and here unerring fate endowed a mind with attributes capable of crossing the vast Atlantic in search of a new world—a world, perhaps, one day destined to subjugate and rule the old.

CHAPTER VI.

The Ballerina again—A journey to Milan—Ascent of the Apennines—Volteggia—Novi—The republican army in 1799—Moreau and Suvarff—Death of Joubert—Anecdote of Moreau—The fortune of war—A fine reflection cut short—We join the Ballerina—A moderate bill—Serenades—A dealer in antiquies—The Po and the Ticino—Pavia—The garden of the Milanese—The tower of Boetius—Arrival at Milan—Astonish the natives—The residence of the Ballerina—Her great wealth in jewels—Milan—The Corso—The Scala—The Duomo—The tomb of St. Carlo Boromeo—View from the summit.

Milan, July 1814.

Here I am, in company with my friend Lieutenant D——, in the metropolis of Upper Italy, apparently yoked to the triumphal car of the fair Ballerina, whose amiable intention no doubt is, to exhibit us to all her *confrères* and *consœurs* of the theatre della Scala, (to which corps her signoraship belongs,) as a type of the renowned Inglese, who so lately made all Europe dance, and as a trophy of her own all-conquering and irresistible charms.

A few days before we left Genoa, the Lieu-

tenant came to me, to say, that the engagement of his inamorata was at an end, and that she was going to Milan; that she had offered him a seat in her carriage, and that she could manage to accommodate his friend, il Signor Maggiore. By-the-bye, I received this enviable title from the moment I was appointed major of brigade; and as the old saw has it, "once a major always a major," I hope at least it will hold good with me till I get a higher grade.

Nothing loth to see life, even in company with a professed dancer, I embraced the offer, as I had some time before made arrangements for visiting that capital. Accordingly we both obtained a short leave of absence, and setting out from Genoa on the 4th of July, 1814, about two hours after mid-day, on horseback, so as to journey during the evening, we proceeded to Campo Marone, and from thence, ascending one of the highest mountains in the rising chain of the Apennines, by a well-constructed road cut through it, we halted for a few minutes, to breathe our chargers, and enjoy a magnificent view of the environs of the city we had lately left.

We now quitted the celebrated site of the Bochetta, and proceeded by a romantic road to our cantonment for the night—Volteggia—a beautifully sequestered mountain village.

Early on the preceding morning, after solacing our stomachs with a draught of cold mineral water from a neighbouring spring, we determined on breakfasting at Novi, the frontier town of the Genoese state.

The principal road by Novi, leading into Lombardy, is defended by the small fortress of Gavi, advantageously situated on a rock, which commands a pass formed by the mountains at this place, and is almost equi-distant from these two rivers. I mention this circumstance, as between them the Austro-Russian army, under the renowned Suwarow, after deploying on the croup of the last hills which crown the heights of Novi, was drawn up in line of battle on the plains of Lombardy, on the morning of the 16th of August 1799—a day fatal to the republicans, whose line of defence was too much extended for their numbers, which were considerably inferior to those of their allied opponents.

Do not suppose that we made the whole of this reconnoissance on an empty stomach. No! we made a most excellent breakfast at Novi, a tolerably sized walled town, with some splendid palaces appertaining to Genoese noblesse, who generally occupy them during the summer and autumn months.

I procured a guide, and sallied forth to survey

this long and well-contested field, which, from its duration, might be compared to the celebrated one of Chevy Chase.

> "This fight did last from break of day,
> Till setting of the sun;
> For when the evening bell had toll'd,
> The battle scarce was done."

The position of the republicans (with the exception, as I have before said, of its being too extended for their numbers) appears one of the strongest I ever beheld, particularly the centre of it, which was on the plateau, or heights in front of Novi, where twenty pieces of cannon were placed—vomiting destruction, and almost annihilating the centre of Suwarrow's army, which he here, in person, led three times to the attack.

This old mad Russian, with, as Shakspeare says, "method in his madness," towards the close of the day (still having sufficient force left to contend with the enemy at this point, and prevent their attacking him in the plain) ordered General Melas, with eight battalions of grenadiers and six of infantry, which formed the reserve at Rivalta, to proceed to turn their right by the left bank of the Scrivia; which movement completely succeeded, and decided the fate of the day.

It is enough to show the obstinacy with which

this battle was contested, to mention that the allies lost seven thousand wounded and ten thousand killed, the latter almost all Russians, who, though three times repulsed, as often returned to the assault of this formidable part of the position.

My present cicerone, who professed having been an eye witness of the scene, did not possess all the intelligence I could have wished, and consequently was incapable of pointing out the spot where the youthful commander-in-chief, Joubert, fell. I knew that it was on the left of the line, and early in the action, whilst leading on a charge, that a ball struck him to the heart, and he could only articulate the words, *En avant! en avant!* He had been married only fifteen days, and it is said, on the morning of the battle, whilst regarding the portrait of his young wife, which he wore suspended on his bosom, he exclaimed:

"Je vaincrai—je l'ai promis à la republique et à elle—ou je mourirai." Alas! he only succeeded in accomplishing the least agreeable part of the vow.

Poor fellow! he modestly mistrusted his own ability on taking the command—this being his first essay in such a situation—and requested his predecessor and friend Moreau to direct in chief.

This the hero nobly declined, but promised to remain with him, serve under him, and assist him with his experience and advice during the approaching combat, observing that it was their duty to conform to the orders of their government, and that as the one had not the power to bestow, so the other had not the right to accept.

As we stood on a commanding height, the picture before us presenting the plains of Rivatta at our feet, those of Marengo a little to our left, I began to meditate on the glorious uncertainties of war, and the vicissitudes of fortune, so clearly manifested by the two fields now before me; when just as I was thinking of Hannibal and of Scipio, and of the thousands of gallant hearts that had been here struck to earth while in pursuit of "the bubble reputation," my reveries were interrupted by a message to announce to us the arrival of the posthouse of "una bellissima signora!" Accordingly, abandoning the field of Mars for the more inglorious one of Venus, we stepped into a handsome equipage, changed horses at Tortona, and from thence were doomed to be fleeced by mine host at Voghera, (our first night's halting place,) where, on the ensuing morning, the landlord of the Tre Mori presented us, for our night's lodgment and an indifferent supper, a bill amounting to ten Napoleons!

'Tis true, my valet, (the celebrated Peter Linnet,) madame's femme de chambre, and her brother, (who rode an unfortunate Rosinante of mine, to make room for me in the carriage) were all included in this reckoning: and to add to our host's readiness in coming thus manfully to the charge, we had arrived in a very elegant chariot, the property of the fair danseuse, with four posters, which she condescendingly permitted Lieutenant D. and myself the honour of paying for.

On our demurring about the settlement, our host, who seemed a bit of a wag, and not a bad sort of a fellow, counselled and consoled us with an Italian proverb, "Chi va piano, va sano." "But," continued he "i signori milordi are travelling *all' Inglese*—à briglia sciolta—with four horses and a Ballerina—and (shrugging up his shoulder,) Cosi bisogna pagare."

After this, remonstrance seemed vain, especially as, on my appealing to our compagnon de voyage, she declared that she thought it "the most moderate charge she had ever met with."

There was evidently no more to be said; so we paid, and made the best of it. Moreover, we had a host of musicians to satisfy, for serenading the lady, and were pestered by a long visit from a vender of antiquities, whom we could get rid of

by no other means than by purchasing some trash.

Whilst the horses were putting to, I paid visit to the cathedral, and walked through a part of the town, which is happily and agreeably situated.

Leaving Voghera we passed, by a bridge, the Staffora, which was hastening to convey its tributary stream to the monarch of Italian rivers—the Po—which we were fast approaching, over a continued flat, highly cultivated, and thickly interspersed with mulberry trees, linked together by entwining branches of the luxuriant vine.

We shortly afterwards passed the Po, by a bridge of boats, its dark and muddy waters rolling along with slow majestic pace. The breadth of the river here is about that of the Thames at Greenwich. Here a tax is levied; but our military appearance saved us from it.

About six miles farther, instead of the dusky hue and unadorned banks of the sombre Po, we had the shadowed ones of the clear, beautiful, and lively-running Ticino, here large, deep, and navigable for vessels of considerable size.

Passing over a branch of the Ticino, by a magnificent marble bridge of great extent, and completely sheltered from sun and rain, we found ourselves in the renowned and ancient city of

Pavia, once the metropolis and seat of government of the kings of Lombardy.

The territory of Pavia is so fertile as to entitle it to the appellation of the garden of the Milanese. Its streets (somewhat grass-grown, this being vacation time for the students) are large and regular, and its squares spacious, with many handsome edifices. Various gothic towers present themselves; amongst others, is shown that in which the learned Boetius was confined.

I hurried through this town whilst my impatient fellow-travellers solaced themselves with a little refreshment, granting me only an hour and a half to view its beauties in, the lady being anxious to get to Milan, as she now for the first time informed us she had received, previous to leaving Genoa, the disagreeable intelligence of her house having been robbed to the amount of thirty thousand francs.

Again starting, we passed the remains of a park, said to have been surrounded by walls to the extent of twenty miles. Here it was that the emperors Charles the Fifth and Francis the First tried their strength.

At a short distance from the main road is the celebrated Certosa Convent, reputed to be the finest in Europe.

Continuing our route over eternal plains, of which I at last grew completely wearied, after about twenty English miles, we towards dusk entered Milan, Lieut. D. and myself being dropped in the same mystic manner in which we had been picked up, at the Albergo della Villa, by the *bellissima Signora*, who drove off to her own residence, leaving the two "officiale Inglesi" in charge of the gaping and amazed waiters.

After dining, we were again summoned to the presence of the fair partner of our journey; for the ceremony, as it seemed, of inspecting the numerous rich curiosities that embellished her elegant mansion—all, I presume, tributes to her charms. I was particularly struck by a gold ewer on her toilette, and a cage of the same precious metal, containing a mechanical canary-bird, which favoured us with a vast variety of tunes.

Adding all this wealth to the jewels she had deposited in Lieut. D.'s charge previous to leaving Genoa, and to the profusion we now saw before us on her toilette, it is clear that the thirty thousand francs' worth, of which she alleged she had been despoiled, must have been a mere bagatelle; so that she was evidently a prize worth contending for.

For the last two or three days I have been ac-

tively employed in traversing this magnificent city, which presents all the busy hum and active bustle of a capital. My liberal banker has mounted me on a gallant charger, and each evening I have paraded myself on the Corso, where the beau monde exhibit themseves; after which myself and sub. have generally accompanied our fair friend to her box at the opera, (La Scala,) which for size, scenery, and machinery, has scarcely its equal.

On the first evening of our appearance at the magnificent theatre, the ballet was the Storming of Seringapatam, and a most singular and ridiculous effect it had, to see Sir David Baird and the Duke of Wellington dancing a pas de deux; the former in the dress of an English major-general, and the latter as a colonel on the staff! To observe Sir David skipping about, and throwing himself into attitude on one toe, while pointing out the different places of attack, was ludicrous in the extreme. The small English cocked hats were not forgotten.

I have at length contemplated with astonishment and admiration the vast and mighty edifice of the cathedral, with its myriads of white marble statues; the whole building being composed of that material.

In a highly adorned subterraneous chapel re-

poses the body of Charles of Borromeo, whose zeal, patriotism, and active philanthropy, have been rewarded by the brevet rank of saintship. I also mounted to its cupola, to enjoy the extended prospect of the plains of Lombardy, bounded on one side by the Apennines, on the other by the Alps, with this rich and compact city at your feet.

CHAPTER VII.

Evacuation of Milan by the French—Popularity of the English—Volatility of the Milanese—Hatred of the Austrians—Instability of their government—Insults offered to them in the streets—Milanese nobles—General Pino—A character—The Ballerina again—An intrigue—A plot—An accusation—An escape—A catastrophe—Singular conclusion to a singular adventure—The origin of Milan—The public buildings—Its mercantile consequence—Anecdote of Marshal Villars—The environs—The amphitheatre—The road over the Simplon—Other works of Napoleon—The Ambrosian library—The observatory—French barbarism—The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci—Extraordinary echo—Summer retreats of the Milanese—The manufactures of the district—The ladies of Milan.

Milan, July 23d, 1814.

A SHORT period previous to our arrival, the French had quitted and the Austrians taken possession of this part of Italy; a political change which has left men's minds in an unsettled state, and the spirit of party runs high.

I was at this time gallantly mounted, and sometimes showed myself, even in uniform. Indeed our garb had always something military about it; for a man long doing duty on a foreign station loses the habitude, as he loses the

means, of putting himself *en costume citoyen*. In short, it was soon ascertained that we were British officers belonging to the army of Italy; and the result was, that crowds of all classes pestered us with their presence from morning till night, thinking that we had come authorized by our government to raise an Italian legion; and I verily believe we could have got up a formidable army in a few days. The volatile Milanese were as eager to enter the English service as they formerly had been to range themselves in the ranks of Napoleon, and capital soldiers they proved themselves.

They seem heartily to hate the Austrians, who have here a very strong garrison. Their government is as yet wanting in stability and organization, which makes this the more necessary. The officers composing the garrison are daily and hourly subjected to insult, and quarrels are continually taking place. I have myself seen the ci-devant officers of Napoleon (Italian) holding their noses when German ones passed them! The attention and respect with which they treat us, serve as a foil to set off their detestation of the others.

A report is now in circulation, and men's minds are much excited about it, that a prince of the blood royal of England will hold sway

here; and I am assured that a deputation has been sent to our head-quarters (Genoa) with this proposal. For this I cannot vouch, but I am certain, from all I have seen and heard, here and elsewhere, that in the event of any future rupture between the courts of Vienna and St. James's, England could, by holding up its little finger, wrest Italy, or at all events the greater part of it, from the iron grasp of Austria.

We have now a numerous acquaintance here; amongst others, the Conte Porro, a man of learning and intelligence, with whom we have dined frequently; the Duke Serbellini, a remarkably fine dashing person; also General Pino, who commanded a part of the Italian army under the Vice Ré in the Russian campaign. The General has told told us many interesting anecdotes on this subject.

I must not omit the mention of a handsome gay Lothario, who absolusely haunts us. He is one of that class ever to be found in great cities, who prey upon the unwary, living by their wits and assiduities; and his character might be summed up by making him to repeat the following Italian doggerel.

"Coll' arte e coll' inganno, Io vivo mezzo l'anno;
"Coll inganno e coll' arte, Io vivo l'altra parte."*

* "I live one half the year by cheatery and art;
"By art and cheatery I live the other part."

We found this youug man (also a discarded soldier,) a hanger-on at Madame's, on our return from the lake of Como; to which spot, by the bye, we made a delightful trip, in company with two English friends and fellow-lodgers; and Lieut. D. had the audacity to do this without the sanction of his fair tyrant, who was full of wrath on the occasion. This truant act of his broke the first link in the chain by which he was spell-bound to the beautiful Ballerina. His new friend (Iago like) soon succeeded in shattering the remainder, by putting him in the way of proving that, during his absence, his fickle fair one's list of lovers had been increased, by no less a personage than a French dancer, whose professional acquirements, and agile attributes, the lieutenant one night (*all' improviso,*) put to the test, at the same time very nearly marring them for ever, by forcing Monsieur Gerard to leave a room where he lay concealed, by the most awkward of all exits, viz. a two pair of stairs window!

Observe, it was only by the suspicions instilled into the lieutenant's mind by his insidious friend, and the wonderful change a few days' absence had operated on his opera dancer, which brought about this catastrophe. On his paying her a visit one evening, and remaining rather late, he found that, as she herself said, she was "*tout a*

fait changeé." She had "taken a religious turn!" She now rose early, she said, and (yawning repeatedly) retired to bed by times.

When she found this hint did not succeed in disembarrassing her of D.'s company, she endeavoured to divert his attention (which was now bent on entering an adjoining apartment) by relating a long rigmarole story, of an old gentleman who "promenaded nightly before her door, who was in love with her, and going to marry her;" and she added, "that if the lieutenant staid late, her antique Lothario would observe it, and raise a scandal in the neighbourhood. In short, she was quite melancholy, and he must leave her to muse alone."

But it would not do; the suspicions of the lover were afoot, and in order to cut the matter short, he boldly proceeded to accuse her of infidelity, and to endeavour to force his way into the suspected chamber.

The consequences of this move were tremendous. Nothing less than a hurricane! and such a one! Thunder, lightning, and rain—torrents of abuse—fire flashing from her eyes—the whole concluding by a flood of tears! But D. was inexorable; he had gone too far to retract; so he determined, as he said, now that he had taken the field, to start his game. But fortunately for

both parties, *he had already started.* For the femme de chambre coming in, after a mutual change of significant glances, the fatal chamber was thrown open, the bird was flown, and the discomfited lover was left to the mortification of having made a false accusation!

The lady's innocence being thus established, she triumphantly and indignantly banished him for ever from her sight. This "ever," however, was comprised in the short space of two days, at the expiration of which, an ambassador arrived to propose terms of accommodation!

Our assiduous buon amico brought us, next day, the results of the catastrophe and escape of the French dancer, whom he pronounced to be *stroppiato assai*—in plain English, dead lame—a circumstance which tallied perfectly with what the lieutenant imagined he had himself observed.

There is no denying that the whole story may have been a pure invention of the enraged and disappointed lover; for it is certain that the dancing Desdemona had no partiality for *him.*

And, now, be pleased to mark the conclusion of this adventure, which is decidedly the richest and most characteristic portion of it. The lady has just sent to the Lieutenant, to say, "That he being her acknowledged lover, her character will be for ever ruined in public estimation, should he

thus early abandon her, and that, therefore, bon grè, mal grè, she is determined on returning to Genoa with him!"

But enough of this. Let us turn, if not to "metal more attractive" than Italian opera-dancers, to matters less "fugitive."

This rich, populous, and compact city, standing within a circumference of nine miles, and containing 140,000 inhabitants, is of ancient and illustrious origin. It is said to have been founded 200 years after the building of Rome, and was first peopled by the Insubri, from whom the dutchy took the name of Insubria. It was then conquered by the Romans, who were in turn overcome by the Goths, who in their turn yielded to the Lombards. Didier, their last king, was made prisoner by Charlemagne, who crushed for ever the Longobarde empire.

From this period the researches of the antiquarian here prove fruitless; the capital of Lombardy having undergone so many vicissitudes, spoliations, and devastations, that it is impossible to trace them. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, it is said, levelled it with the ground in 1152; and it is declared to have been forty times besieged, twenty times taken, and four times almost entirely destroyed.

In the present day, the mercantile conse-

quence of Milan is much advanced by two navigable canals; which are carried from the ditch surrounding the town, between the interior and exterior walls; the one uniting with the Adda, the other with the Ticino; and to these canals is about to be added a third, communicating with the Po.

Some of the streets of Milan are broad, airy, and well built, though there is little to admire in their architecture. As in Spain, every great town in Italy has its trades occupying distinct streets; and if one may be permitted to judge of the opulence of this city by that of the goldsmiths, (Strada degli Orefici,) Milan is rich indeed.

Numerous public gardens and delightful promenades present themselves, thickly planted with trees, that shade you from the summer's sun. Indeed, the whole of the extensive ramparts are converted into pleasure-grounds, and the fortifications that formerly surrounded the castle have been levelled, leaving only a square fort, which serves as a citadel, where a considerable force is constantly kept. The remainder is laid out in grass plats, with clumps of plantation, avenues of trees, &c., and affects the character of an English park.

By-the-by, did you ever hear the neat jeu-de-mots connected with the fortress just referred to? Whether you did or not, here it is. During

the wars of Italy, early in the seventeenth century, when this city was besieged by the renowned, haughty, and, at that time, hoary warrior, Marshal Villars, who was then upwards of eighty, whilst personally superintending the operations going on in the trenches, he was visited by a friend, who, astonished at the indefatigable activity of the veteran, ventured to ask him how old he was. The haughty duke replied, pointing to the town "*Dans tres peu de jours j'aurai Milan!*" (Mille ans.)

The plantations, promenades, and alleys, which I have described, all terminate in the Place d'Armes. Near this is the spot intended to perpetuate the foundation of the Italian republic, denominated the Forum Bonaparte. It is a magnificent amphitheatre, constructed by order of the conqueror, and designed by the Chevalier Canonica, on the plan of the ancients. It is intended for chariot and horse-races, but may at will (by means of cisterns placed around) be converted into a naumachia.

The entrance to this vast arena (which, having paced it, I calculated to be about eight hundred and fifty feet in length, by about four hundred and twenty in breadth) has for its principal entrance a noble arch, sustained by four pillars of the Doric order; and the galleries, which are supported by Corinthian columns

of highly-polished granite, are supposed to be capable of containing thirty thousand spectators.

The noble road over the Simplon, constructed by Napoleon, terminates near here by a fine triumphal arch, which is worthy the great achievement it is intended to signalize.

There are several other works in this city, attributable to the genius of Napoleon; such as the Porta Ticino, a fine structure of the Ionic order, and the Porta Nuova, of the Corinthian order. So that if his ministers levied contributions on the Milanese with one hand, it cannot be denied that, with the other, they disbursed them in embellishing the town and enriching the lower orders.

The establishment of the Mint was also, during Napoleon's reign, carried to a high pitch of perfection; and medals, representing his various victories, are executed in a style worthy particular admiration.

The Casernes (or Barracks) are on a grand scale, and there is an excellent military college and hospital. Another hospital for the use of the community in general is esteemed one of the largest and best conducted in Europe.

Amongst others of the numerous institutions of Milan is the noble Ambrosian library, founded by Charles of Borromeo. It is rich in manu-

scripts, and has some good paintings, but alas! it has been robbed of its chief treasure—Raphael's celebrated cartoon, "The School of Athens."*

I must not omit to mention the Observatory, which is considered the finest in Italy, and is in possession of a very rich collection of instruments; and the Monte de Pietà, which I also had the curiosity to visit. Almost every town in Italy has a similar institution, which may be described as a municipal pawn-shop, where the needy noble and distressed citizen can pledge and redeem their property without having their names and circumstances exposed.

I visited the Last Supper, the Capo d'Opera of Leonardo da Vinci. It is executed al fresco, on the wall of the refectory of the Dominican convent, Santa Maria delle Grazia. It is now almost obliterated; the French soldiers having amused themselves, whilst quartered in the convent, with firing ball at the particular heads composing this immortal work. So much for the taste of *la grande nation!*

I also saw the restoration and perpetuation of this noble work in mosaic. An exact copy is in a state of great forwardness, taken from one by

* This noble work is one of those which, in conformity with the "great moral lesson" taught to Europe by Wellington, has been returned to its home at Milan.

the Chevalier Joseph Bossi. During my visit the artist was working at Judas, and the salt-cellar which he upsets. Query—Is it from this incident that superstition has attached an evil omen to this awkward act? And if so, how is the redeeming charm, of throwing a little over the left shoulder, to be accounted for?

I have left much to say, and little room to say it in; and I cannot afford you another letter from this capital, although my trip to Como, and various other matters, are still untouched. I shall therefore write to you either from Pavia or Alexandria, both of which places I propose halting at. In the mean time I have just room to tell you, that I visited various places in the environs of this city; amongst others, the Casa Simonetta, where there is an echo that repeats the human voice forty times, and the sound of a pistol fifty or sixty times.

Brianza and Varese are beautiful villages, and serve as retreats for the Milanese during the summer months. I did not visit Monza, celebrated as possessing the original *Couronne de fer*, which is kept with other treasure in its cathedral.

The manufactures of this town are stuffs and silks, not of the very best quality. Glass, porcelain, embroidery, founding, and constructing car-

riages, which are sent to various parts of Italy. In the surrounding country is cultivated in abundance, rice, forage, fruits, wine, and hemp, not forgetting the principal commodity, cheese, here called *Grana*, but more generally known as Parmesan.

The nobility of this part of Italy are magnificent in their habits, and hospitable; the other classes are industrious, peaceable, and civil. The women, although not particularly handsome, have a certain *lusso* and *brio* about them that are very attractive. In the morning, and during the day, you see the citizens' wives and others going about, much in the manner that ladies in England would adopt on going to a ball; particularly in the extreme care and splendour with which they dress and decorate their hair, which is generally profuse and beautiful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Milan—Peter Linnet—The Ballerina—How to air linen—The story of the canary bird—A trip to Como—The Lake—The house of Pliny the Younger—The Lady of the Lake—The Lago Lecco—A flirtation—A billet-doux—The Convent of Certosa—The battle of Pavia—Gallant conduct of Francis I. during the battle—His letter to his mother—A walk to Pavia—Church-robbing excused—The Marquis Pescara—Vittoria Colonna—Description of Pavia—Its destruction by Lantrec—The tables turned—Peter Linnet—The Ballerina once more—A pleasant evening.

Pavia, July 28th, 1814.

I QUITTED Milan with some regret; although I endeavoured to banish such thoughts, whilst, Frenchman-like, I put my affairs in a *mouchoir de poche*, and pushing my friend the lieutenant, Peter Linnet, and self, into a chaise de poste—a very different concern from the comfortable carriage we had arrived in, belonging to our quondam friend the beautiful Ballerina; who, by-the-by,

I fully expected would follow us, as she had often declared her resolution of returning with her Caro Georgio—the cognomen of my weeping, wailing, woe-begone friend.

Before we proceed further, it may be well to note down a circumstance that took place this morning, and which, although it served to dispel the gloom on the lieutenant's mind, and afforded me considerable amusement, nevertheless cost me a bran new shirt. Peter Linnet, be it known, fancies himself a great adept at Italian, of which he gave some splendid specimens when he was perched on the coach-box of the Ballerina's carriage, alongside the fille de chambre of Madame. This morning we were called very early, and thinking my chemise felt damp, I sent Peter Linnet to the kitchen, to have the same dried. After waiting for it a considerable time in vain, I was induced to go in search of it myself, when I heard Peter vociferating to the astonished cooks and others, male and female, assisting in the kitchen,—"*Meto questo comicio nel foco;*" and before I could get near enough to rescue it, the devoted shirt was (by one of them more bold and jocose than the rest) thrown on the fire, amidst shouts of laughter.

Peter also got me into a dreadful scrape just before leaving Genoa; and, I must confess, by

something rather worse than a mere blunder, namely, the endeavour to remedy one fault by committing another of a more heinous nature. At the Castello, in the house of the magnificent and hospitable Genoese banker, where I was constantly treated en prince, in the apartments I occupied, there was a most engaging Canary bird, ycleped Dick. This bird would come out of the cage whilst I was at breakfast, light on my shoulder or hand, and pick the crumbs out of my plate; would follow and fly after me; would "show fight" if I held my finger to him, and play many other engaging tricks.

Peter had strong injunctions to watch over this bird, and always to shut him up in his cage before leaving the room; but this he neglected one morning, and a strange cat entered the room, and made a meal of poor Dick. Peter was now put to his wit's end; for he knew the favour that poor Dick was held in, both by the family and myself. So, after due deliberation with himself, he sallied out, bought or caught a common sparrow, got some yellow ocher, painted the bird all over, and then put it in the cage of the defunct Dick. The bird seemed shy; but we thought it was sick and moulting; till one day, the cage having been hung out of the window, a sudden and heavy shower came on; the false Dick got

drenched, and when he was taken in, to the astonishment and dismay of the whole family, the beautiful Canary was metamorposed into a common house-sparrow! The thing was considered a miracle, and to this day the family do not know the *hoax* the ingenious Peter had played on them; and it was only on the journey that he confessed to me this ridiculous prank.

Now for our trip to Como, and then I shall duly present you at the Certosa Convent.

July 8th.

Major C——g, Doctor E——, myself, and the lieutenant, set off for Como, where we arrived about six in the evening.

Como is a large old town, situated at one extremity of the lake of the same name. We got a bad dinner and worse wine, for which Major C. had made a bargain on first entering the inn. This is the mode, if you mean to travel much, and avoid being fleeced.

July 9th.

We rose at four A.M.; procured something to break our fast, and got into a boat, and rowed up the lake, which is surrounded by high and imposing mountains on all sides. One of these is almost perpendicular; notwithstanding which

its sides are covered with the most romantic-looking cottages, and with some superb gentlemen's seats. The soil and climate produce fruits in abundance, and of the most luxuriant kind.

We rowed about six miles, and passed the village of Tano, which is a charming spot. Soon after, we arrived at the country-house of Pliny the Younger. It is about 1100 years old, and is built at the foot of a tremendous precipice, from which a fine cascade, after falling about one hundred feet, finds a passage through the house.

There is here an intermitting spring, which rises and falls two or three times a day. After drinking of its water, which was delicious, we proceeded onward, and our next place of call was an inn, a few miles further up the lake, where we had fish, fowl, and sour wine; the last article of which was amply made up for by the sight of a most lovely female, the mistress of the house. She was only seventeen, and had been only four months married; and of course we all fell in love with her; an attention of which she seemed perfectly sensible, as did also her husband, who appeared to be excessively jealous.

After dinner we proceeded higher up the lake, to the palazzo St. Julio, where we disembarked, and walked about a mile across the country, when we reached an elegant country-house,

commanding a most charming view of the Lake Lecco, which a little higher up branches off from Como, and forms the source of the Adda.

These two lakes, with their rich mountains, covered with verdure in the foreground, and the alps in the distance, form a scene truly sublime. We hurried through the apartments of the house, which was fitted up in a superb style; and on coming away I made the gardener collect a superb bouquet of flowers, which we agreed that the handsome lieutenant (on whom she had evidently looked with an eye of favour) should present from us, as a tribute to the beauty of the fair "lady of the lake."

We called on our return, and presented our offering. She told us her name was Giovanina, and that she came from a little village opposite, and that she had never been beyond the boundaries of this inland sea. Nevertheless there was a grace and elegance about her, that would have done honour to a palace: through which, however, you could discover the true Italian propensity to coquetry and intrigue. In fact, when we went away she held a piece of paper in her hand, which we thought, as she eyed the lieutenant, she wished to drop into the boat as it passed under the window. But the boatman told us that it was a signal for Signor D. to

write to her. The boatman seemed completely au fait to matters of this kind, and offered to carry any letter, and to bring back the answer, or the lady herself, if the lieutenant liked.

We got to the inn at twelve o'clock at night, very tired, but the amorous lieutenant not too much so to sit down and indite a billet doux to his new inamorato, whilst the rest of the party went to bed.

July 10th. This morning our friend the boatman came according to promise, and Signor D gave him a dollar and the letter, with his address in Milan, and he promised to come himself with the answer; but I did not hear any more of this love affair.

Here we took leave of our two travelling companions, Major C. and the Doctor, and when they started for Varese, we set off for Milan, where we arrived about three o'clock.

We spent a few more days in this charming city, where there is a constant *brio* and bustle which are quite exhilarating; during which time I made several excursions, and visited various palaces. None struck me more than the Palazzo Briera.

On the morning of the 19th, soon after daylight, we finally quitted Milan, and found ourselves with a long day before us at the Convent of Cer-

tosa, where we spent several hours. Sculpture, painting, and architecture, have done their utmost to embellish this splendid monastery. Its superb church still contains many choice specimens of the fine arts; although it has suffered much by the marauding system of the French, who, with various other things, carried off the whole of the plate and treasure. It originally belonged to the Carthusian order, which was suppressed by Joseph II.

Statuary, altars, pillars and pictures, still remain—sufficient to evince the riches and taste of these friars; and it is difficult to reconcile what one beholds with their reputed austerity; their cloister being the most unique thing I ever beheld; massy magnificence throughout!

In the extensive park of this convent was fought the celebrated battle of Pavia; and hither came the conquered and captive monarch, to prostrate himself at the footstool of mercy, and to crave that divine consolation he stood so much in need of. He had previously had his wounds dressed in the imperial camp, where he supped, and remained at his own particular request, wishing to avoid the ridicule and humiliation of entering the adjacent city as a prisoner, after having so long threatened to do so as a conqueror. It is said that, on coming into the church, he was

struck by seeing inscribed on a marble slab a verse from the Psalms of David, so applicable to his present fallen state:—

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."—DAVID'S AFFLICTIONS, Ps. cxix. 71.

We sauntered out in search of the field of battle, — where this gallant but unfortunate monarch had for a considerable time the best of the day, in consequence of the execution done by his artillery; but his natural impetuosity carrying him in front of his own guns, he rendered them of no further avail. The Spanish historians say that, after performing prodigies of valour, he was thrown from fortune and his horse, (*Dexado de la fortuna y del caballo,*) wounded and surrounded; he gave up his sword to Lannoy, Charles's general, who kneeling received it—presenting his own in return—observing, "that it ill became so great a monarch to remain unarmed in the presence of one of the emperor's subjects."

How admirable was the dignity and presence of mind of this king, who, although hemmed in on every side, still continued fighting, determined not to yield but to some one worthy of the prize! When Pomperant, a French gentleman who had followed the fortunes of his traitorous friend

Bourbon, came up, and attempted to defend him from the fury of the Spanish soldiers, (who, unconscious of his rank, and enraged at his obstinacy, were about to sacrifice him,) and entreated him to surrender to Bourbon, who was at hand, he rejected the proposition with disdain, as one that would afford matter of triumph to his rebellious subjects.

The very recital of such dignity of conduct does the human heart good; and it is difficult to conceive how any one can read this heroic prince's letter to his mother, announcing his disaster, without being moved to tears: "*Madam, all is lost except our honour.*"

Sending on our vettura, we traversed the fields the greater part of the way to Pavia on foot, it being only four miles distant; and I endeavoured to trace the operations that took place near three hundred years before. We entered the gate by which I presume the besieged sallied out, under the renowned Antonio de Leyva, who so nobly defended the fortress during the siege, and to whose obstinate resistance and final co-operations may be attributed the discomfiture and captivity of the French king.

Here it may be worth while to remark, that had this monarch listened to the advice of his

sager councillors, instead of following that of Bonnevet, who was killed by his side, and who had forced this fatal irruption into Italy on his master, in furtherance of his romantic views on a Milanese lady, of whom he was enamoured, and the description of whose charms had made an impression on the two susceptible heart of the sovereign—I say, had he pursued the more prudent plan of retiring, there is no doubt that he might have remained master of the Milanese; so distressed and impoverished was the state of the Imperial army.

It is said that Antonio, when pushed, to satisfy the demands of his unpaid and mutinous Spanish and German soldiers, at length had recourse to robbing the churches; à propos to which it may not be amiss to introduce the name of the Marquis Pescara, who, with Lannoy and Bourbon, had the chief command of the troops of Charles in Italy at this eventful period, and who made an excellent reply to the Legate to Pope Clement VII., in extenuation of such sacrilege, and in proof of the difficulty of curbing this propensity in his licentious soldiery.

"Monsegnor Legado, no ay cosa mas difficultosa a los que exercen la guerra, que con igual disciplina servir en un mismo tiempo a Mars y a

Christo; perque el uso de la guerra en esta corruption de militia paresce ser en todo contrario a justicia y religion."

The gaining the battle of Pavia is chiefly attributed to this great captain. On that day, the marquis broke down the park wall with his artillery, formed the army, and was the first to charge with the imperial horse. Francis allowed to him much of the glory of the day.

The Marquis Pescara, discoursing on his ambitious designs relative to Italy, said, "It was a fine country to amuse oneself in; that it was an easy conquest, but difficult to preserve:" an opinion which succeeding events have served to corroborate up to the present day.

This celebrated warrior finished his career at the early age of thirty-six, breathing his last at Milan, in the year 1525. His body was transported to Naples with great funeral pomp, and deposited in the church of St. Dominico. When a very young soldier, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Ravenna, and led in triumph to assist at the obsequies of Gaston de Foix. During his confinement he composed a work on Love, which he dedicated to his wife, the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, who

though early left a widow, and eulogized and courted by almost all the men of genius of her time, continued faithful to her first vow, virtuously to love and cherish his memory during her life.

She was a woman of extraordinary talent, and counted among her suitors the celebrated Michael Angelo, whose theme she was in several of his sonnets.

Pavia was anciently called Ticinum, from the river that runs past it, and the course of which Francis, during the siege, had endeavoured to turn; an expedient which, instead of annoying the besieged, only served to inundate the country on his side, and retard his operations, by destroying the works he had already erected.

This town is remarkable for the beauty and richness of its churches, and the breadth and regularity of its streets. It was cruelly treated by Lantrec, the French general, who took and wreaked his vengeance on it, in the year preceding that which witnessed the disgrace of his master. This atrocious act was amply atoned for in the same year, when Lantrec and his army, following their fortunes to Naples, the tables were there completely turned on himself and army,—both perishing through misconduct, while (to make the defeat more signal) fortune seemed to

be within his grasp: thus causing the Neapolitans to exclaim:—

"Non si puo pigliar la fortuna per i capelli!"

We had sent Peter forward with our traps, as I have already stated, and on our arrival near the inn, he met and saluted us in true soldierlike style; exclaiming,

"Plaise your honor she's come!"

"Who the deuce is come?" says I. He, rather forgetting himself, responded, "By J——s, Il Signora." (For Peter, like the English lady I once heard talking about "les beaux Vaches et les belles bœufs," always makes a sad jumble of the genders.) And sure enough, on entering the inn, there we found the signora, snugly ensconced in the room where our dinner-table was laid, apparently as much at home as if no baruffa (row) had ever occurred.

We all dined together, and spent a most agreeable evening; the lady employing her guitar, and singing and playing most enchantingly; in short, displaying all her airs, graces, and blandishments to much advantage, and to the entire discomfiture of the wise resolves of the softened and susceptible sub.

I retired to my roost early, having previously arranged with the lieutenant, what I much

doubted would be fulfilled, viz., that we should start by times in the morning; for which purpose I ordered a cup of coffee and post-horses before daylight.

CHAPTER XII.

The fortress of Alessandria—Taken by Prince Eugene—Character of the fortifications—Napoleon—His famous order of the day—The battle of Marengo—Singular anecdote of it—A soldier-barber—Description of the field—Conduct of Napoleon—The battle won by the Austrians and again lost—Fall of Dessaix—Marmont and Kellerman—Return to Genoa—Magnificent scene—Party feeling—Protestants and Catholics in Genoa—Hospitality of the Genoese—Beauty of the women—A fracas—An accident—A love affair—Going to mass—The Bella Fornarina—Lord W. B.—A ball at Albaro—A dark drive home—Departure for Leghorn.

Alessandria, July 20.

The renowned fortress of Alexandria—or, to write it more italianized, Alessandria—is situated in the midst of the celebrated plains of Marengo, on the low and marshy banks of the Tarraro. The citadel is a strong regular fortification, the Tarraro separating it from the town, which is large, and contains about eighty thousand inhabitants. It was taken by Prince Eugene in 1706, after a three days' siege: but this, I imagine, could not be the case now, as it is at present a formidable fortress; and were the outworks constructed of masonry, (which I presume they soon

will be,) and well defended by a sufficient force, I should pronounce it impregnable. In its present condition this stronghold costs immense sums to keep the works in repair, as they are constantly washed away by the rains,—being only of a temporary nature.

The town was once called *della Paglia*, from its inhabitants using stubble for fuel instead of wood, and the Germans were wont to call it a fortress of straw, from the ease with which it could be taken.

> "But Linden showed another sight,
> When beat the drum by dead of night;
> Commanding fires of death to light
> The beauty of its scenery."

I allude to the bloody battle fought near it on the 14th of June 1800, which terminated in the subjugation of Piedmont and Lombardy to French dominion.

History informs us also, that Alessandria was taken by the French in the year 1745, and again recaptured by the Sardinians the next year, and was assigned to the king of Sardinia by the treaty of Utrecht; and so it remained until the young Napoleon came like a thunder-cloud after the battle of Monte Notte, when this place was ceded to him, 23rd April 1796. It was probably from the very place whence I am scribbling that he addressed to his soldiers the order of the day commencing:—

"Soldiers, you have in fifteen days gained six victories, taken twenty-one standards, fifty-five pieces of cannon, conquered the richest part of Piedmont, and made fifteen thousand prisoners. You have gained battles without cannon; passed rivers without the aid of pontoons; made forced marches bare footed; bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread to eat!" and then he adds, "you have done nothing until Turin and Milan are yours."

The department in which this fortress stands, takes its name from a village which I this evening passed through, called Marengo, about four miles distant, and which gives its name to the before-mentioned battle, whose results were at the time as great as any on record, and which astonished panic-stricken Europe, and caused the Austrians to abandon all their conquests in Italy.

This great fight was commenced by the Austrians under General Melas, whose impetuosity broke the centre of the French army under Napoleon. All the people here assure me that Melas had won the battle. So confident indeed were the Austrians that the day was their own, that their cavalry, which was numerous and excellent, had unbridled, and were feeding their horses, at the moment when Napoleon renewed the attack.

But before I proceed to describe this long con-

tested and hard fought field, I had better state how I got here, and how I came to be alone. Before daylight this morning, the subdued sub. made his appearance, and having hummed and hawed, and talked of having in charge the lady's jewels, &c., and that he felt in honour bound to return to Genoa with her, as she insisted on it; he proceeded to say that when he had fulfilled this duty he was determined to break off the connexion. I had no alternative but to acquiesce, so I started solus in the chaise-de-poste that had been ordered for both of us.

Alessandria, July 20th.

On arriving here, and inquiring of my landlord for a barber, he told me that he would send me one who was an old soldier of Napoleon's, and who would serve me as an excellent cicerone, if I required one. This was exactly what I wanted; Il peruchiere was forthwith sent for, and after doing the needful, and ascertaining that he was intimately acquainted with the locality, and had been an eye-witness of the battle of Marengo, I got my breakfast, hired a horse, and started off with my new friend.

We proceeded beyond the village of Marengo, where my companion pointed out to me the *right* and *left* of the French position, as well as its

centre, which was directly in front of the village. The Austrians at the onset compelled the centre of the French army to give way, when they gained the village, although with immense slaughter. Indeed, part of the French not only gave way, but fled in disorder from the field. The right wing thus became insulated, and was attacked by two lines of infantry, with a formidable artillery, and after long and hard fighting, followed the example of the centre, and gave way.

The retreat of the French from this part of the position, my loquacious companion, Signore Giovanni, informed me, was made under the fire of eighty pieces of cannon; and although the carnage was frightful, the voids were instantly filled up with fresh troops.

Victory now seemed to declare for the Imperialists, whose cavalry and artillery seemed to cover the vast plain, and nothing could have saved the French army but the opportune arrival of Dessaix with the reserve, who drew up in two lines on the plain of Juliano, flanked by artillery and cavalry; Marmont commanding the one, and Kellerman the other; thus enabling the beaten right and centre to re-form in the rear.

Napoleon had previously ordered the grenadiers of the Consular Guard to move to the support of the right; and it is said, that during this

operation they were three times charged by the Austrian cavalry, and that each time they stood as immoveable as a wall of adamant.

Bonaparte now flew from rank to rank, to reform and reanimate his troops. It was then (my guide informed me) four o'clock in the afternoon, the battle having begun at nine in the morning, thus allowing both sides seven hours of continued slaughter!

Mounier's division, which formed part of the reserve, was ordered to move and attack the German battalions, who were protecting their cavalry. The Austrians, at this advanced period of the day, felt perfectly sure of victory, and as I have before said, part of their cavalry had unbridled, and their troops were scattered.

The eagle eye of Napoleon discovered this. Dessaix, at the head of his legions, rushed to the charge. The Austrians, astonished at the renewal of the action, when they thought their enemy beaten, withdrew their artillery, and their infantry gave way. At this important period of the battle, Dessaix fell. I went to view, and (if it must be confessed) shed a tear over, the spot where this renowned warrior met his doom,—young in years, but rich in glory!

At this moment, Kellerman charged with his cavalry, threw his opponents into confusion, and

made a whole division prisoners, consisting of six thousand men.

The Austrian reserve still showed a firm front, until they were vigorously attacked by the grenadiers of the guard, and part of the reserve under General Baudet. Murat, at the head of the cavalry, now charged the Austrian horse, which gave way, the route became complete, and fifteen thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the victors.

July 21st.

I left Alessandria betimes, but had some difficulty in passing the gate, not being provided with a passport. On explaining, however, that I was a British officer, and was quartered at Genoa, all became smooth, and I was rattled on towards Novi, which is three posts, or about fifteen miles from Alessandria. Here I paid another visit to mine host of the *Three Negroes*, who gave me a very good breakfast, and I hurried on to Voltaggia, and from thence, through Campo-Marone, to Genoa.

The first glimpses of the Mediterranean, with the evening sun shedding its refulgence on its shores, and the imposing manner in which Genoa *la Superba* presents itself, bursting on your delighted view after you turn the angle at the

light-house; all these present a scene that is truly magnificent.

I ought here to inform the reader, that the amiable and hospitable friends in whose splendid mansion I was quartered, were leaders of the *ton*, in a charming and delightful society, quite apart from the Genoese noblesse, between whom there sprung up occasional jealousies, and I found some difficulty in keeping my position with both. Each were hospitable and highly polished. Religious feeling was the leading difference between them: the one being Protestant, the other Catholic.

My amiable entertainers were Genevans, as were the most of those who formed this delightful re-union. They gave soirées alternately, where dancing, playing at *petit pacques*, hunt the whistle, and acting charades, finding out words with double meanings, performing feats by sound of music, &c. made the evenings pass most agreeably.

The noblesse, also, had their soirées, and in many families a particular day in each week was set apart for a general invite for the whole year, or, for fifty, if you lived so long. But the grand resource of all was the theatre, where the etiquette of ordinary society was constantly kept up, by paying and receiving visits; coffee, ices, and occasionally suppers, being served in the boxes of the respective proprietors.

On our first arrival, balls and parties were the order of the day; amongst others, Madame Durazzo gave a splendid one to Lord William Bentinck, who was located in the Durazzo Palace. There I saw the patrician race of Genoa in all its glory. The phalanx of beauty one there encountered, was enough to dazzle the eyes and turn the head of the most stoical of mankind. The ladies of Genoa have generally prominent noses; but their splendid eyes soften this defect into perfect harmony with the rest of the features. They have high foreheads, beautiful complexions, a magnificent tournure, alabaster necks, graceful manners, and bewitching smiles. Among the most conspicuous for beauty, I particularly remarked two marchionesses, the one Louisa Durazzo, née Bignole, the fair hostess; the other, Egline Ollandini, née De Gabriac.

Towards the latter end of this month I met with rather a serious accident. I was mounted on a little pony I had brought from Sicily with me, and returning from head quarters where I had gone to take orders, when descending a narrow street, I espied four gens-d'armes surrounding a fine looking fellow, the serjeant-major of the artillery, belonging to the Italian levy, whom they were endeavouring to make their prisoner. The serjeant was making resist-

ance, and angry words were passing between them. Luckily the serjeant was without his side-arms, or the consequences might have been fatal.

I rode up, told the police-officer in charge that I was the major of brigade (*Capo del estate maggiore*) of the artillery, to which the serjeant belonged, and desired the party to halt, and let me hear what their prisoner had to say. They seemed to pay little attention to my remonstrance, and were endeavouring to collar the serjeant, who declared that they might take his life, but he would not have "King George's uniform disgraced by such villains putting their hands on it;" and to prevent their doing so, he struck one or two of them. On this provocation, as if by one accord, they came to the charge, and pointed their bayonets at him. At this critical moment, I rushed in between them, and received one of their bayonets through the fleshy part of the thigh.

I was taken to my friend Gerolemo's,—the best *traiteur* in Genoa, by the bye, though his place was so poor in "complement extern," that we christened it "The Hole in the Wall." The serjeant-major was not injured, and I afterwards had the ruffians made prisoners, and marched to the main-guard, where the serjeant-

major was released, and a report made of the misconduct of the party.

I soon got well, and never inquired more about the matter, farther than to ascertain that the handsome serjeant had been playing the agreeable to a bella Fornarina of the neighbourhood, whose door I used daily to pass. She was a pretty, fair-haired young creature, lately married to rather an old and ugly husband, and as the serjeant confessed to me, she had promised to meet him, under the pretence of going to mass—a convenient cloak in this country to cover all evil designs. The husband, suspecting something, had followed, watched, and pounced on the trembling Teresa and her admiring soldier, just at the moment when the serjeant had approached her. Angry words arose, the gend'armes were called, and thus commenced the fracas in which I got wounded.

Sept. 3.

This day I dined with my chief, who (except where the beaux sexe are concerned, when he becomes soft as wax, and a child might play with and mould him to its purpose) is apparently an iron-hearted, ungracious-mannered, but at the same time a gallant, unsophisticated soldier, apparently fonder of camps than of courts. *Jack*, as he was familiarly called, (but

not before his face,) has a well-knit frame, a dark complexion, and rather hard features, saving and excepting when under the influence of the *tender passion*, which, to say truth, is not seldom the case. We had for some days past been planning a trip to Florence and Leghorn ; and also to Elba, with the hope of getting a peep at the great Napoleon, at present cooped up in that island.

In the evening we hired a carriage with post horses, and drove to the Albaro, where there was a ball. The parties forming the assembly were generally people residing in the neighbourhood, at their different country-houses, with which it is studded, every one being *in villeggiatura* at this tepid season of the year.

On leaving the ball-room, which was brilliantly lighted, and where much beauty had been paraded, we found our vehicle, but not its postillion. I therefore placed my gallant chief in the carriage, deposited my sword there also, and mounting *en postillon*, contrived to land the colonel safely at his own door, notwithstanding the dark night, numerous crooked lanes, steep hills, and intricate streets to pass.

Two days after, (Sept. 5,) with the addition of Lieutenant S. to our party, we were en route for Leghorn ; having previously taken leave of the kind and amiable family where I

had resided; and being furnished by them with letters for Leghorn, Florence, and Rome, after an early dinner we embarked (attended by my fidus Achates, the renowned Peter) on board the Vittoria packet-boat, bound for Leghorn.

CHAPTER X.

Passage to Leghorn—Splendid view—A gale of wind—The gulph of Spezzia—A land trip—Sarzana—A break down—The female peasantry—Another break down—Massa—the marble mines of Carara—Lucca—Journey by Vetturino to Florence—Pistoja—The women of Tuscany—The cathedral—Copper mines and crystals of the Apennines—Pistoja to Florence—Dinner at Schneider's—The Ballerina—A saunter through Florence—The tomb of the Medici—Works of Michael Angelo—Chef-d'œuvre of John of Bologna—The cathedral—Public promenade—The Florentine gallery—The palaces of Florence—Schneider's—Advantages of Florence—Arrival at Leghorn—Disappointment—An old friend—Voyage to Elba—Extraordinary fact—Napoleon and his projects.

Florence, Sept. 12, 1814.

When I last left off scribbling, I was about to embark on board the good ship Vittoria, bound for Leghorn, which I hoped then to reach. Whereas, here I am in the Tuscan capital, at Schneider's Hotel, one of the most magnificent in Europe, situated on the left bank, close to the meandering Arno, and formerly a palace appertaining to the reigning dukes.

It was a beautiful evening when we embarked, and the last rays of the setting sun shed additional splendour over the gorgeous bay and the gilded Apeninnes, on whose acclivity Genoa reposed in all its beauty and magnificence.

We found several passengers bound, like ourselves, to Leghorn; amongst others a Madame C., the wife of a commissary, who, although now bearing an Italian name, I soon found was the daughter of Major G., an old friend of mine, who was on Lord Montgomerie's staff whilst we were quartered together at Palermo.

On the 7th we got in sight of Leghorn; but our captain, afraid of going through the Mallora Passage on the near side, was obliged to beat up to get round it, thereby keeping us at sea another day, which procured for us the benefit of as heavy a gale of wind as it ever fell to my lot to witness. The night was frightful.

The next morning we were out of sight of Leghorn, luckily, however, with the Gulph of Spezzia under our lea, and for which we bore up, and landed at the little town of that name, getting ourselves and luggage crammed into an old, ricketty coach, one of whose springs gave way whilst en route, thereby detaining us nearly an hour. On resuming our journey, we crossed, by a ford, the Magra, whose winding stream passes

under the walls of the ancient Luni, and soon after found ourselves in a venerable looking inn, close to the walls of the old and respectable looking town of Sarzana, where we took up our abode for the night.

The next morning, by times, after passing through groves of rich luxuriant dark-green olive trees,* whose branches pour a golden harvest on their possessors, we met many pretty-faced Sarzanese peasants, with jaunty waists, smart jackets, short petticoats, and well-turned ancles covered by embroidered hose and buckled shoes. They wore large earrings, and straw-worked hats as shallow as plates, stuck on one side of their heads, with a smart flower to set them off, and a roguish eye to attract notice to it. Soon afterwards we met some Massanese peasants, who are equally jaunty in their appearance, but carry napkins on their heads; thus putting us in mind of the preparatives (plates and napkins) of a meal which we stood much in need of; for another disaster this morning befel us, by the total destruction of the rattle-trap we had started in, and forced us to an early walk on an empty stomach to Massa.

I would fain have paid a visit to the famous marble mines at Carara, in the immediate

* An acre of olive trees affords, I believe, the richest produce on earth, in the shape of vegetable matter.

neighbourhood, but was overruled by the unsight-seeing taste of my travelling companions, especially by my chief, commonly called Black Jack.

We got a good breakfast at a tolerable inn, the Hotel de Poste, and continued our route to Lucca, where we arrived at the Croce di Malta.

The Luccaites at this season are almost all at the baths, and this being Friday no theatre was opened; so, feeling myself too tired for the conversazione, I again strolled through the streets of this sombre-looking city previous to taking a good night's rest, preparatory to starting for Florence the next morning before daylight; such being the will of our iron-sided and never-knocked-up chief.

We engaged a vetturino, who undertook to take us to Florence for twelve dollars, with the same carriage and horses, *viâ* Pistoja, where we made a long halt, and had a dejuener à la fourchette—a most acceptable meal, when a man has started by times, and inhaled, for five or six hours, the invigorating air of the morning.

The country we passed through was rich and picturesque, chiefly by reason of the clustering grape waving over our heads, and festooned along the road from tree to tree. I used to think it was poetic enough in Spain to lounge in an

orange grove, and be turned loose in a grape vine, which there had more the appearance of a potato field. But here the classic arrangement was beautiful to the eye, although the allurement to the passing stranger to help himself, (for the fruit at this season was temptingly ripe,) was mitigated by the prudent owners having taken care to smear all those within reach with lime! The grapes were thus taught to say, what the women often exclaim in this country,

"Mira, ma non tocca!"

Pistoja is delightfully situated at the foot of the Apennines, with the river Ambrone running past it. It is surrounded by worn-out walls, defended by a dilapidated castle. Its streets are well paved and spacious, its houses good, its people seem happy, and its women are pretty, as indeed they are all over Tuscany. Moreover, the inhabitants generally are remarkably civil to the English.

The cathedral has rather a handsome dome, with nothing else to recommend it, notwithstanding the profusion of Carara marble that has been lavished on it.

The country about Pistoja is rich and fertile, and the surrounding Apennines contain copper mines and crystals; the latter are sold as

Pistoja diamonds, of which we have purchased some.

The greater part of the road from Pistoja to Florence runs along the Apennine mountains, which divide Italy into two portions, running from north to south through this fertile region, which was now beaming forth in all its glory. We passed near the celebrated baths of Monte Catteni, and arrived at Schneider's in time to get an excellent dinner, a glass of *vino de chianti*, and a bottle of *Monte Pulciano*.

"Hot with the Tuscan grape," I sallied forth to deliver a *billet doux* I was charged with from my friend D. to his fickle one, La bella Ballerina. A servitore di piazza, whom I took from the inn with me, soon brought me to the apartments of madama, who I was told was at a *prova* of a new ballet, at the Pergola Theatre. Having entrusted the soft missive to the keeping of the *fille de chambre*, I was about to retire, when la signora herself arrived, with a smiling face, and bid me welcome as the friend of her caro D. Several persons had assembled previous to her return, and others (gens de theatre) accompanied her. Her handsome apartments were illuminated, and we were treated to ices and a dance. The men were her admirers and danglers; the women her rivals; and from the glances, whis-

perings, and manœuverings, poor D. appeared to be totally forgotten.

The next morning, September 11th, my friend Jack looked blacker and sourer than ever, at the idea of my leaving him for a visit to Elba; and our breakfast passed over in dead silence. Soon afterwards, however, Peter presented him with a billet, which dispersed the clouds that had taken possession of his dark brown brow, and we agreed to sally forth and make the most of our intended short séjour, in La bella Fierenza.

We first went to the Capello de' Medici, which is still unfinished, as I imagine it ever will be, as we are informed it would still require two millions of piasters to complete it. Its workmanship is entirely of marble, inlaid with precious stones; and here you behold the tomb of the Medici family, surmounted with crowns on cushions, cut out of the finest marbles, and set round with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, &c. Here also are several pieces of inimitable sculpture, as well as a smaller chapel, all the work of the renowned Michael-Angelo Buonarotti.

Florence is about five miles in circumference; it is surrounded by walls, and has two citadels. Its streets are wide and well paved, with the Arno passing through its centre. The river is spanned by five different bridges, the highest and

most elegant of which is that called della Trinita. The Ponte Vecchia has all the jewellers' shops on it; and at one end is the chef-d'œuvre of Jean de Bologna, a surprising piece of workmanship, the subject, Hercules killing the Centaur.

The cathedral is a large magnificent edifice, cased with marble, and its interior paved with the same costly material. Its dome is much admired, as is also its adjoining tower.

It being about the promenade hour, (one o'clock,) we proceeded through the Piazza del Gran Duca, admiring the statues that embellish it as we passed along. At its entrance are two colossal ones—the one a Hercules, the other David, the conqueror of Goliath, both by Michael Angelo. The fountain that adorns this piazza has a colossal figure of Neptune in his car; the horses, the Sea Nymphs, and Tritons, that adorn it are superb; they are by Jean de Bologna. There is also a Victory, by Michael Angelo. But the statue which most attracted my notice was the Rape of the Sabines, by the Bolognese artist.

The Passeggio was crowded, and we saw many beautiful Florentine women, whom I should pronounce to be generally handsome, and with a pleasing expression.

The Florentine Gallery is so celebrated throughout the world, that I shall not dwell on it farther

than to say that it is five hundred feet long, and contains all that is choice in art, with the exception of its most celebrated ornament, the Venus de Medicis, who is absent on a visit to the Louvre at Paris, by special invitation from Napoleon.*

The next day, after a second visit to the Gallery, I went to the Scuola delle Belle Arte, where many students were at work, re-copying from the different models in chalk, which they had first taken from the most celebrated Greek and Roman statues.

The Tuscan style of architecture is rather heavy; but some of the buildings are magnificent. Amongst the most conspicuous of the private edifices are those of the Corsini, Capponi, Strozzi, and Ricciardi. Florence also boasts of having given birth to Dante, Macchiavelli, and a host of other distinguished men.

In the evening we hired a carriage, and drove to the Casino-Nobile, where the beau-monde usually assemble. To-morrow (September 13) we leave at four in the morning for Leghorn; and, as far as my own feelings go, with considerable regret, as I consider this Athens of Italy would for months afford pleasurable pastime, both physical and moral.

* Since returned to Florence.

Mr. Schneider's bill was moderate, and he himself so mild and gentleman-like when he presented it, that it would have been impossible to have found utterance for a grumble on the occasion.

Florence must be a delightful residence for a family with small means. Everything is cheap; the climate is healthy, and the surrounding country most picturesque and beautiful. The society, too, is recherché, it being the constant resort of foreigners and men of letters, and a place with little trade and no bustle.

We travelled beside the Arno almost the whole way, not leaving its rich and variegated banks, (which are studded with country-seats,) till within a few miles from Pisa, where we entered a bypath, and leaving that city to our right, crossed the marshes to Leghorn.

Leghorn.

Sept. 17th.—We have sojourned here the last two days, and found the streets swarming with Jews and Gentiles. I find that, the last time I was here, my imagination was too complaisant to the place, for I now discovered in it neither beauty in the women nor civility in the inhabitants. But I was then an unsophisticated islander, and Italy was new to me.

I fell in with an old friend of mine, Colonel D., of the 79th. He has just landed from Toulouse. He had with him a Mr. S——t. They are bound on the same errand with ourselves, for Elba, to get a peep at Napoleon. As for myself, I feel so eager to behold him, that the only satisfaction I have is to go down hourly to the port, and feed my eyes with the distant view of the island that contains him. We have agreed to join issue, and Colonel D. and Mr. S. will on the morrow increase our party, and start for Elba; preparatory to which, we have had our passports *visé* by the English consul and the governor of Leghorn.

September 18th, 1814.—At nine o'clock this morning, our party, consisting of the chief of the Great Guns in the Mediterranean, Lieut. Col. D—s, of the 79th regiment, Mr. S——h, of the Artillery Drivers, Mr. S——t, a young T. G., and myself, embarked on board a small felucca crammed with passengers, all bent on beholding the interesting exile, and set sail with a favouring breeze for Elba, which has long been considered a most *attractive* place, from the vast quantity of iron ore found within its bowels. People go so far as to say, that the quantity is so great as actually to cause variation in the ships' compasses that pass the island. It now, however,

possesses more attraction than ever, by having on its surface the most extraordinary mortal the world ever saw—the maker of kings, the overthrower of kingdoms, and whose conquests and projects have by turns delighted, astonished, and terrified one half of the universe.

We were thirty passengers in all, mostly French and Italian, all bound to hold converse, if possible, with the once mightiest of the mighty, now the sovereign of a paltry island in the Mediterranean, almost touching the Tuscan shore, and in sight of the island of Corsica, that cradled him! We heard much of his deeds from our fellow-passengers, although they were given with mystery and *sotto voce*. One was a tailor, going to measure the emperor for clothes, another for spurs, a third to boot him, and a fourth to petition him. There was much talk about the reception his Majesty had recently given to an Italian Colonel Colomboni, who had arrived at Elba to offer his services, and the pension that had immediately been bestowed on him. I cannot help believing, there is more in all this than meets the eye. "Time will show."

CHAPTER XI.

Porto Ferrajo—A parley—A mistake—Colonel Neil Campbell—Pigmy Court—Plans of Napoleon—A day of his life at Elba—His astonishing activity and energy—The journey to Frejus—His reason for not committing suicide—Count Bertrand and General Drouet—Quarters of a general—Town palace of Napoleon—Residence of Madam Mère—The Town of Elba—Porto Longone—Napoleon's fear of assassination—The Polish commandant of the fort.

Dead calm, and a bright September day, permitted old Sol to throw his burning rays on us rather too profusely. About two P. M. the breeze sprang up, and wafted us into the harbour of Porto Ferrajo about ten in the evening. A comfortable inn would have suited us well after our most uncomfortable transit; but, alas! no pratique was given after sunset, and our transfer from the felucca to the quarantine-house was like being lifted from "the frying-pan into the fire," for a more hot unwholesome locale I had never before visited. We pleaded in vain being

Englishmen, and Colonel D. said he had dispatches for Colonel Campbell, the British commissioner, who accompanied Napoleon to this place.

After a parley of considerable length, an old fellow undertook to convey a message to the commandant, who returned and relieved our misery in part, by permitting Colonel D. to proceed to town, whilst the rest of us were left to rough it.

I at length got into the open air, and lay down until daylight, when I was awoke by a hearty smack and a firm embrace from an old woman, who declared she took me for her expected son. Soon after this a health-officer presented himself, and after examining our passports and inquiring our business, released us from durance, and we were marched into town to the commandant's quarters, escorted by two of Napoleon's guards. Our passports, and object in visiting the island, were again examined into, and the (supposed) tailors, shoemakers, &c. as well as ourselves, were set at large.

Whilst at breakfast, Colonel Campbell paid us a visit, and informed us that Napoleon was at present occupying a small fort at Porto Longone, at the other end of the island, and that he held no court, consequently that it would be difficult

to see him unless by accident. He afterwards took us to wait upon Count Bertrand, chamberlain to the Emperor, and marshal of the palace; for Napoleon still insists on keeping up all the outward form of sovereignty. He has a body-guard composed of the old soldiers of the imperial guard, who gallantly followed his fortunes, and which now consists of 80 cavalry and about 300 infantry, who whiff their cigars and drink their beer under an olive tree, and vote Porto Ferrajo *leur petit Paris.* The pigmy capital of Elba takes its name of Porto Ferrajo from the iron-mines before mentioned; it was once called Cosmopoli, which title it derived from its founder, Cosmo, first Duke of Florence. Bonaparte means to renew this ancient name, as it will now be the resort of Cosmopolites. He has also introduced a national flag, having a white field with a red bend dexter, in which, in allusion to the citizens of the world here congregating, he has placed *three bees*, a not inapplicable type of his own restless disposition, of which Colonel Campbell amused us by some illustrations.

The colonel said, that on their first arrival, Napoleon planned many alterations and improvements, laid out roads, had contrived an aqueduct to convey water from the mountains to the town, proposed purchasing various domains, fixed on a

country residence for himself, stables for 150 horses, a house for his sister Pauline, &c. &c. He also instantly visited the mines, the salt marshes, the fortifications, the harbours, &c.

I shall now give you (on the authority of Col. Campbell) a description of one day's employment of the wonderful powers, both physical and moral, that are still brought into play by the restless activity of this now *caged bird*—who (to my thinking) will some day or other spread his wings, to the astonishment of the world, although seemingly caged here for life, to whistle away his existence amidst the groves and myrtles of this fairy spot.

A DAY AT ELBA.

Napoleon rose with the lark at four, and sallied forth, accompanied by the Austrian commissioner, Baron Kohler, and Colonel Campbell; visiting various store-houses and magazines, and going into almost every street in the town, putting various and numerous questions to its inhabitants, and then returning home to breakfast; during the preparation of which, he continued to walk up and down his apartment with his hands behind his back, dictating to two secretaries alternately, who were placed at its two ends.

After breakfast he again walked into the country, climbing several steep hills, and visiting the fortifications.

At two P. M. Colonel Campbell got an officer to take his place, feeling himself quite worn out. He left the Emperor on board one of the horse ships, which had just cast anchor on their arrival from France, with the cavalry of the guard and Napoleon's own stud. At the moment Colonel Campbell left him he was actually in the hold, seeing to some of the horses being slung, and giving other directions about their disembarkation.

When Colonel Campbell (who is a hardy highlander) returned to dinner—for at that time he constantly dined with the Emperor—Napoleon said, "Ha! mon cher colonel, after you quitted me I got a charger on shore; mounted him, and rode *eight miles* into the country, pour me delaisser."

We all of us looked on this as wonderful, but a colonel of Napoleon's guard, whom we afterwards conversed with, declared, shrugging up his shoulder, "that the Emperor was a lost man, for that he now took a nap in the forenoon, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the table, at which he now remained upwards of an hour."

Later in the day, when we got Colonel Camp-

bell alone, we were particular in our inquiries as to his journey from Fontainbleau to Frejus, and if, during it, he had evinced symptoms of distrust and alarm? Colonel Campbell replied, "that all we had seen in the English papers was nearly the truth—that he repeatedly changed his dress by borrowing the hat of one, the cloak of another, &c." The impression made on me by this conversation was, that it was very natural for him, who had braved death so often in the field of fame, to have a horror of the ire that threatened him during this period—that of literally being torn to pieces by an infuriated multitude.

The reason he gave for not using a pistol at Fontainbleau was, I think, a good one. He said it could only afford satisfaction to his enemies, and grieve and disappoint his friends.

Colonel Campbell, whilst proceeding to Count Bertrand's with us, gave us an anecdote that marked the impetuous and restless character of this "perturbed spirit," and which only occurred a few days previous. Napoleon, on coming in from Longone, to look at the alterations going on in his town palace, observed that the saloon in the centre was too small, and would be improved if both wing-rooms were added to it; and before anybody had time to remonstrate on the impropriety of it, he called some workmen already

employed about the premises, and had each of the partitions nearly pulled down before it was discovered that there were no beams to support the roof, if these walls were removed.

After we had been introduced to Count Bertrand, a man of most mild, pleasing, gentleman-like manners, and whose high forehead betokened intelligence and humanity, we were taken to the habitation of General Drouet, the governor, another officer of high rank and talent, who preferred sharing the fortunes of his fallen master, to the lures held out to him by his lawful sovereign Louis. General Drouet commanded the artillery in all the last great battles which Napoleon fought in Germany and France. His looks betoken a great deal of vivacity and talent, and his manner and speech had a good deal of French gasconade about it. When he found that L——, myself, and Lieut. S—— were of the artillery, he let us know that he had fired innumerable shots in his time, and against all nations. His quarters was a regular barrack-room, with one or two wooden chairs and a form, about which he cracked his joke with great good humour. He offered us an order to visit the various fortified places in the island, and accompanied us round part of those that defended the town. He also showed us the town residence of

Napoleon, which we found completely gutted, by reason of various alterations that were going on under the immediate inspection of the Emperor, who often unexpectedly comes into town to watch their progress.

The garden of this residence is laid out with taste; the whole affair, however, is *mesquin*, and the palace of the great Napoleon, who has had at his disposal the Tuileries, Versailles, Fontainbleau, and half a dozen more, is now reduced to a very mediocre residence for a private gentleman. A stable contiguous to the house is at present being converted into a ball room.

The house that Madame Mère occupies was pointed out to us; it is a poor paltry looking place. The town itself is neat, the harbour fine, and the fortifications strong, consisting generally of detached works. The palace we had just been viewing, the wary Napoleon had selected as being placed between the two principal forts, and at the same time commanding a beautiful view of the port, which is on one side of it, with the sea on the other.

Counts Bertrand and Drouet, as well as Colonel Campbell, advised us to proceed this day to Porto Longone, where the Emperor then was, preparing another palace for himself, and living meantime in a barrack-room in a small fort at that place.

It was also intimated to us that Napoleon's real motive was the fear of assassination, which he suspected the Bourbons of being likely to employ to get rid of him.

It was further hinted to us, that the best chance we had of getting a sight of Napoleon was by sleeping at Longone, with the ostensible motive of next morning visiting the mines which were in that neighbourhood. Colonel Campbell also gave us a letter to a Polish colonel, the commandant of the fortress of Longone, and sent with us a Sig. Zaccarini, a Corsican by birth, but an assistant to the English consul at the present head-quarters of the Emperor Napoleon.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERVIEW AND CONVERSATION WITH NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT ELBA.

Port Longone, Island of Elba,
September 19th, 1814.

HAVING obtained the loan of the Corsican consul's horse, on the plea of being a bad marcher, I left my companions at the water's edge, and proceeded, with the assistance of a guide, to the miserable deserted looking fishing village of Porto Longone, which is beautifully placed and surrounded by a rich and picturesque country. Immediately above the port is a small neat looking quadrangular fort, which is now the poor abode of a man, who a few short months ago was making the world to quake. The transition brought forcibly to my mind a dead calm after a dreadful hurricane.

I arrived at this tranquil spot about four o'clock P. M., when I presumed its inhabitants were enjoying the good old custom of a *siesta*, the weather at the time being intensely hot, and not a soul was stirring. I went immediately to the English consul's, and found that he and his *cara sposa* were natives of Elba. They are kind, civil, communicative people, and I amused myself until the arrival of my companions, asking questions and listening to stories about Bonaparte, which I most greedily devoured. I found that his Elbean majesty went out every evening about half-past five o'clock, still keeping up a certain state, and constantly attended by some of his household and guards. I was also informed that he had made convenient roads in every direction, and that he took a great deal of exercise; that he often walked about the village, and conversed freely with its inhabitants; and that he especially diverted himself with the children.

The night previous to my arrival, Napoleon had been much amused by the boys of the neighbourhood, amounting to a considerable number, having collected with sticks and staves, and when his carriage approached, presenting arms to him. They had thrown themselves across the road he was expected to take, and on seeing them he made signals for them to retire, which they immediately

did, by falling back in due order on both sides of the road, which they lined, and again presented arms to him; a movement at which he seemed to be mightily tickled.

The representative of England, and his rib also, told me, that when Napoleon first arrived, to ease the restless anxiety of his mind, he would frequently order some of his suite to accompany him, and would wander over the hills during the entire night, to the no small astonishment of the neighbouring peasantry.

Our party having arrived, we got housed at a quiet, retired, rather comfortable inn, at a short distance from the town of Longone, and within eye-sight of *La petite fortresse*, the present domicile of Napoleon; and as we learned that he made a point of constantly sallying forth by a new road of his own constructing, Signor Laccarini, the Corsican consul, whom, as I have before said, Colonel Campbell had requested to attend us, sent a boy up to watch the same, and to make a signal to us when the emperor came forth; which he soon did, and we, full of anxiety and with breathless haste, rushed forth to meet him, in military costume, and with our best foot foremost.

Let me here formally record, that it was on the 19th of September, 1814, at twenty minutes past six o'clock, that I caught the first glimpse

of the great Napoleon. He was on horseback, about five hundred yards distant from us, coming down the road, which gently wound down the acclivity of a hill, at whose base we stood. He was in full uniform, with his little, well-known, three-cornered cocked-hat, and was apparently well mounted. His suite consisted of an avant courier, two equerries close behind him, and two Polish lancers bringing up the rear. The landscape was picturesque and appropriate to this thrilling exhibition; we were below, in a romantic looking lane, when we beheld him on the top of one of the gently undulating hills in our front, which occasionally hid him from our view. He was pointing and giving directions to his attendants, offering to our now heated imaginations the idea that this was one of his celebrated reconnoissances on the eve of some great battle, such as Austerlitz or Borodino.

He soon disappeared, and was lost amidst the mountain scenery; and after remaining for a time in suspense, some of his guards, who were out in all directions along the road, forming a safety circle, and covering his movements, came up, and endeavoured to persuade us that he had struck off in another direction, and had gone to visit the mines at Rio, and would not return before ten or eleven at night. But whilst we were

in the midst of our disappointment at this contretemps, I again descried the cavalcade bearing down upon us; and we had only just time to draw up *rank entire* on one side the lane by which he must pass, and stand uncovered to salute him as he arrived.

When he got abreast of us he pulled up his horse, moved his hat, and with a brisk military air exclaimed, (much in the manner an officer would address so many deserters,) "De quel regiment etes vous?"

When he had come quite close and halted, my eyes devoured him, and I frankly confess that I felt much disappointed, and that for the moment the film seemed to fall from my eyes, and the man who had been the idol of my imagination for years, stood before me with a round ungraceful figure, with a most unpoetically protuberant stomach, bringing forcibly before my mind's eye, Sterne's description of Doctor Slop wending his way to Shandy Hall, armed cap-a-pie, when Obadiah, mounted on the coach-horse, so unceremoniously upset him at the turning of the lane. I mentally exclaimed, as I again peeped at his round, thick, short thighs, and pot-belly, "Is this the great Napoleon!" Moreover, the countenance, in which I expected to behold a union of the demon and the soldier, appeared soft and

mild in the extreme; there was nothing striking in it—not a wrinkle, not a line to trace the warrior or the politician, on his large and polished brow; nothing but the high, smooth forehead, partly shaded, when he took his hat off, by the jet-black matted lock of hair I had so often heard of. His complexion too, though sallow, was not near so dark as I expected to find it. The nose was regular, and mouth beautiful, and about it seemed to play a most contented and engaging smile.

His eye, of which I was particularly observant, possessed so many qualities and attributes, and seemed so camelion-like, changing its hues every moment, that I can scarcely say what colour it is, but upon a venture I should say it was light blue, but at all events it was filled with expression and genius. His eyebrows were neither louring nor large, and I looked in vain for one stern tyrannical frown. How changed the aspect might become when in angry mood, or how he might have looked when on his route to Frejus, (as described to us by our friend Campbell,) surrounded by an angry populace, it was impossible from his present aspect to conceive. But from what we heard, the following lines of the poet would describe it:—

"Rede, rede grew his dark brown cheek,
Sae did his dark brown brow,
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled."

In addition to the famous three-cornered cocked-hat, with its angle placed mathematically exact to the point, Napoleon wore his old favourite green uniform, with two small gold epaulettes, a white waistcoat, white cassimere smallclothes, much worn, but clean, high military boots with common-looking silver spurs buckled to them, with black straps and black buckles. The sword he wore was that presented him by the Emperor Alexander at the peace of Tilsit. He had on a pair of white doe-skin gloves. His red saddle-cloth and the trappings and bridle of his horse were very dirty, and spoke plainly that his majesty had a very indifferent groom. He seemed, however, to have a good firm hunting seat, and sat well on his fork.

On his left breast he wore a very large star, with an eagle in its centre; we were told it was the grand cross of the legion of honour. From his button-holes hung three other orders;—the first, the cross of the legion of honour; the second, that of the iron crown; and the third, the order of The Re-union. Under his coat he wore a

broad red ribbon, on which we observed some orders, and we were informed afterwards, that appended to it were the various insignia he had been invested with by the different sovereigns of Europe.

Napoleon gave me the impression of a very young looking person, with, at first, as I have before said, nothing (excepting his mouth and eyes) peculiarly striking about his physiognomy. But before he had finished his conversation with us, I found myself again within his magic spell, and in proportion as I had at first felt disappointed, I now became enraptured with his lively bewitching air, with his astonishing memory, his information, and the facility with which he kept up an easy and agreeable conversation with the whole five of us. I must not neglect to say, however, that he gave me a strong impression that, wherever the groves of Blarney may be, he had assuredly visited them, and licked the Blarney stone! No wonder the French soldiers adored him; for he instantly proved to us all, how well he knew how to tickle the human heart.

I certainly could have wished to have beheld Napoleon under circumstances which would have called forth some of the demon in him;—but on the present occasion he was all blandishment, evincing

a soul brim-full of the milk of human kindness; and his encouraging and captivating manner, his *suaviter in modo*, made us all feel quite easy and at home with him. He seems to delight in military men and in military subjects, and the vivacity of his eye beams forth doubly whilst on these topics.

It is not easy (although here I am, pen in hand, half an hour after the interview) to set down and arrange exactly the whole of the conversation, which lasted exactly twenty-five minutes by the Corsican consul's watch, who stood aloof; and it might have continued considerably longer, but that Napoleon's charger became impatient of his burthen.

In the conversation which I shall attempt to record, of course the emperor had it all his own way, it not being etiquette to do more than *answer* crowned heads.

When to his question of "De quel regiment etes vous?" the reply of Black Jack was, "De l'artillerie, sire!" he seemed much pleased, and added, "Anglois?" which was replied to in the affirmative. He then proceeded to ask L——'s rank, adding, "*Du quel regiment? du quel numero? à cheval, ou a pied?*" To these rapid questions L——e replied—"That he commanded the whole of the artillery in the Mediterranean;

that the corps formed one entire regiment, numbered off by battalions, and that the horse artillery formed a component part of the whole.

Jack hammered through this in gallant style, certainly not in the best French, but he took breathing time, by interlarding his responses with—*Sire, votre majesté*, &c.—which I was astounded at, from so blunt and rough a soldier, whose manners had been formed in camps, instead of courts.

Napoleon then glanced his eye down our line to Colonel D., who stood next to the chef d'artillerie, and said "*Et vous, monsieur?*" Colonel D. then told him his rank, and the number of his regiment (79th), which the colonel, although a good Frenchman, did not give quite correctly. Napoleon put him right by saying, "*Soixante dix neuvieme*"—adding, like a flash of lightning, what I am sure many general officers in our service might not have known, viz., the uniform of different regiments—"*Est-ce vrais que vous portez le petit jupon?*" Satisfied on this point, he repeated to himself—"*Ecossais, Montaynards*"—and then he demanded if he was chef de battalion, or lieutenant-colonel of the regiment.

As we were drawn up according to seniority, it came next to my turn, when again Napoleon,

running his eye over me, pronounced, *Et vous, monsieur?*

"*Je suis major de brigade de l'artillerie, sire!*"

By-the-by, one of his first questions, which I have omitted to put down in its place, was "*D'ou venez vous?*" The reply was Genoa; and he now recurred to this, and asked me what number of field-pieces we had there. On my replying two brigades, he inquired how many a brigade consisted of. I replied six, four six or nine pounders, and two howitzers. He said, "*Ah! deux batteries,*" and turning to his aides-du-camp, he explained to them that their batteries and our brigades meant the same thing.

He now came to Lieutenant S——h, who was of the artillery drivers; and on hearing that he belonged to the artillery too, he became very animated, and exclaimed, "*Ah! vous etes tous de l'artillerie.*" No doubt remembering that from that corps he had himself sprung. He then added, addressing us generally, "*Vous etes de l'armée de Sicile?*" adding, "Bentinck * is expected back soon, and Spencer has arrived at

* On comparing notes on our return to Genoa, we found Napoleon's information had reached him rapidly, and been conveyed correctly, for General Spencer had arrived a few hours after our departure.

Genoa to take the command." This was information for us, for the general was only expected, and had not arrived, when we left.

The emperor again turned to Colonel D., and asked him where *he* came from. The colonel replied, "Je viens de Bourdeaux ; je suis de l'armée du Duc de Wellington."

Napoleon's countenance then for the first time changed, and whilst displaying a well-arranged set of white teeth, which he ground violently together, with a lowering brow, and malice in his mouth, he replied with a sardonic, not to say a satanic smile — "*Ah! vous avez faits de belles choses là!*"

The cloud that for an instant obscured his brow then passed away, and turning to the young gentleman of our party, Mr. Scott, he said, "*Et vous, monsieur?*" Scott, thinking that as we all, in our reply to Napoleon, gave our rank, he would essay to do the same, said, "Sire, je suis proprietaire et membre de l'Universitie de Cambridge." But his French was not very intelligible to Napoleon, until Colonel D. explained it, whereupon he nodded his head, and said, "*J'entends, j'entends — jeune homme, jeune homme.*"

Napoleon then commenced *de novo* with the ordnance chief, whom he asked if he had come

from Porto Ferrajo, and how? We told him we had walked; upon which he made some pleasant remark, such as "*Un soldat doit etre toujours pret à marcher.*" He again recurred to Genoa; talked of the beauty of its port and its surrounding mountain scenery, in allusion to which, he inquired if we had with us any pièces de montagne, (mountain guns); asked if the Genoese were civil to us; and in rather a sly way inquired how we liked the ladies; adding that they were *tres complaisantes*, and that the men were all rogues. He then condescended to explain his meaning, by informing us, that one rogue made a Jew, but that it took nine Jews to make a Genoese!

He again inquired of L——e if he commanded in chief, or if there was a general of artillery in the Mediterranean.

Napoleon now once more, in true file-firing order, came back to Col. D., and taking up the thread of the conversation he had dropped, said, "Is it really true that you wear the petticoat? and do not you find it very cold?" He asked also if he was a Scotchman, and made many inquiries about the 42nd regiment, and the distinction in the tartans. He paused a moment, and then continued, by asking if he had served in Moore's army, or rather put the question as if

he knew he had. Colonel D. replied in the affirmative; the emperor repeatedly, and with emphasis, paid several compliments to the deceased hero—exclaiming, whilst he crammed his nose with snuff, "*Moore,—brave general! brave general!*" adding, with another of his sardonic smiles, "*Est-ce vrais que vous avez trouvé le vin d'Espagne bien capiteux?*"

This was a cut at the irregularity of the retreat. Colonel D. admitted the fact, adding that the soldiers had also taken a good deal of *aguardente.*

Again it became my turn to respond in monosyllables. He returned to Sicily, and asked if I had ever seen an irruption of Mount Etna. He seemed perfectly familiar with the Sicilian character, and asked if any of us had ever been favoured with a coup de stilette.

To Lieutenant S——h he again turned, and made some remarks about his dress and mine, and asked if the artillery and artillery drivers were distinct corps, &c. He then, seizing the same thread of conversation he had previously dropped with Mr. Scott, said, "Vous etes un homme de loi?"

Mr. Scott replied, "J'espère de l'être, votre majesté."

Napoleon here gave us a glimpse of his own

climbing character, by exclaiming, "Ah! vous attendez à etre my lord chancelier." This he repeated twice, with great animation; adding, "Mon ami Erskine, is he still Lord Chancellor?" and he added something about his being "un homme d'esprit."

He then asked L——e some questions, which led to his saying that he had been in Corsica and Elba about fifteen years before. "Ah!" said the emperor, "under General Montresor." He then talked about Corsica, and added, "Elliott is dead." He then most particularly inquired about a corps of Italians lately arrived at Nice, which the English government had sent to the king of Sardinia, and said they were all French deserters enlisted in London. He spoke some few words more about S——'s dress and mine, and again addressed L——e, who told him he had been in Egypt, and at Toulon, both of which subjects seemed to animate him much; and no wonder, for at the latter place he made his first grand debût, and at the former he attracted the notice of the whole world. "Black Jack" was not a little proud of having been opposed to the great Napoleon in that country, where, by-the-by, the soothsayers, whilst he was there, had foretold Napoleon's rapid rise, and he had hence acquired a great respect for that country, and great faith in astrology.

It is impossible for me to note down this part of the conversation, for it assumed that form, both speakers warming into a familiar reciprocation of talk. One thing, however, I must note—that Napoleon, having occasion to ask L. from what county in England he came, when he replied Kent, his Majesty exclaimed, "Ah nous sommes voisins!" forgetting that he was by birth a Corsican, and now banished from France.

His charger at this moment became, as I have said, extremely impatient, and Napoleon said to us in the most gracious manner, and with the most winning smile, "Continuez votre promenade—amusez vous bien—a vous revoir!" Then taking off his hat, which he held up for some seconds, he rode off towards the mountains, and was soon out of sight, leaving us all highly delighted with the interview.

CHAPTER XII.

Fascination of Napoleon's manner—Pursuits at Elba—The mayor of Longone—Invitation from Napoleon—His unwieldy size—His astonishing energy and activity—Col. Neil Campbell's anecdotes of him—Napoleon's visit to Pienosa—Madame Mère—Visit from Marshal Bertrand—The iron mines of Rio—Napoleon's Farm—His bed-room—His stud—Piombino—A knight of Malta—Porto d' Ercole—Orbitello—Pirates—The Irishman in Italy—A discovery—Irish hospitality—Civita Vecchia—Arrival at Rome.

After committing to paper the contents of the last chapter, we went to dinner, during which, and until a very late hour of the evening, nothing was heard but praises of Napoleon, and more than once we drank his health with all the honours; and when some one asked our chief, now that the principal object of our visit had been accomplished, when he meant to start, the heretofore obdurate Jack, drawing himself up affectedly, replied, that his movements should be regulated by those of the emperor, as he understood his majesty would to-morrow embark in a small man-of-war, the only one fortune had left him,

for the island of Pienosa, where he was erecting a fort, and meant to build a town, the plan of which had already been drawn out.

By the same token, I ought to mention, that before we sat down to dinner, some of our party went to the mayor of Longone's mansion, left our names, and begged him to forward a letter of introduction we had brought from Colonel Campbell to the Polish colonel who commanded in the fort before spoken of. This note mentioned our names, rank, &c.

So completely had the sovereign of Elba thrown a spell over the whole party, that during the entire evening "Boney," coupled with the words "luck" and "tyranny," was never mentioned. I never saw a company so completely fascinated, and nothing went down but "His Majesty," "the Emperor," "the Great Napoleon," &c., and his deeds, doings, and sayings, kept us at table long after midnight.

September 20th.—I had scarcely got into my first sleep, when I found myself rudely shaken, and on opening my eyes, I beheld the hard features and dark countenance of my friend L——e, sounding in my ear, which he did repeatedly as he tried to shake slumber from me—"Mac! Mac! the emperor wants to see us immediately. —Come, get up! get up!"

My first remark was, that it was a most unseemly and uncourtly hour to present oneself to royalty, and I kept grumbling as I hurried on my clothes; the once rough but now courtly Jack explaining to me, that he had just got a letter from the mayor, to inform him that he had orders from Napoleon to furnish everything the island afforded, to (as he was pleased to term us) the "distinguished strangers;" that horses would be provided for us to visit the mines, &c.; and that we had free permission to go in and out of the fort when we liked.* He added, that his majesty would be most happy to see us immediately, as he was about to embark for Pienosa.

Unfortunately we arrived too late to again enjoy the captivating sounds of the emperor's voice, which had apparently turned all our heads the night before. When we got to the brow of the hill commanding a view of the strand, which Napoleon was treading, (or rather, waddling in it, to and fro, for the sand was deep,) with his eyes anxiously fixed on the hill we were about to descend, and his arms folded behind him, he was surrounded by chasseurs, and chasseresses decked *à la Diana;*

* A thing not before granted to strangers, as Napoleon's police professed to have had information of an assassin's being expected from the continent, in the employ, as they said, of the French court!

for there were several ladies of the party; and when the last of them arrived, his majesty became very impatient, (for he had been on the beach nearly an hour,) and proceeded to embark.

Although he had two or three large boats, richly cushioned, in attendance, he himself (perhaps out of compliment to us) got into a small gig Captain Usher had given him; when fairly seated in which, he took off his hat, and again saluted us most graciously as the boat pushed off.

As we neared him he appeared to walk with great difficulty in the heavy sand, his body exhibiting an enormous and unwieldy substance; so much so, that two attendants lifted him into the boat, and then stowed away one leg after the other.

Notwithstanding all this, he is, we are told, in perpetual motion, and Colonel Campbell's opinion is, that he would kill from fatigue any six men; and he told us that only the day before we arrived, in discoursing with him on different subjects, he had walked up and down his room for three successive hours, by watch.

My own opinion, both from his face and figure, is that Napoleon is dropsical; but Colonel D. declares that it is good sound hard flesh. What a surprising animal he is, to conquer his body in the way he does! Colonel Campbell tells us that

he has often followed him over hill and dale, when he has tumbled down and been picked up, without apparently perceiving it, continuing his conversation, and never losing the thread of his discourse. He always rises at four in the morning, and generally retires about ten.

We watched on the beach till we saw Napoleon get on board his brig-of-war, which he appeared to do with much difficulty. We then returned to our inn, got breakfast, and then started (mounted by order of Napoleon) to visit the iron mines at Rio, an agreeable ride of about five miles. We returned to Porto Ferrajo by a romantic moutain road, having a fine view of the flat island of Pienosa, with Napoleon and his navy steering for the same.

On our return to Porto Ferrajo, Colonel D. and myself strolled out whilst dinner was preparing, and got a glimpse of Madame Mère's carriage as it rattled past us. We followed it out of the gates, and patiently awaited its return. It was drawn by four horses, preceded by an avant-courier. There was a young Neapolitan prince and two maids of honour with her. At the risk of keeping our friends waiting, we took post at her mansion, and saw her alight. She appeared to be a stout young-looking woman, dressed in the pink of fashion, and highly rouged.

No woman before her (that I ever heard of) had given birth to so many kings. We are told she plays billiards four hours every day, and walks about a great deal. Our friend Colonel Campbell, who dined with us, amongst other anecdotes told us, that when she first arrived, on walking round the ramparts, she jumped up on a gun-carriage, and stood on it for ten minutes, viewing the present dominions of her favourite son. Madame certainly does not look sixty-four, the age the world gives her.

September 21*st*.—My gallant chief, Colonel L., with Mr. S—h and Mr. Scott, took their departure early this morning for Leghorn, whilst Colonel D. and myself remained behind, intending to put ourselves on board a felucca soon, to sail for Civita Vecchia, and from thence proceed to Rome, and if possible to Naples. Colonel Campbell this morning informed us, that Marshal Bertrand would have called had he not thought we were all gone to Leghorn; and he now begged we would accept his carriage to visit St. Martin, where the emperor was preparing another chateau for himself. Colonel Campbell urged us to consent, in which case he volunteered to return and accept the offer. Neither of us seemed to like the proposition, but on talking the thing over, we expressed our thanks and

assent. Colonel Campbell, before going, added, that his cousin Mr. Campbell, and Sir Gilbert Stirling, would be of the party.

Colonel D. and myself held ourselves in readiness for the excursion, at the risk of losing our passage in the felucca, which was only waiting a fair wind, and were lounging near our inn, when we espied Colonel Campbell, going to see his cousin and the baronet embark for Leghorn, having entirely forgotten his promise of seeing Count Bertrand. We could ill digest this strange forgetfulness on the part of the Scotch colonel, and returned to our hotel somewhat out of humour, which was not long indulged in; for who should almost immediately afterwards appear but Field Marshal Count Bertrand, in full fig, with all his stars and orders. After sitting a short time, and chatting most agreeably about the events of the preceding evening, &c., he asked us to take an airing with him, and politely promised to send a servant to inform us when the carriage was ready, which he did a short time afterwards, and it took us to St. Martin's, which is about three miles from Porto Ferrajo, and to which Napoleon has made a tolerable carriage road.

St. Martin's is prettily and romantically situated, in an amphitheatre of hills, itself commanding a fine view of the capital and port. It was

originally a very small house, but by adding to its breadth it has been made more than double its original size, and the improvements and alterations are still going on. Napoleon's bed-room is finished, and furnished in the most simple way, with a small camp-bed in one corner of it. There is an inner room that is to have a bath in it, and an outer one in which his faithful Mameluke is to sleep. One large room close to these they were painting in the Turkish style, with a jet-d'eau in its centre, to remind him of Egypt, which the count informed us his majesty constantly talked of with infinite pleasure. The grounds are also tastefully laid out, and numerous pretty alleys amidst the trees have been formed.

Count Bertrand also took us to view the sites his master has fixed on, to erect a house for his mother, and another for the Princess Pauline, as well as one for the grand marshal himself.

At a little distance there is a farm-house where Napoleon had collected a great variety of poultry, sheep, cows, and deer, as, our cicerone informed us, he intended to turn farmer. He added, that Napoleon had become quite "knowing" as a breeder. He is expected to be here in about a week, to ruralize for a time. A very nice walk has been made by his order, to one of the hills in rear of the house, from whence (as he

himself says) he can survey the whole of his dominions, and which he likes better than the immense extent of country he previously possessed.

The count brought with him his son, a fine boy, christened Napoleon. The young Napoleon made himself very agreeable, and delighted his father much by addressing us in English. The count has a fine mild expressive countenance, and a forehead bald, but full of intelligence. He pressed us to dinner, but added, that he regretted madame could not appear at table, being indisposed. We also thought it necessary to make an excuse, and his apology, on account of the countess's state of health, led to ours.

Porto Ferrajo, Sept. 22d.

The wind foul, Napoleon's capital very stupid, and Monsieur Roland's auberge very dear, by reason of the difficulty at getting over provisions from the continent; the consumption having so much increased since the arrival of Napoleon, his court, and army; and moreover, Monsieur Roland has it all his own way, being almost the only aubergiste, there having been no hotels in this retired corner of the world until lately.

To kill *ennui*, and make time pass—for of all annoying things, waiting for a fair wind on shore is the most disagreeable—not wishing to be on

board too soon, and ever fearing to be too late, we visited the stables of Napoleon, where we whiled away an hour or two. He has about one hundred and twenty quadrupeds, and several carriages. Some of his white Arabs were very handsome, and a favourite one he had brought from Egypt with him was pointed out to us. Every horse had his name placed above the manger, and several of them were named after his great battles, such as Marengo, Austerlitz, &c. A very fine charger was pointed out to us, which carried his master during his last fatal campaign in France; he was jet black, and called Borrodino.

In the evening, as we were sitting sipping our flask of Florence wine, in rushed Peter Linnet, with flushed face, and big with importance, to inform us, that one of Napoleon's servants wished to see us; but when the ambassador presented himself, it was with the Count and Countess Bertrand's compliments, to beg we would wave ceremony, and come and drink tea with them. We returned a polite answer, and retired to make our toilet; but before we had done so, the padrone of the felucca arrived to say, that the night was fine and the wind fair, and begged lor signori to come on board immediately. We therefore called at the marshal's en passant, and

left our P. P. C.'s, with our regrets at being obliged to start.

The evening was calm, the sea like a pond, without a ripple on its bosom, until its smooth surface was broken by the padrone of the Genoese felucca ordering his crew to use their sweeps ; when instantly, at every stroke, all around seemed to effervesce and sparkle like liquid fire. The Mediterranean sea can be compared to nothing but an ocean of fire-flies.

When we had pulled out to mid-channel, a breeze sprung up, but alas! it was right in our teeth, and our prudent padrone took us into Piombino for the night, where we were doomed to remain the whole of next day.

Piombino is a small walled town belonging to Tuscany, with a citadel, and situated on a rocky promontory directly opposite to the island of Elba. It was once the capital of a principality of that name, and is now in a dilapidated condition, with a population of about three thousand. Its harbour is good, and it has considerable fisheries. The surrounding country is rich in corn, wine, and oil, but the grand allurement here, is the quantities of game of all sorts. The snipe and woodcock shooting is the best in the world, and there are wild boars in abundance. This used to be the resort of English sportsmen, and will be again.

It is now considered such a rarity to behold an Englishman, that during the day we have had men, women, and children peeping at us. And I have no doubt our cameriera, who by the way is very good looking, had, during the day, made a good thing by showing us.

Amongst these visits, we had a long one from a knight of Malta, who thought himself vastly clever and sagacious, when he significantly whispered to us, "that he perfectly knew the object of our journey to Elba; and that it was for the purpose of arranging plans with Napoleon, for England to place him in such situation as to menace France and Austria, and to hold him up as a rod to chastise them, should needs be." We did not inquire of this garrulous old gentleman how this was to be accomplished.

September 24th.—We left Piombino at five in the morning, with a favouring gale, and had a most delightful passage, passing by many beautifully picturesque islands. Our boatmen seemed much alarmed at the prospect of falling in with some Barbary corsairs, and constantly kept close along shore, and we were regaled with some wonderful stories of the famous Barbarossa (Red Beard) and his savage crew; and as we had a volume of Voltaire's with us, (Candide,) we amused ourselves with the

catastrophe that befel the Duchess of Massa Carrara and the fair Cunnegonde when they were taken by the Barbary corsair.

We passed close to a small island, where Napoleon has a garrison of thirty men, and we saw his brig returning with him from his pleasure excursion. We had the three low rocks called the Formiche, pointed out to us, from whence the pirates oftentimes unawares spring on their passing prey. They are almost on a level with the water, and directly opposite the mouth of the river Ambrone, not far distant from the point d'Ercole, which we reached at a late hour, and remained during the night, stretching ourselves on the deck of the felucca, as *pratique* could not be obtained till sunrise the next morning. We rose at daybreak and took a swim, to rid ourselves of some troublesome companions with which we had foregathered during the night.

On our return we found a breakfast of milk, butter, fresh eggs, figs, grapes, peaches, and green tea, after partaking of which, we landed and walked into Porto Ercole, and visited the *Madre Chiesa*, where they were performing high mass, to celebrate the return of their Grand Duke to Florence, from his banishment during the reign of Napoleon.

The harbour of Port Hercules is a secure one,

and defended by several respectable looking forts. At the distant of two miles is Orbitello, a large and well-peopled town, but "pleasantly placed in a bog;" it being almost entirely surrounded by water, which they candidly call the *Stagno*, formed by an inroad made by the sea. This lake is of scarcely more than two feet in depth; yet it is nearly eighteen miles in circumference, and is chiefly remarkable for the size and number of its eels, which are sent to Rome, Naples, Florence, and other large cities.

Orbitello is a respectable fortress, formerly belonging to Ferdinand of Naples, but now to Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is situated on a low promontory projecting into the lake; the approach is by a narrow causeway. The Porto Ercole, and the adjacent forts, are all garrisoned.

The commandant of Port Hercules mounted us, and the governor of Orbitello received us most graciously, giving us a most pressing invitation to stay to a ball he was to give that evening. We made a kind of half promise to return, but being at the mercy of the captain of the felucca, who might take it into his head to start without us, we deemed it better to smother our inclination.

On our return we met all the fair damsels of

Porto Ercole, walking out to get a glimpse of Mi Lordi Inglese, and many a bright eye was rubbed over us *en passant*. Amongst others we descried the *bella cameriera* we had seen at the commandant's.

September 26th.—We made sail at five in the morning, the weather not looking very favourable, and with little anxiety on the part of our crew to proceed, for they were dreadfully alarmed at the prospect of falling in with the *Ladroni del mare* (pirates)—who had been heard of as on the coast. Every sail we saw produced a council of war, at which we were permitted to assist, and we always had the greatest difficulty to persuade them to continue their voyage; and then only by dint of a promised reward. We, however, induced them to keep the sea during the night, which turned out clear and beautiful, and which we again passed on the felucca's deck, whiffing cigars, and listening to the soft strains of Peter Linnet, who warbled forth many of his native songs, which were followed by a curious conversation, and a discovery of the birth, parentage, and education of the only passenger we had, viz., an Italian priest we had taken on board from Orbitello, bound on a pilgrimage to Rome, via Civita Vecchia.

This personage was a quite demure-looking

man, with a three-cornered hat, a black thread-bare tunic, and about the middle age, with rather a rubicund countenance, and a roguish-looking eye, somewhat subdued by the austerities of the church to which he belonged. He kept himself rather aloof from us, and sometimes crossed himself and prayed, as the master of the felucca and crew occasionally espied a fresh cause of alarm, in the shape of any sail bearing down upon us.

Our cigars were moistened with some excellent eau de vie, with which we were provided, and in my best Italian, I induced the signor padre to partake of some. The night was far advanced when Linnet struck up one of his chants about Killarney. It acted like magic on the holy man, who listened to this long-winded ditty with the greatest attention, as it described the beauties of Innisfallen, Ross Castle, Muccruss Abbey, Kate Kearney, and the Gap of Dunlow; at which point the padre could contain himself no longer. As he became more and more excited by the brandy and the music, I overheard him, *sotto voce*, (for he had by this time wriggled himself close to Signor Pietro,) exclaiming in a smothered extasy,

"*Blood and turf, are ye Killarney!*"

"No! be the powers I'm not," said Peter; "but I'm not far off it."

"And where did you get that chant?" said the holy man.

"Why from old O'Brien, the blind piper at Limerick," said Peter; "and many's the time and oft I've listened to him, for 'twas on the banks of the Shannon I first had my palm touched by the king's coin. God bless his Majesty! it was but a bad bargain he got of me."

"Poor O'Brien!" cried the padre; "at seven-and-twenty he went to bed with God's blessed light shining on him, and he rose the next morning a blind man. Tip us another stave, me darlin jewel!"

I now pretended to be asleep, when Peter struck up, "Brien the Brave," and then "Kate Kearney." At the conclusion of the last, priest-craft was at an end, and the Italian padre fairly hugged Peter, and finished with a regular Irish yell!

"Ah! and was not the celebrated Kate me fader's sister?" said the priest; "and didn't I draw my first breath in the Gap of Dunlow!"

"Be me conscience," said Peter, as he eyed the padre; "but she has not bequeathed you much of her beauty. God bless her, when I just listed, I went to Dunlow wid my master, and we both drank her memory at the little house in the Gap (where she once lived) in goat's milk—wi' plenty of potheen in it."

"And sure! wasn't it I that was born *there*, near the Black Pool, with M'Gillicuddy's peeping down upon me, at the foot of the purple mountain, where St. Patrick drowned the last snake that ever showed his nose in the Emerald Isle," said the priest.

"And if I might make so bould, holy father," said Peter, "what's your name?"

"By the powers of Paddy Blake's echo, which civilly answers any question a gentleman puts to it, I'm Killarney every inch of me; for, although I'm called Father Paul for shortness, I was christened *O'Donahue Kearney;* firstly, after the great chieftain whose traces are seen in every corner of the lovely lake; and secondly, after the celebrated Kate, the theme of poets, and the enchantress of the Gap of Dunlow."

"O'Donahue!" exclaimed Peter. "Sure, and haven't I seen his prison, and his horse, and his head, and his wine cellar, and his whiskey cellar; and haven't I seen the surprising leap he took, and the marks of his horse's feet, where he landed on the t'other side, and wasn't it myself that was there, near the eagle's nest, when that funny fellow Mike Healy bothered the Lord-Lieutenant, by making him believe he was going to take the same jump—when a gallant stag was abroad, and the Maccruss hounds running really *breast-high*

for both stag and dogs were in the waters of the upper lake—to which Duke Richmond was passing by boat, between the rocky and broad chasm, by which the waters communicate between the middle and upper lake, and where the wily Mike attracted his grace's notice by numerous gestures, preparatory to this great spring, which his grace tremulously and anxiously awaited to see him take, and which Mike never meant to do, by which means he lost the hunt entirely, and got laughed at by Mike, and the other lookers on!"

"May be," said Father Paul, "ye'll favour me with where you came from."

"Ah!" cried Peter, "and sure it isn't from near Castle Connell, on the banks of the Shannon, in the parish of Doonass. Me fadder was game-keeper to Sir Hugh Dillon Massy, as honest, as gamesome, as handsome and as fine a gintleman as any in ould Ireland, and one of the true ould breed of the gintry, who would decoy the stranger into his house, lock the door, and throw the key into the draw-well, and keep him there for a month, carousing and killing him wid kindness. And wasn't he fond of the ladies too, and got them in and locked them up in the tower that hung over the water-fall, where many a salmon I've hooked as a boy? Ah! these were days

when Sir Hugh, God bliss him! sent me to be page to the widow of Cork Ferry!"

"Wasn't there a well of great vartue hard by?" said the holy father, crossing himself.

"And wasn't it I myself that can speak to the vartues of the holy well; for by St. Shannon, was not I born both blind and lame 'till my mother dipped me in it?—and didn't I afterwards walk to Killaloe, and see Brien Borue's castle!"

And with that Peter again tuned his pipe, and once more struck up,—

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave!"

Here I fell asleep, and when I awoke, found myself with a burning morning sun blazing on me, in the port of Civita Vecchia.

September 27.—About seven this morning we landed in the Papal dominions, got pratique and a bad breakfast at a most miserable inn, and afterwards went (as in duty bound) to wait on the governor, who was a dignitary of the church, with a young priest as his aide-de-camp, who did the honours and ushered us into the presence. As the governatore had a considerable garrison, and a pretty strong fortress, I suppose he was at least *a cannon*. He was mounted in black, wore a sword and a three-cornered hat, talked to us in

Italian, and gave us a cup of chocolate. We afterwards got our passports signed, hired a coach and four, and started for Imperial Rome.

Civita Vecchia has an arsenal, and its port is considered one of the best in the Papal dominions, although at present poorly defended by two miserable-looking forts, which guard its entrance. It was first fortified by Urban the Eighth, and made free by Benedict the Fourteenth, and is distant from the Eternal City forty miles. The greater part of the road lies through a barren and unwholesome waste, where malaria rears its accursed head, and destroys life and vegetation. The few inhabitants we met were yellow-looking, swelled, and poor; the latter evil always leading to incivility, of which they afforded us ample proof. Wherever a country is thriving, its peasants are sure to be polite to strangers. I have never found this touchstone of the well-doing of a country fail. As I turned my eye upon the barren earth, and listened in vain for the busy hum of man, not even the barking of a dog disturbed the fearful monotony that was around us; so for want of anything better, I fed my sight and my imagination with the dome of St. Peter's, which kept us company for many a weary mile, and was the only indication that we were approaching the once mistress of the world.

When the day departed, the most brilliant moon arose, still to lighten up this bright beacon, which, long before we reached it, we thought every turn would bring us close upon.

After handing in our passports, and telling the investigating Cerberus where we were about being domiciled, we drove on, and again gazed on the mighty and indescribable fabric we had so long beheld at a distance.

After being dragged through several wide and splendid streets, we were at last landed at the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Piazza di Spagna, and having ordered dinner, I rushed forth once more to glut my eyes with another view of St. Peter's by moonlight. I gazed on many marble palaces; and beheld the meandering Tiber, the Capitol, and the Palatine Mount, and returned late to my hotel, with an empty stomach, but my heated imagination crowded with deeds of glory and names of renown ;—all my little book-lore having been stirred up on the occasion, to a kind of classic *olla podrida.*

CHAPTER XVII.

ROME.

A character—St. Peter's—The chair of St. Peter—Tomb of the female Pretender—The Vatican—The statues—Pius the Seventh—The church of St. Carlo—Charles IV. of Spain and his Queen—The Ursulini—The Capitoline Mount—The Tiber—The Capitol—Interview with the Pope—His hatred of the French—The Mons Palatinus—The horrors of war—Interview with Charles IV. and his Queen.

ROME was not built in a day, nor am I going to take only one day to describe it; the attempt would be vain, even had I the arms of Briareus (with a pen in each hand of them), and the heads of Hydra well stocked with brains.

A servitore di Piazza was enlisted instantly in our service. He was as antiquated looking as the profession he had adopted; a tall, lank, Lismahago looking chap, Giuseppe Sanzeverino by name; with a Cæsarian *proboscis*, an intelli-

gent eye, a pallid complexion, and a high forehead, with a few grey hairs adorning it. He took snuff, wore spectacles, and carried a gold-headed cane; was demure in his manner, but could run like a greyhound when he liked; had evidently read much; was as enthusiastic in his antiquarian calling as ever any keen sportsman was after a hare, a grouse, or a partridge, and was, moreover, never tired of exploring or explaining the antiquities of Rome and its environs; on which subject he had favoured the world with a book, a copy of which he was pleased to present to Colonel D. and myself.

Giuseppe was well read in Cicero, Pliny, Strabo, Juvenal, and oftentimes quoted the last-named poet and others, whilst drawing our attention towards objects of interest, or answering our numerous questions; for he managed to inspire us with much of the enthusiasm that animated himself; and no fox-chase ever afforded more pleasure than when this antiquated hound was running breast-high up the Palatine Mount, around the Circus Maximus, or double tonguing it in the *via sacra* which leads to the Temple of Peace and the Colosseum!

September 28.—We this morning took the field, Giuseppe leading the way, with his long, wiry, rather bent figure, very thin shanks, his stomach

drawn up like a greyhound's, clothed in a thread-bare, swallow-tailed coat, a white waistcoat, grey inexpressibles, white thread stockings, and shoes, in which were stuck large silver buckles.

At our especial request we first bent our steps towards St. Peter's, which, I again repeat, beggars description, and the interior of which is on a similar gigantic scale of grandeur and beauty. Fifty portals open into the portico, which is paved with marble, and has a gilded vault. Its colonnade is formed by pillars of the doric order, of which I counted three hundred and twenty.

On entering the body of the church, the patriarchal chair of St. Peter, and the saint holding the keys of heaven in his hand, may well inspire religious feelings in the numerous votaries who flock to this surprising place of worship. Some of these we observed dipping their fingers in the holy water, and making the sign of the cross on their foreheads; others passed their heads under St. Peter's foot, as a cure for bodily sufferings; others again with religious fervour took a hearty smack at the saint's toe, which stood prominently forward to court the passing kiss, by which it positively seems to have been diminished in size!

It would be endless to recount the numerous ancient pillars of *lapis lazuli*, *verde antique*, &c.,

with the wreaths, tiaras, and festoons that adorn its walls—all of the choicest marble. But I must remark that unity, harmony, combination, and proportion, are so studied in this vast temple, that what you at first imagine to be small Cupids playing round a fount where the holy water is contained, are, when approached, colossal statues; when you near the doves that adorn in many places the walls, you fancy you could place your hands on them, and they seem of the common size; but on essaying so to do, you find them far beyond your reach, and they are in reality larger than full-grown eagles!

Many of the pictures are copies from the first masters, exquisitely worked in mosaic.

We had the tomb of Maria Clementina, the pretender's sister, pointed to us. She is here styled the Queen of England and of France. I wonder the French, when they held sway in Rome, did not strike out the last title.

We next proceeded to the Vatican, which is built on an eminence close to St. Peter's, and has a private communication with the latter. It is an irregular, straggling building, begun in the sixth century, and altered and improved on ever since, by each succeeding pontiff. Its extent is so immense, that (according to Signor Giuseppe,) it contains ten thousand different apartments. A few of

these we visited, and found them superb, and the statuary and paintings surpassingly fine. The library is ill arranged, but it contains a vast variety of books, manuscripts, &c. The Sala Rotunda, supported by pillars of marble, and paved with ancient Mosaic, attracted our special notice; and we saw the Apollo Belvidere, the Antinous and the Laocoon. But my *cattivo gusto* made me turn to a dog devouring a stag, and to three striking figures by the great modern artist Canova, which I could have stood for hours to gaze on. The subjects are Perseus killing the Centaur, to perfect which, Canova, it is said, caused several horses to be killed before him, as he chiselled out the marble, in order that he might catch the expiring struggles of the centaur when he falls under the gripe of Perseus.

On our return to our hotel we twice encountered Charles the Fourth of Spain, with the Queen and the Infanta. His equipage was well got up, and he himself a fine hearty-looking old gentleman.

We also met, as we passed up the Corso, (the principal street in Rome,) the mother of the Prince of Peace.

In the evening we visited the famous café in the same street; where ladies and gentlemen *of all descriptions* are to be met with, as well as mirth, music, beauty, and billiard-rooms.

September 29.—Giuseppe was with us by half-past six, and, as a necessary passport to ensure our entrance, we proceeded in uniform to a small chapel, called "*The Ursulini*," (appertaining to the convent of that name,) and got a place which enabled us to enfilade the aisle up which, we were informed, Pope Pius the Seventh would advance, when he made his matinal visit.

We were left in suspense but a few seconds, when his holiness entered; but "what a falling off was there!" When I called to my recollection the pride and pomp of the sovereign pontiffs in days of yore—who had emperors walking barefooted before them, and who compelled the kings of England and of France to hold their stirrups whilst they mounted their horses! What a touch of bathos, to now fix my eyes on a little decrepid old man, with a white surplice and a black skull-cap, with a devout and saint-like aspect, full of meekness and humility, as he tottered past us, almost unattended, to the altar, where, after kneeling, and apparently praying most earnestly and devoutly for some minutes, he arose and retired into the Ursuline Nunnery. There was a pious resignation and a christian kindness in his countenance, which certainly gave me an impression of something heavenly and saint-like. And they were typical of his charac-

ter too; for how patient he was of suffering, yet how determined and obstinate even whilst in the iron grasp of Napoleon, having refused to treat with him (whilst a prisoner at Fontainbleau) until restored to his own dominions. I thought of his placing the imperial diadem on the Emperor's brow; and the recompence he met with, which was imprisonment and exile. But the day of retribution has come!

Giuseppe now led the way to the church of St. Carlo, where we witnessed the ceremony of two male Jews and one female, as well as a Turk, being made Chrstians by Cardinal Scotti.

After breaking our morning's fast, we visited La Chiesa di Jesu. The altar is very fine, with a statue in silver of St. Ignazio. The saint's robes are studded with rubies and diamonds. This altar is valued, Giuseppe informed us, at half a million of dollars.

Our indefatigable guide now led the way to the Capitoline Mount, and having placed himself in attitude, with his gold-headed cane gracefully deposited under his left arm, the hand holding a silver snuff-box, its lid exhibiting Romulus, the founder of Rome, suckled by a wolf, and on the little finger of the same hand a very fine cameo with the head of Julius Cæsar; whilst the fingers of the dexter hand filled his nostrils with the

exciting powder; thus prepared, I say, the Signor Giuseppe proceeded to tell us that the Capitoline Mount had formerly two summits, which were often confounded by the ancients, and mistaken by the moderns. The southern summit, which he first took us to, gave us a fine view of the Tiber, and is quite close to the famous Tarpeian rock, of which, however, not a vestige could we now find to repose our eyes on.

The far-famed Tiber now occupied our attention, and numerous questions were put to our cicerone, on the subject of its bed, depth, and facility of navigation, &c. Giuseppe said, that it was of necessity much changed, from the edifices that once graced its banks having fallen into it, and choked its channel. Pliny maintains that it was navigable for the largest ships, and describes the immense vessel that brought from Alexandria the obelisk in front of St. Peter's, and which vessel sailed down the Nile and up the Tiber. By a parity of reasoning, as our Joseph said, and as Gibbon wrote before him, both rivers bore the boat that contained the obelisk, consequently, the Tiber must be equal to the Nile. But this, I beg to remark, is a *non sequitur:* for, because a giant can lift a weight of ten pounds, and a dwarf can do the same, it does not follow, although Pliny so reasons, that

a dwarf is as strong as a giant. But Strabo gives a very different account of the capability of the Tiber; and tells us, that vast quantities of mud were washed down by the current, and choked up its channel; forcing large ships to tranship their cargoes at its mouth, and which has long since entirely ruined the port of Ostia.

We now proceeded across a kind of valley, to its northern point, which was once the site of the Temple of Jupiter, and where now the Capitol stands. Giuseppe halting, explained that here there had been a dense forest, and pointed to the spot said to be the asylum of the founder of Rome, as displayed on the lid of his silver *tabatière*, out of which he took another pinch.

In the centre of the square stands an ancient bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius. The horse is wonderfully spirited, and so true to nature, that when Michael Angelo came to study it, after gazing on it for hours, in a burst of admiration he gave the word "*March!*"

Within the precincts of the Capitol, there is a large Museum of statues and pictures, which occupied our attention nearly the whole day. A statue of Julius Cæsar struck us as remarkable, and our guide informed us it was the only one existing. I was also much taken with a colossal figure of Mars, as well as by two fine statues of

two Thracian kings, who had been brought prisoners to Rome by Lucullus, who cruelly ordered their arms to be cut off, because they would not be subject to or acknowledge the empire of Rome. Also, amongst many others, a Diana watching the speed of an arrow, just launched from her bow—most beautiful! and the statue of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, reposing on a chair, in an attitude unsurpassed for its grandeur, ease, and dignity. This is the statue which Napoleon directed Canova to take as a model for that of his mother.

Amongst the pictures, the most interesting to my mind were the Rape of the Sabines, by Pietro Cortona, and the famous battle between the Horatii, and the Curiatii. Two of each side are already lying dead, and the last of the Curiatii has received a mortal wound. The fathers of the combatants are anxiously looking on, as are both nations: this is grandly portrayed. A Sybil writing her oracles under divine inspiration, by Guercino, is very fine; so also are two St. Sebastians,—one by Guido, the other by Ludovico Carracci.

Our sight-seeing caterer scarcely gave us time to eat our dinner, before he had us off again, to witness a bull-fight by candle-light, which they term a Giostra. We found some fine-featured

Roman dames and damsels congregated round the arena; but as there was no blood drawn, the ladies thought the exhibition a failure.

September 30.—This morning we proceeded in state, in company with Mr. D——l, the English consul, to be presented to the sovereign pontiff, Pius the Seventh. We found his palace divested of all pomp, but with numerous priests crowding the ante-rooms. Their sombre costumes and grave faces helped to throw a religious awe over us, as we passed on to the presence chamber.

After a brief pause we were admitted, and Pius the Seventh, a little bent old man, with (as I have said) a most devout, benign, and saint-like aspect, advanced to meet us. We had been instructed, and consequently knelt on entering, and again did the same when we were sufficiently advanced to kiss the hand of his holiness, which he graciously stretched towards us; this ceremony we also repeated before retiring. Our interview was of short duration, and his holiness would not or could not speak anything but Italian. Mr. D——l introduced me as coming from and belonging to his friend Lord William Bentinck's army; and when Mr. D. further added, that I was the brother of the commanding officer of the Alceste frigate, which had remained so long off

the mouth of the Tiber, by order of the British government, to receive on board his holiness, and carry him off from the iron grasp of Napoleon, he seized my hand, and repeated with emphasis, "Bouni Inglesi, bouni Inglesi — amo gli Anglesi." He had previously expressed his abhorrence of Napoleon and of the entire French nation.

The carriage that conveyed us to court, and which we had been obliged to hire for the day, we now turned to account, by making use of it to visit the environs—where we beheld ruins on ruins, exhibiting all kinds of ancient architecture and magnificence. Our first rendezvous was, as Giuseppe called it, the Mons Palatinus, famous as the cradle of the nation, and where Romulus first built Rome, and from whence he beheld the rape of the Sabines in the valley below. This mount was afterwards the seat of the empire, and where stood the proud palace of the Cæsars. Tiberius made immense additions to it. But our worthy guide made a still further addition, by declaring that Nero, (he who "fiddled whilst Rome was burning,") built here a most surprising temple, with *transparent marble;* so that when this place of worship was shut, you could see into it! Travellers are said to "see strange things;"

but they sometimes hear things still more strange!

But I must not bore you with any more of the mere *sights* of the Eternal City, or you will accuse me of concocting an itinerary, instead of the promised record of my personal adventures. I will therefore proceed to give you a circumstantial account of my introduction to a pair of crowned heads: first, however, duly closing my notice of the "lions" of Rome by a brief sketch of the personal history of our friend Giuseppe, the worthy exhibitor of the aforesaid "lions."

Giuseppe was a true type of the renowned Domine Sampson. He was by birth a Sienese, and consequently spoke the purest Italian. He had been educated for the church, and studied at Rome, and returned to Siena with the rank of abbé. He there gave lessons to grown-up pupils at their private houses. Amongst his pupils was a beautiful Sienese lady, seventeen years of age, called Santina della Santa; and Giuseppe's holy calling could not save him from the influence of the all-powerful God,

"Who rules the camp, the court, the grove."

Nor could the saintlike name of the beautiful Santina save her from Cupid's spells. Alas! the course of true love never did run smooth.

Nature burst the bounds of society. Giuseppe was obliged to abandon the church, give up his school and fly; and with him flew the fair lady, who is now, by-the-by, doing duty as one of the antiques, of which he is still proud. He returned to Rome, where he left his lady love for a time, and turned soldier, and attained the rank of captain, and had served in the very garrison I had lately left, (Genoa,) being there at its renowned blockade; and he gave us a description of the sufferings of the besieged, declaring, amongst other things, and with the gravest face, "that his fellow-soldiers were obliged *to eat their comrades to satisfy the calls of hunger!* but that he, being a friend of the commandant's, fared daintily on cats, dogs, and rats—the governor reserving the dead horses as a *bonne bouche* for himself."

I have before observed on his publishing propensity, and in consequence of a learned dispute I had with him whilst we were inspecting the circus of Caracalla, and my novel notions which Giuseppe looked on as *wrinkles*, he volunteered to put forth a new edition of his Itineraire, wherein honourable mention should be made of my opinions; "in which case," added he, "il signore will doubtless subscribe for twenty copies!"

October 1st.—Colonel D. and myself having

previously made the agreeable acquaintance of the Abbé Taylor, an Irishman by birth, who was at this period father confessor to Charles the Fourth of Spain and his queen, as well as to their daughter, the Queen of Etruria, we this morning paid him a visit, to ascertain the hour of our presentation on the morrow to their majesties the King and Queen of Spain. The abbé, who had a near relation in the same regiment with myself, was a most agreeable personage, and quite a character, relaxing from the trammels of priestcraft, and making himself extremely agreeable. He flew from subject to subject with all the velocity of a summer-fly; descanting on the treachery of Napoleon to the royal family of Spain, their resignation and amiability; then pointing to his paintings, of which he had a choice collection, amongst others, those of the Pretender, and his brother, the Cardinal of York, who was also a pretender, for he had medals struck, some of which were shown us, with his head on them as Henry the Ninth, and which, had he been found in England, might have caused his head to be struck off in another way.

Our interview with fallen royalty I shall reserve, as in duty bound, for a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

Interview with Charles IV. of Spain—Breach of etiquette—The maids of honour—Person of the King—the Queen—Kissing hands—Royal conversation—The Prince of Peace—Wellington—Royal politeness—The King and Queen of Etruria—Cardinal Biancadore—Taking tea with a queen—Her conversation—Her chamberlain—Ingratitude of Murat—An invitation—A flirtation—Mothers and daughters—La Bella Carolina—A delicate negotiation—The day of reckoning—Leave-taking—The vetturini of Rome—Hey for Naples!

Rome, October the 3rd.

A LITTLE before twelve o'clock, our friend the abbé called for us, and we instantly accompanied him, for the purpose of being presented to his most christian majesty Charles IV. of Spain and of the Indies, and to his queen, whose tricks and intrigues with the celebrated Godoy were bruited about Europe at this period.

I fear we were either a few minutes too soon, or had on our shoulders the still greater sin of having kept crowned heads waiting; for on our

arrival we found the queen only in the presence-chamber, and that the king had gone away again. On our reaching the ante-room, a great bustle and stir took place amongst the maids of honour, who all instantly rose, and strove who could show us the most attention. Whilst we were bending and returning the various salutes, we were approaching the presence-chamber, when the king, a fine, robust, jolly-looking farmer sort of person, bustled past, and, giving us a kind of friendly shove, said, "Come in, come in." We followed him, and found her majesty standing in the middle of the apartment unattended. She is a very sharp-looking old lady, dressed in the most youthful style, with a profusion of diamonds and of rouge! Her majesty's mode of standing was rather awkward, which is not to be wondered at, considering that she has had the misfortune to break one of her legs.

Both the king and the queen received us most graciously; and, as the abbé named us, we proceeded to kiss hands. The king made many inquiries about our services in Spain; and I informed his majesty I had left Catalonia, at the time Ferdinand the Seventh was expected. He shrugged up his shoulders, and said nothing on the subject, but put a great many questions about our different regiments, and particularly about

Colonel D.'s, as being a Highland one. Although apparently no Solomon, he seemed very good-humoured, and very happy. Amongst other things, he flattered us by telling us we were fine stout-looking fellows.

The queen, on the other hand, seemed remarkably clever, and talked a great deal about England and the English, and what they had done for Spain. She touched on the return of their son, and the treaty of *Valencay*, and her doubts on the subject, as the regency and Cortes had refused to ratify it. She often alluded to their distressed situation at present, and the non-fulfilment of the pecuniary part of it, as regarded themselves; adding her great regret that she could not receive us in better style. One remark she made that I must not omit. Talking of Cadiz, where both the colonel and myself had been, her majesty said, prefacing it with a sigh, "Hah! if we had taken the Prince of Peace's advice, we should have retired to Cadiz, and now been under the protection of England." The king immediately turned to her and said, "Tut, tut; we could not tell what was for the best." The queen added, "There is a fate in everything."

At this period of the conversation, Father Taylor nudged me once or twice, and placing his

mouth close to my ear, said, (*sotto voce,*) "Give them hopes of returning." I immediately took upon myself the responsibility of placing the whole British empire at their disposal; and I overheard my friend the colonel do the same to the king.

The queen now eulogized the great deeds of Wellington. She also said, that she and the king were highly displeased, that Ferdinand had entered into a treaty, whereby the English, who had profusely shed their blood to liberate Spain, should now be banished from its soil, and that her husband, the king, was determined to resume the reins of government. Her majesty now graciously inquired how long we meant to remain at Rome. Upon my saying our stay would be short, she said many handsome things. Amongst others, "That after having made our agreeable acquaintance, she regretted much she was so soon to lose it." In short, the whole interview was vastly interesting, and our reception most marked.

On our way down we were presented to the chamberlain, a grandee of Spain, whose name I have forgotten, and also to the Duchess de Grao, one of the ladies in waiting. We also encountered the Queen of Etruria, leaning on the arm of her son, the young king. He was

about fourteen years of age, dressed in a splendid unform, with various orders suspended to his breast. He promised to be very handsome.

The Queen of Etruria is the daughter of Charles the Fourth of Spain, and was married to the hereditary Prince of Parma, who, by the treaty of Luneville, in 1801, had Tuscany added to his dominions, and the whole denominated the kingdom of Etruria, her son being its sovereign, until Bonaparte despoiled him of it, re-constituting Tuscany again into a duchy, as appertaining to France, but giving the rule thereof to his sister Eliza (married to the Prince Bacciochi) with the title of Grand Duchess of Lucca.

It now became apparent, by the hurry and bustle we had thrown the ante-room ladies into, that we had arrived before we were expected; for her majesty of Etruria, and her son, were evidently going to assist at the levée held by their parents, being anxious to behold the introduction of that scarce animal an Englishman.

Before returning to our hotel, our kind conductor took us to pay a visit to his eminence Cardinal Biancadore, an amusing, witty, and jolly prelate.

We had been invited to take tea with her majesty of Etruria, and about the hour of seven

this evening, we bent our steps towards the palace, my head filled with visions of taking tea with queens, out of Etruscan vases. As soon as announced, we were ushered to the presence, and found her majesty bedizened with diamonds, and attended by her handsome and interesting-looking son. She made us sit down, treating us with distinction, blended with much kindness and frankness of manner. The conversation turned on a variety of topics. We first talked Spanish to her, then French, and afterwards Italian. I ventured to address a few words in English to her majesty, which she perfectly understood, whilst her son spoke and pronounced English very prettily, which seemed to afford great delight to her maternal feelings. She alluded several times to her long captivity, to the cruel treatment she had received, and to her present wretched and dependent situation: but, of course, we remained silent. Pity is but a poor tribute to crowned heads. Her majesty expressed a hope to see us again; inquired how long we meant to remain at Rome, and where we lodged; and talked much about the congress of Vienna, where at present her hopes and fears were centered. Murat was also mentioned, his advance on Rome, and his plans on Italy. One observation of mine seemed to displease her

much. Speaking of Rome and Florence together, I said they were "bien triste." She said Rome was always dirty and stupid; but talked in raptures of Florence, and especially when she held her court there. I apologized, by observing that there was no court residing there when I was at it.

The queen is a vastly agreeable and affable lady, very dumpy and very plain; or, to speak in still more vulgar parlance, she put me rather in mind of a winter's day, short and dirty. But to make up for this, she had a very handsome and agreeable chamberlain who seemed very well content with the post he held near his royal mistress. This gentleman entertained us with the hurry-scurry and confusion created in the beginning of this year, (19th January,) when his Neapolitan majesty thought fit to visit the imperial city, attended by twenty thousand men, forcing the French garrison to retire into the Castle of St. Angelo. This irruption was caused in consequence of a treaty Murat had entered into with the allies. Thus, the second city of Napoleon's empire was wrested from him by friends, not foes. Her majesty emphatically observed, (in allusion to the misfortunes of her family, and Napoleon's treatment of them,) "Che tradisce devo essere tradito."*

* He who betrays ought in return to be betrayed.

Her majesty's chamberlain went on to say, that on the retreat from Russia, when Napoleon had left Murat in command of the army, he showed the cloven foot of ingratitude, by saying to the assembled marshals, "that it was no longer possible to serve such a madman;" on which Davoust reminded him that he was not a king by the grace of God, as his compeers were, but by the grace of Napoleon and the blood of Frenchmen.

And now, in my infinite generosity, and considering I shall spare you all further account of the "lions" of Rome, for the simple reason that you will find them all duly detailed and delineated in the guide books of the day, and probably in more available terms, and more "apple-pie order," than my patience and industry will allow of employing,—all I shall tell you further about the imperial city, will be one or two of those personal anecdotes and incidents which served to enliven my somewhat monotonous pilgrimage in search of "sights."

October the 5th being a kind of *dies non*, as far as sight-seeing was concerned, I was amusing myself making purchases of pictures, pearls, mosaic work, cameo necklaces, and a variety of other little gifts for absent friends, when, whilst lounging from one shop to another, I espied my friend

the Gobbo, who, rushing up, began, "*Signore, una cosa rara—una cosa particolare*, &c., which he thus proceeded to explain—that he knew a young Roman of great beauty—that he did not imagine for a moment the signore had any chance, farther than of beholding her excessive loveliness, and that I must make the excuse of wishing to look at apartments her mother had to let. Wishing to see what would come of the adventure, I went with him, and found the mother from home, and the young lady certainly very interesting looking, and very handsome. The Gobbo began by stating, that *il Colonnello* (for he had given me brevet rank) wanted to see the rooms her mamma had to let, as, although I was about to proceed to Naples, that on my return I meant to make a long sojourn at Rome, and that I was anxious to secure a comfortable lodging. She replied with much sprightliness, that she and her mother were also going to Naples to visit her sister, who was the *prima cantatrice* at the theatre of St. Carlino. We had a long and agreeable chat, and she pressed me to go with them. She added, that they intended setting off in two days with a vetturino, and that she knew there was one place vacant. This was a staggerer; for my stay at Rome was drawing to a close, and la bella Carolina was almost irresistible.

At this period of the conversation mamma entered, and I was again well received, and pressed to accompany them. They told me that one of the party who had places already secured was a German officer. I declared I did not like this arrangement, and declined being of the party, as I might be one *de trop* if the young lady's heart was in the keeping of the German; at the same time I hinted, that mine would be in danger by travelling with so much loveliness. The young lady promptly responded, that the German had not made the slightest impression on her, and with great naïvete she again pressed me to accompany them.

Oct. 28.—At length, the day of reckoning being arrived, our bills were paid at the Hotel de l'Europe, and I took leave, and saw off my travelling companion and friend Colonel D., who started with the courier for Florence on his way to Paris, leaving me alone.

In the morning I was in treaty with a vetturino, who offered to take me to Naples, drive me about there to see what was to be seen, and bring me back here, for sixty dollars. In the evening another son of the whip presented himself, and said such a sum was preposterous; that he would carry me and my domestic like gentlemen for three Louis—that it would cost me a trifle to

view the curiosities of Naples, and that I could return to Rome for a like sum. In the mean time, billets-doux, messengers, and interviews had taken place between the mother of the fair Carolina and myself, as to our travelling together; but as the mamma seemed anxious to make the affair a mercantile one, I declined it, especially as my proposal of taking them in my vehicle, (for I had projected to purchase one, was rejected; the mother being (as she said) scrupulous as to *appearances*, and could not allow her dear Carolina to go with me, unless it was *per sempre*. The whole of this flirtation was laughable; and the coquettish coyness of Carolina as amusing as it was instructive.

CHAPTER XVI.

A trip to Naples—Leave-taking—A wild Irishman—Albano—Vetturini—La Bella Carolina—Confidence in the English—Peter Linnet—A stoppage—Montefiascone—Italian Sbirri—The Appian Way—Alba Longa—Beautiful spot—Village festival—Italian peasants—Illuminations—The Pope's palace—How to get on—Lake Nemi—Velletri—A rencontre—Birthplace of Augustus—A table d'hote supper—A flirtation—Hobanobbing—The adventures of a night—The denouement—The Appian Way—St. Paul—Terracina—The English Consul and the Gorconalore—The ladies again—A baruffa—A modest request—A contretemps—The insolence of office—Return to Terracina—Mola di Gaeta—Cicero's villa—Ischia—Garigliano—Minturno—Susa—Capua—The Campo Mazio—King Joachim—Arrival at Naples.

Oct. 9th.—Notwithstanding that the political position of Naples with respect to England was at this moment very nicely balanced, it did not strike me that my journey to that city as an humble individual could disturb the equilibrium, or that my kicking my heels for a few days

in that southern capital could make the balance kick the beam. I therefore this morning got my passport made out for that place; and as in duty bound, took leave of Mr. D——l, our consul, and of the agreeable Abbé Taylor, whose nephew Mr. C——, a young, raw, wild Irishman, I persuaded to dine with me, to assist in assuaging my sorrow for the loss I had so recenty sustained, in the absence of my talented, intelligent, and amiable companion the colonel; Mr. C—— exacting the especial promise from me, that I should have plenty of fish for him; as this was, for all good Catholics, *giorno magro*, and that he would not for the world taste flesh. He had no objection to a glass of champagne, and when the wine was in, the wits being out, he commenced bragging, that not a princess, duchess, or marchioness in Rome, had been able to withstand his personal attractions and seductive arts; yet was this amusing braggart about as ugly a colt as ever I happened to cast my eyes on; and, moreover, as like his abbé uncle as two shillings of the same coinage. I afterwards accompanied this youth to the grand conversatione, where he galloped about, distributing sweetmeats to the ladies, and pretending to be very intimate with many of them, and placing his ugly physiognomy close to their fair ears, to whisper soft nonsense therein. He tried to persuade me to

accompany him to Albano the next morning, (being Sunday,) where there is to be a grand *festa*, and near to which, his holiness is at present in *villeggiatura*. To get rid of his importunities I declined going with him, but promised, if possible, to meet him there.

Oct. 10th.—I was enjoying my slumbers after the late hour to which Mr. C. had kept me up at the grand caffé, looking at ladies, listening to his intrigues, smoking cigars, and drinking punch a la Romaine, when the vetturino rushed into my room just as the day dawned, to tell me the place in his carriage had been taken last night, and that it was already on the road to Velletri, carrying with it la bella Carolina and her mother, who had sent him to say, that I must instantly follow, *bongré, malgré;* and this amiable coach proprietor having shipped off one cargo, and seeing I was anxious to follow, proposed now to carry me to Naples in a one-horse machine, for *five guineas*, having previously proposed to do the same for three. My sixty dollar friend came also, to inform me, that he had stipulated for thirty sequins, which was sixty-six dollars; and that I must, in addition, give *buona mano* (drink-money) to the driver. In short, all were determined to impose on me, and as I was resolved not to be imposed on, (if I could help it,) I dispatched

Giuseppe to look for, and bring to me, my Catholic friend, Mr. C——s; but he returned to say, that my last night's friend had already started for Albano.

As my anxiety to depart increased, every coach-hirer increased his demands. After breakfasting, I sallied forth nothing daunted, and was conducted to a carriage manufacturer's, whose store I had repeatedly passed. I fixed on a light-looking calèche, which had a box in front, a place for luggage behind, and which also opened in front, and would hold two inside. It was exactly the kind of vehicle Sterne describes in his Sentimental Journey; and, as I was at the moment full of sentiment, and bent on the pursuit of the fair fugitives, I struck a bargain on the instant. But being Sunday, and moreover not having any money at my disposal, (for the banks were shut,) I religiously stuck to my creed of not paying away money on a Sunday, except in cases of necessity, and therefore bought the vehicle, and promised to pay for it on my return to Rome; and such was the respect and confidence in my countrymen, that the poor man jumped at the proposal.

Post-horses were instantly ordered, my three days' bill paid, and my poor friend Giuseppe (to whom I had got much attached, and who had

made me half an antiquarian) pleaded hard to be permitted to accompany me as far as Albano; telling me that many reliques were to be viewed on the road, and, besides, that it was a holiday, and all the world was at Albano, and he could easily return.

His suit was granted, his long figure coiled up in my little caleche, and the landlord and waiters were making their congeés to mi lordi Inglesi; and Peter Linnet (who had given me little trouble during our sojourn at Rome) had his hand on the coach-box, and one foot on the step,—after having gone through the ceremony of shaking hands with every one, especially with the female part of the family,—when, to my no small surprise and dismay, in rushed two *sbirri*, or thief-takers, and laid hands on my lacquey.

An explanation was demanded and granted, when a long account was presented from a neighbouring public-house, where Signor Pietro had sacrificed to Bacchus, daily and nightly, to the tune of fifty-two *fiascos*, or, as my perturbed imagination immediately translated it, flaggons, of the celebrated wine of *Montefiascone*, a flaggon, as everybody knows, being two quarts. Mine host of the pot-house, (which was called the *Croce di Malta*) who accompanied the two policemen, informed me, that this was not the full extent of

il Signore Pietro's libations, but merely what he had left unpaid.

As I thought of the former celebrity of this juice of the Muscadel grape, (by means of which, a German baron had drank himself to death,) I sincerely wished such a fate had befallen my vautrien—particularly when I recollected I had barely cash sufficient to achieve my journey. I had naturally dreaded to behold the sum total of this long bill, which I must either discharge, or leave Signor Pietro in pawn. I first resolved on the latter expedient, and on taking with me Giuseppe instead; but the rueful looks of Mr. Linnet were such as to subdue me; whilst something whispered to me, mind what you are about: Peter Linnet, toper though he be, is a British soldier, belonging to the royal regiment of artillery. On further inquiry, however, I found that the "fiascos" in question only cost three sous each, and that the whole lot amounted only to the sum of eight francs and a-half; which I instantly paid, with a frank to each of the sbirri Romani, who willingly released their hold of the prisoner, and we were off like a flash of lightning.

The road to Albano was good, and, as my fellow-traveller informed me, was the Appian Way. The contour of the Campania was undulating and pretty, but until the aforenamed place, it had the

appearance of a barren waste, and totally uncultivated. We passed many ancient ruins; sepulchral monuments, and other mementos of bygone days, and an old Roman aqueduct kept us company almost the whole way. It formerly served to conduct water to the city, from the mountains of Albano.

The rattling and jolting created by the hurry of our post-boy to gain the reward I had promised him if he drove *à briglia scioltà*, prevented my profiting much by the information I could perceive was intended to be conveyed to me, by my pent-up neighbour Giuseppe, the thin lantern jaws of whose weather-beaten but animated phiz were in constant motion, whilst from time to time he poked his nose and finger out of the open window of our tiny vehicle, which seemed to fly along the Appian Way, and speedily brought us to Albano, notwithstandiug the hilliness of the latter part of the road.

Poor Giuseppe, whose separation from me was now drawing near, told me that this town was anciently called Alba Longa, and that it had been a duchy, appertaining to the family of Savelli, until purchased for the church by Clement the Eighth in 1597, and that the outlet to its beautiful lake, which we were about to visit, had a canal to carry off its superfluous waters,

which had been constructed nearly four hundred years before the birth of Christ.

The air of this place is reckoned most salubrious, and its situation is picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. It is very high, finely wooded, and commands a most interesting view of Rome and the surrounding campania, with here and there a glimpse of the majestic Tiber meandering along; and you can, from some of the high ground that surrounds this sweet spot, see its junction with old ocean. No wonder this was the place fixed on for recreation and pleasure by the ancient Romans. Close to the outlet of the lake we found the pretty little town of Castle Gondolfo, in the immediate neighbourhood of which his holiness the pope was enjoying the fresh air, fine scenery, and the festivities of the season. During this month every Italian who is a proprietaire, hastens to his *terra*, to enjoy the country, and superintend the village fêtes.

Autumn's tints, a beautiful sunshine, and a clear sky, made nature appear to have put on her holiday-suit for the occasion. Everything and every body were in their gayest attire; the pretty peasants had wings attached to each shoulder, which made them look like angels, with large and long old-fashioned stomachers, braided hair, large ear-

rings, and other ornaments. We met many of them mounted on donkeys and riding astride up the avenue that leads to the village, which on entering we found festooned with flowers, and with several triumphal arches hung over with variegated lamps, to be ready for the great illumination which was to take place in the evening, in honour of the head of the church,—this being the third and last day of the festa.

We now came within sight of the pontifical palace and the Lake of Alba. Nothing can be pleasanter than this sweet sequestered retreat, situated on the border of this pretty basin, the brim of which is covered with beautiful trees, olives, and evergreens, with here and there a convent to break the monotony.

On our return, I fell in with my Irish Catholic friend of the previous evening, Mr. C., who pressed me hard to remain, promising me a good dinner, an excellent bottle of wine, and an Italian princess. But I was proof against all these temptations, and taking leave of him, and a most affectionate one of old Giuseppe, I jumped into my carriage, and was whirled off with as good horses and as gallant a post-boy as ever I sat behind. No doubt a secret communication had been made by the last, of the generous manner in which I rewarded

speed. Freemasons' signs are always passed along a road, so I advise all travellers to give a good notion of themselves at starting.

He rattled me in no time to Gensano, a neat looking village appertaining to the Prince Cæsarivini, from whence we made, at my request, a little detour which brought me to the Lake Nemi, which is larger than Lake Alba, with the pretty village of Nemi on one side of it. Monte Cave forms one side of this beautiful, romantic, and picturesque spot, from whose summit you have a fine view of both these inland waters.

A little on the right of our road I pulled up for an instant, to look at the remains of an ancient town now called Civita-Vigna. It occupies a flat, on the summit of a mountain, and would make a splendid military position.

As I drove into Velletri, who should be the first object I cast my astonished eyes on, but the beautiful Carolina, gracefully leaning on the arm of a huge mustachioed, belted, and sworded German officer, with the mother tripping in the rear, supported by a young Italian, also in uniform. La bella Carolina's eye caught mine as I whisked past them. She dropped the arm of the German, as if it had been a hot potatoe. Both mother and daughter bent their steps towards the inn, in front of which I was surrounded and

gazed on, the moment it was discovered I was an Inglese.

A council of war was now held, at which it was the interest of the innkeeper to assist, and one and all protested against my proposal of going on, alleging the length and dreariness of the road to Terracina, (being six posts,) and that there was no accommodation for travellers, either at Terre de tre Ponti or at Bocca di Fiume, two of the post stations between this and the aforenamed place; and moreover, that the Pontine Marshes were at this season full of malaria, and that travellers were more susceptible of its foul effects during the night than the day; and that over and above all these, the roads were infested with brigands! A gentle pressure of the delicately small hand, and an imploring and affectionate look from the fair Carolina, decided the business; and whilst my dinner and the other travellers' supper were preparing, I took a stroll through this large, populous, and healthily situated town, which commands a most extensive view of the Pontine Marshes, with the Mediterranean Sea, and the islands of St. Felice and Ponza, in the distance.

Need I remind you that Velletri is the birthplace of Augustus? Suetonius relates, that previous to this event, their walls were struck by a

thunderbolt, and that on the Velletrians consulting their augurs, the answer was, that it foretold they would one day give a master to the world. I had no Cicerone to point out the house Augustus was born in, although I bore in mind that many prodigies pronounced the future renown of Augustus, and that while Catiline's conspiracy was being discussed in the senate, the father of the future emperor arrived, rather late, and offered as an excuse, that his wife had just been delivered of a son; when one of the senanators, a learned man, and political friend of Cicero's, after reflecting a moment, exclaimed, "Octavius, your wife has this day given birth to the future master of the universe."

On returning to the albergo, I found that my dinner was served at the same table with the table d'hote supper provided for the vetturino and his cargo; the general custom throughout Italy being not merely to transport you to the end of your journey, but to feed you by the way; and for which purpose, the most economical mode is naturally resorted to, the jolting through an entire day promoting digestion, and preparing you with the appetite of a rhinoceros, so that at night you are ready to put up with anything you can get.

I found that the party consisted of the fair

Carolina and her mother, the German and Neapolitan officers, and two others who had made the six insides in this perambulating menagerie. At the moment I entered, I found mine host entreating Mr. Linnet to seat himself at the festive board; but a look from him to me, and mine in reply, settled the point in a direction opposite to Pietro's evident inclination. The vetturino undertook to do the honours, and served out some of the most execrable soup maigre I ever tasted; it consisted of slices of bread in hot water, with a little butter and olive oil in it. The only thing that made it palatable was quantities of scraped Parmesan cheese, which is handed round with soup at all dinner-tables in this country. The remainder of the dinner consisted of a huge dish of macaroni, also garnished and covered with scraped cheese; a large musk melon, with slices of sallami, or *sausages*, which seemed to be greedily devoured; these were followed by kid chops and stewed prunes.

The fair Carolina was placed with me on one side of her, and the Neapolitan officer on the other, whilst her mother had secured for herself a personage I took for a priest; on the left and on her right, sat the disappointed looking German captain, who, when he could spare time from the serious business of mastication, threw most

alarmingly amatory glances across the table, to the inattentive and unresponding Carolina, who had most adroitly contrived, after a little nudging and coquetting, and gently touching my toe, to place her mignon foot right on the top of mine, where she kept it during the whole time we were at table; and every time she received an amorous glance from her mustachoed *vis-a-vis*, or a soft or tender speech from her next neighbour the Neapolitan, I was restrained from being jealous of the same, by a most expressive and consoling foot-squeeze!

To wash down the feast, every one had a bottle of *ordinary* wine, (very,) placed at their elbow; I, however, ordered a bottle of Madeira, of which the young lady next me and her mother condescended to partake, to which I subsequently added champagne for all the party; in addition to which, the thirsty German managed to discuss two bottles of Velletri wine. One bottle of champagne led to another, and the German captain very nearly tumbled into the empty soup-bowl, as he stretched across the table to perform the operation of hob-a-nobbing with the only half-inclined Carolina. He afterwards confided to me that he came from the *Rhingau*, and that he had once served Napoleon, and been made prisoner and sent to England; and he proceeded to relate his

manifold sufferings on board the prison-ship, which seems to be a sore subject, and a great grievance against the English government. This conversation was held in English, with which he amused me much, by mixing up the genders in the most unlucky way. I was, in particular, much tickled by his confidentially telling me, speaking of "Miss Carolina," that "*he* is a dam fine woman."

Dessert now appeared, consisting of grapes, roasted chestnuts, and cheese, I calling for more champagne, and in my generosity, insisting on the vetturino and his two unknown guests also partaking. The joint effects of the champagne, Madeira and Velletri wines on the whole of our well-pleased party made it advisable that I should abstain from all further particulars of what passed on this festive occasion, beyond the fact, that shortly after retiring to my room, and pulling out my journal, with the view of recording the day's "adventures," I was aroused by a gentle tap at my door, and invited by the ladies to come to their room and take coffee; the matron, with an insinuating and graceful preamble, borrowing ten francs from me!

Oct. 10th.—I left Velletri at eleven, A.M., and arrived at Terracina, ten minutes past four—thus accomplishing six Italian posts, or thirty miles, in

little better than five hours, including the time taken up in changing horses and seeing sights. Before I was half way, I had overtaken the vetturino, with his precious cargo, although they had commenced their journey two hours before day light.

After descending into the plain from the high ground Velletri stands on, into the *Pontini Paludi*, our first stage was Cisterna, which place is supposed to be that St. Paul makes mention of in the Acts as the *Tre Tavernæ*, or Three Taverns. I should rather say, that the next station, *Torre de tre Ponti* was the one alluded to, for there the famous Appian Way really commences.

Pope Pius the Sixth, renovated, restored, and beautified this celebrated road, on each side of which shady trees have sprung up, to shield the passes of the Pontine Marshes from the ardent gaze of old Sol. This splendid piece of workmanship is carried over the swamps into Terracina, a distance of twenty-five miles, and its scenic beauty is increased by a river running by its side, which I take to be a canal cut to drain and dry up this enormous and unwholesome marsh.

The Appian Way still continues through the principal street of this miserable looking town, which is the frontier one between the papal state

and the Neapolitan territory. It is situated near the sea, on the summit of a hill, and the pope here maintains a small garrison in a fortress, called the *Rocca de St. Angelo.* As the Hotel de Poste, (my halting place,) was below, whilst dinner was preparing I walked up to view this very ancient town, once renowned as one of those appertaining to the Volsci, and called by them Anxurus, as it also is by Virgil. Here, an antiquarian I foregathered with, as I scrambled up the hill, took me to its modern cathedral, and pointed out to me the fine marble columns of an ancient temple. He next led me to the remains of the palace of Theodoric, which you approach by a continuation of the Appian Way, and to the left of the city, and nearer to the sea, he pointed out to me the Temple of Jupiter Anxur.

The proceedings of the previous evening having aggravated to a very inconvenient degree the consumptive condition of my purse, I strolled to the upper town, found out the English consul, and persuaded him to cash me a bill on my Roman banker. I then accompanied him to the house of the *governatore*, who was one of the most communicative and jolly priests I have met with. He gave us a cup of excellent chocolate and an excellent bottle of lacrymæ Christi. We talked a great deal of politics, and I put many queries

to him as to the state of Naples, and the durability of Murat's throne; thinking I could not do less, considering my project of entering the dominions of King Joachim on the morrow. But both the consul and governor seemed perfectly ignorant on this important topic; and with many shrugs of the shoulders and other significant gestures for which the Italians are famous, said, "It all depends on the congress at Vienna, to whom at this moment the eyes of the world are turned!"

On my return to the hotel, I found the party from Velletri had arrived; the Neapolitan with his arm in a sling, I suppose from the sabre of the German captain, who I found had quitted the party before arriving at the inn, his intention being to take shipping at this port, for the purpose of visiting some relatives who were settled in Sicily, and he was afraid to trust his precious person in the dominions of Murat. The waiter had already informed me, that there had been a frightful *baruffa*, (vulgo a row,) and that blood had been shed. This was also confirmed by the ladies, who seemed delighted to see me, and overpowered me with caresses, which finished by the mother again saying, "*Si vos signoria mi favorisce con dieci liri di pui io vi paghero sicuramente à*

Napoli." With which modest request I of course complied.

Oct. 11th.—I was again awakened this morning by a gentle rap at my chamber-door, when, in the true Pyramus and Thisbe style, through the chink of the door, or, through the keyhole, the dulcet sound of the fair Carolina's voice attracted my attention, and listening, I heard these flattering words:

"Idol mio, quest' alma amante
"Sempre fida a te sara."

I am too modest to translate this, so my country-cousins, who know not the *lingua dolce*, must for this time remain in ignorance. Suffice it, that I determined on escaping the web of witchery I saw weaving around me; I therefore rose, dressed, and started precisely at six.

The morning was cold and foggy, so that after jogging and jolting over a very bad, bleak, and barren road for twelve miles, with the almost certain prospect of being either plundered, or popped at by the numerous banditti at this time frequenting it, arrived safely at the frontier town of Fondi, a most wretched-looking one, but placed in a fine situation.

While sitting in my carriage, lustily bawling for fresh horses, a Neapolitan gens d'armes ap-

proached and demanded my passport, which I instantly handed to him. He shortly after returned, and said that the commandant wished to see me and my domestic. We were accordingly conducted up a narrow lane, the gens-d'arme leading, with me at his heels, and Signor Pietro bringing up the rear, with a countenance as rueful as if he had been going to be led into the presence of the Inquisition, with an "*auto da fè*" staring him in the face. We were speedily ushered into the presence of as insolent a Jack-in-office as I ever encountered. After scanning over the passport, and eyeing Peter and myself, he informed us, that the same was not *en règle*, and that we must instantly return.

I ventured to put the *perche* and the *come*, when he condescended to inform me, that my passport was not *visé* by the Neapolitan consul at Rome, and that back I must go. At this period of the conversation, a higher Jack-in-office entered, who repeated the same thing. I informed them both that I had applied to the representative of his Britannic majesty at Rome, who had seen my previous passport, signed by Lord William Bentinck, and which I now laid before them. I also produced my letters for that city; said I was a British officer belonging to the English army in Italy, and that their refusal to let me pass was

tantamount to declaring that war existed between the two nations! But a shrug of the shoulders, a *non è buona*, and a declaration that the signor must return to Rome, was all I could get from them. I then defied them at their peril to turn me back, and swore their conduct should be reported to their king. On which, retiring for a few minutes together, the superior came forth, and said, if the Neapolitan consul at Terracina would sign my passport, he would let me proceed. So, weary and hungry as I was, I was fain to retrace my steps to Terracina, where, after infinite difficulty, much *humming* and *hawing* on his part, and not a little bullying and cajolery on mine, he did the needful; I returned to Fondi, and was allowed to proceed.

The road was bleak, dreary, mountainous, and murderous-looking, and for its protection we met patroles the whole way along; I was also forced to take an additional horse. We came to a strong mountain pass, with an old fort in its centre, previous to arriving at Itri, where we changed horses, and I was put in trepidation by my passports being again asked for, but no harm came of it, and we reached Mola di Gaeta, with ample day-light to enjoy its beauties.

On the right of the Appian Way, which still continued, we saw a tower called the Tomb of

Cicero, and between Mola and the town of Gaeta, for they are distinct villages, although commonly blended by name, you behold the ruins of Cicero's country-house, near to which he was assassinated.

The town of Gaeta is situated on a peninsula, over which there is a high conical mountain, completely fortified for its protection, and which is a little Gibraltar on the land side, or might be made so. Its harbour, at the mouth of the gulph of the same name, is defended by a fort on each side, and is well-sheltered by the promontory which defends it both on the land and sea side.

Gaeta, Oct. 12th.

I was up by times, and saw old Sol peep from his eastern bed; gilding the gulph of Gaeta with his rays, and throwing his beams over the beautiful island of Ischia. We took possession of this island in 1810, and I think Sir John Stuart's idea was admirable, either by a coup de main to take Gaeta, or at all events to keep the whole coast in constant alarm; for the imposing attitude and convenient distance we were at, made Naples equally assailable.

My first stage this morning was to Garigliano, formerly called *Lirris*. I stopped a short time to view the ruins of the city of Minturno, and

strolled amongst them. Remains of an ancient theatre, with many broken columns and cornices, were scattered around, and there were the appearances of recent excavations; one of the fruits of which I stumbled on in the shape of a Roman lady lying at some distance from her head.

I again betook myself to my snug little vehicle, and crossed the Garigliano, a fine stream, the road winding along its banks for a considerable distance. Arrived at St. Agatha to breakfast, and whilst it was preparing, I paid a visit to the town of Susa.

The entrance to Susa, in this direction, is by a lately constructed and very handsome bridge thrown across a very deep ravine. The whole of the surrounding country is picturesque and beautiful.

After passing the ruins of ancient Capua (so famed in story, and where Hannibal collected so many bushels of rings,) the whole line of road became luxuriant and fertile, and the numerous peasantry, the stir and bustle of carioles and carts, &c., betoken the approach to the capital. Before entering Naples, I ordered the postilion to halt, dismounted, and strode across the Campo Marzio, a wide and splendid plain, where King Joachim was reviewing about fifteen thousand men. There was also a considerable en-

campment; the whole wearing the appearance of great activity and military bustle. This scene betokened the intention of his majesty to be prepared for war, the surest way of preserving peace, and enabling him to make the best terms for himself with the Vienna congress.

On driving from the field of Mars, I passed King Joachim's equipage, ready to convey him back to Portici, where the court then were. The carriages were rich and handsome, the horses magnificent and thorough bred, the postilions and outriders in scarlet and gold.

The Villa Reale, at which I first alighted, was full, and I was glad after dinner to get into the Quatro Nazione. I am now in the land of love; on the instep of the boot the Italian peninsula forms, as detached from the rest of the continent; and as the said instep is not far from the toe, which toe is the most southernmost point of Europe, and consequently the spot where bright Phœbus has the most influence on our moral and physical frames, I first, as in duty bound, repeated a line from Dante:

> "Amor, ch'a null' amato amor perdona,
> "Mi prese." . . . . .

I then thought of la bella Carolina; and as I could not behold her, the next best thing seemed to

be to go to the theatre of San Carlino, and hear her singing sister. The opera was Cimarosa's Matrimonio Segreto, and the fair songstress, when I entered, was warbling in the admired duet, "*Io ti lascio, amato bene*," which reminds me that it is time I left off adding to the length of this unconscionable chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

Naples—The Bay—The Mole—Pausilippo—Pandemonium—San Carlo—The Neapolitans—The Lazzaroni—The streets—The Museo del Re—Anecdote of French delicacy—Tomb of Virgil—Madame Colbron—Pompeii—Italian beggars—The Certosa—Murat—Political intrigue—Character of Murat—Royal review—Interview with Murat—Murat at Leipsic—Anecdotes—Lady O—— and her daughters—The grotta del Cane—The Chiaja—Puzzuoli—The Sybil's Grot—The Princess Pauline—Dining with a minister—Lionizing—Anecdotes of Murat and Napoleon.

Naples, October 13th, 1814.

Oh! that I could dip my pen in Tasso's ink-stand, or rather, in his *brain stand*, that I might catch a little of the poet's fire and power, wherewith to describe my first sensations on beholding the beautiful bay of Naples, crowded with lofty ships and tiny barks, with graceful feluccas plying to and fro, and gently yielding to the balmy

zephyrs that were curling and refreshing its surface.

This morning, (in consequence of a letter of introduction our consul at Rome had furnished me with,) I made an acquaintance with a Mr. H——ll, an enthusiastic artist, and in the afternoon we hired a small boat, embarked therein, and rowed out to a sufficient distance to enable us to view Naples to advantage. The city is partly placed on the slope of a hill, with its suburbs, villas, and gardens, extending in glorious and gorgeous magnificence, from the palace of Portici in the east, to the Cape of Misenum in the west; to which latter the sun was now bending his course, towards the enchanting shores of Puzzuoli; thus showing off to advantage the richly-clad sides and smoking summit of Mount Vesuvius, who, folks say, seems in angry mood, and that an irruption is speedily to be looked for.

We rowed to the Mole, where vessels lie in security, protected by a work called Castle Nuovo, which is mined, and has a covered way that communicates with the palace of Portici, and on the other side of which is the arsenal, where lie the royal galleys. We hired a larger boat, and proceeded farther out, to get a better view of the bold coast of Calabria and Castel a Mare, get-

ting close to the island of Capri, which protects and commands the bay. What a pity we lost this port. Whilst we possessed it, we must have bearded Naples, being in its very teeth, and have kept the city in constant hot water.

Mr. H—ll being a painter by profession, directed our bark to all the most interesting spots. We now stretched towards the Cape of Pausilipo, and had a magnificent view of the charming Pozzuolian strand. As we rowed along this enchanting coast, we saw the remains of many Roman villas, and the schools of Virgil. It is scarcely possible to look about, and breathe this balmy air, without turning poet. The tranquil and bright blue waters of the Mediterranean, only surpassed by the clearness, elasticity, and mildness of the atmosphere; the verdant and beautiful islands of Ischia and Procida; the majestic promontory of Misenum, with its ancient port and harbour; and the charming island of Nisidæ; these are the chief features of the view, made doubly beautiful on the present occasion by the last rays of the sun, which, after they had ceased to illumine our nether world, still lingered, for a moment, as if to print a parting kiss on the top of old Vesuvius.

On nearing the shore, on our return towards Naples, we had pointed out to us vast caves or

excavations in the rocks, where Ferdinand placed his flotilla, previous to his flight from Naples, and before the French took possession, and where he ordered the gun-boats that could not accompany him to Sicily to be burnt. The conflagration must have exhibited a truly *infernal* appearance; for the immense subterraneous locale has but a small entrance, and the fire, so pent up, has apparently vitrified, or, rather liquified the whole, and has left it with the semblance of lava. Some parts are entirely black, whilst others remain red, the natural colour of the stone;—thus giving to these immense vaults (for there are several of them) the appearance of Pandemonium.

We landed at the west end of the Chiaia, or quay, which is the great and fashionable resort, and place of residence of the high noblesse of the city; and on our way to our inn, we passed through the Villa Reale gardens, where we stopped to admire the celebrated group of the Theban Queen tied to the Bull's horns.

Mr. H—, who is a most agreeable companion, accompanied me to the Hotel del Sole, to take pot-luck with me. During the morning, I had hired a valet-de-place, and changed my quarters. My new abode seemed clean and comfortable, and was kept by an English woman, the widow of a Frenchman, Madam Grand-'orge, who had

not forgotten her good old English customs, for she made me pay two dollars a-night for my bed. I shall have no lack of friends, I find; for, on my entrance to the San Carlino theatre, on the night of my arrival, the first person I stumbled on, was "Monsieur Tonson come again," in the form of my friend Marchetti, who turned my friend D—'s mind against Marietta, and his own appetite against our good dinners, champagne, &c., at Milan, Florence, and Rome. I promised to meet him this evening at the San Carlo.

After Mr. H. had left me, who should pop in but Carolina, her mother, and her singing sister, all dressed in their finest attire. They remained some time; a second edition of coffee was ordered, and washed down with a *liqueur* yclepped *perfetto amore!*

The grandeur and magnificence of San Carlo cause it to stand unrivalled as a playhouse. The whole house is constructed, as it were, of burnished gold; yet its light and airy appearance, and its elegant proportions, make it more like fairy-land than a place for mortals. It is, I think, not quite so large as La Scala at Milan, but is greatly superior to that theatre in all other respects.

The first singer this evening was a beautiful Spa-

nish lady; the opera, Agnese; the ballet was good, the dancing exquisite. My itinerant friend, Marchetti, who proposes to accompany me to Pompeii, seemed to have the history of the actors and actresses at his fingers' ends; and he recorded some curious anecdotes of the premiere danseuse and others, which I have really not time to recount.

October 14th.—Naples is a regular bee-hive: the perpetual noise, bustle, and buzzing, perfectly astounds and confounds one. The Greeks fabled Delos to be the middle of the earth; because, when Jupiter let two eagles loose to fly to the world's end, they met at Delos. Now, if his slumbering majesty would let two loose, to fly north and south, I feel sure they would meet at Naples. One might easily imagine that the whole world was here assembled, to discuss some mighty matter. The Neapolitans speak loud naturally, and the lazzaroni, amounting to nearly thirty thousand, having neither dwellings nor employment, absolutely night and day live in the streets, and are either singing, bawling, or playing the noisy game of *chi tocca*.

The whole population of Naples is between three and four hundred thousand: the quantity of priests, beggars, and nobility (many of them

beggars) beggars description. Some of the squares are handsome; but the Strada Toledo is a splendid one, having at one end the market-place, at the other the royal palace. The streets are almost all paved with lava, and the circumference of the city occupies a space of nine miles; and it is said that, if you include the suburbs, the circumference is just double. The city is surrounded by a wall, and has several towers and three large castles for its defence. The Castle Nuovo I have already mentioned. St. Elmo is in a fine lofty position; the castle del' Ovo is on a level with the sea. The defences in a military point of view are very mediocre; those on the sea-side were originally intended to guard the city from the sudden inroads of the Barbary States. The houses are generally high, and almost all have balconies, where the female inmates are constantly to be seen, at least on the shaded side of the streets. The roofs are, as in Sicily and Malta, flat, and have flowers, trees, and shrubs, in wooden boxes to adorn them. The number of vehicles is surprising, and the poor, but proud noblesse, if they can only sport a carriage, and one or two (but the height of their ambition is to have three or four) lazy fellows grasping it behind, in the shape of liveried lacqueys, with cocked hats

and canes, are themselves well content to feed at home on baccalau and maccaroni?

I started off with my servitore di piazza up the Strada Toledo, which certainly is a busy and a brilliant street, and soon found myself at the entrance of the Palazzo degli Studii, the Neapolitan university, or, as it is somtimes termed, the Museo del Re. I first visited the sculpture gallery, the arrangement of which is admirable. Here you have the whole collection once belonging to the Farnese palace at Rome, besides the choicest morsels of sculpture and of art found at Pompeii and Herculaneum. All the statues once appertaining to the last-named ill-fated city, were taken from its theatre, that being the only part yet uncovered. Farther excavations, it is said, would destroy the foundation of the palace of Portici, which is erected in the bed of lava that crushed and covered the devoted city. But this palace ought to be pulled down, and the entire world should enter into a subscription to redeem the treasures there hidden. If the remainder are all to be compared with those already discovered, the hands that modelled them must have been more than human. The attitude, the grace, the majesty of one female figure, is absolutely supernatural. The drapery of her dress

is perfect; and one arm, although under it, appears as if only hidden by a portion of the most beautiful and transparent gauze. The family of the consul Balbi is finely executed; the mother and two daughters, with the father and son on horseback. The father's horse is the perfection of art. But how shall I describe my emotions on beholding the Aristides? I stood entranced for at least ten minutes, and could almost swear I actually saw him move! One arm is across his body, and folded in the cloak; the other holds up his garment. But the expression of the face! In fact, if this is not the finest piece of ancient sculpture in the world, as the polite Frenchman replied to the Englishman who was apologizing for his bad French, "Monsieur, if it is not quite perfect, *il merite bien de l'être.*" Talking of Frenchmen, the custodiere, who showed me round the museum, told me, that, not long since, a Frenchman visited the gallery in company with his wife, a very beautiful woman, whom he absolutely made to strip, and put herself in the posture of the Venus Callipyga, or, as my conductor called her, *La Venus des belles fesses.* My informant added, that the Frenchman's wife could not hold a candle to her antique rival!

In the bronze room I almost went out of my wits at the sight of a superb horse—such symme-

try, such spirit, such life! My cicerone added, that this noble animal belonged to a *quadriga*, (a war chariot,) and that the superintendent of the excavations during the period at which it was discovered, viz. when Charles the Third of Spain held sway, had sent the three other horses attached to it to the foundry, to be melted into cannon! The Goth was immediately sent off to Spain; but "poetical justice" would have dictated that he should have been sent off from the mouth of the cannon he had moulded.

Amongst the bronze figures there is also the beautiful head of a horse, the remainder of which had been, by another Vandal (a bishop), cast into the form of a bell, to ornament the belfry of his church. This had been a colossal statue of the finest workmanship. I could not help wishing that this barbarian bishop had lived a thousand years, and been doomed to have this bell eternally ringing in his ears, to remind him of his sacrilegious act.

But I will not tantalize you any longer with details of what no mere words can adequately describe, and nothing but the eye itself can duly appreciate.

In the afternoon I hired a one-horse vehicle, and drove along a new road made by King Joachim, which is by the sea-side, and leads to Pozzuoli.

This noble undertaking is not yet quite finished. When you get to the end of it, you have, on looking towards the city, the most enchanting view of Vesuvius and the bay; and on turning your eyes to the other side of this splendid panorama, you have Pozzuoli, Cape Misenum, Procida, Ischia, the Sulphur Lake, and a host of other interesting objects.

On our return we went into a delightful garden, and paid a visit to the tomb of Virgil. It is in a heavenly spot, and completely roofed in. You see in the inside the niches where the everlasting fire was kept. I mounted on its vaulted roof, and beheld the stem of a laurel-tree, said to have been planted by his own immortal hand. As I trod on his grave, I thought of the "lickings" he had procured me in my boyish days; notwithstanding which, I wrote my humble name as a tribute of admiration of his mighty genius. I had authority for so doing, for I perceived that several kings, and thousands of others, had done the same.

In the evening I visited the Teatro Fiorentino, where a charming opera was performed. The house is small, but extremely neat. The boxes were well filled, and some rather pretty well-dressed women occupied them; amongst others, Madame Colbron, the first singer at St.

Carlo, whom I have before made mention of. I took post in the lobby to see her pass. She had the graceful Spanish gait, walking from the hip-joint, instead of, as in other countries, from the knee. She had a handsome face, coal-black hair and eyes; the latter she sometimes showed, and sometimes shaded, by the artful way in which she wielded a large fan.

On my road home, I was sadly annoyed by those pests of Italian cities, the male Pandars.

October 15th.—Last night, M. Marchetti had introduced me to two of his friends; a party had been arranged, and this morning early we started for Pompeii. The one was a young Englishman, a commander in the navy, very good-natured, and very sickly. The other was a Spaniard, of rather an extraordinary character, and the most pugnacious politician I ever met with. He declared himself a great admirer of English policy, but with dogged pertinacity maintained that it was entirely owing to English intrigue that Ferdinand, on his return to Spain, did not accept the new constitution. He talked freely of Murat and his government, both of whom he holds in great contempt. He professed himself to be an animal in a state of nature, and consequently despising all the laws of society! In short, he wished to please himself, but nobody else. He

was the most argumentative, disagreeable brute I ever met with; and I rejoiced when our arrival at the resuscitated city of Pompeii stopped his tongue.*

October 16th.—Intending to see the inhabitants and view the town at my pleasure, I mounted to Fort St. Elmo, which is in a most commanding position for bridling any outbreak, and may be considered the citadel of Naples. On the summit of the same mountain on which this castle stands, is the Certosa convent; from whose gardens and esplanade in front, there is a divine prospect of Naples, as well as of the bay and islands. This once rich and celebrated convent is now turned into a barrack, and inhabited by about five hundred invalids; some of whom told me they had but a gratzer (a farthing) a day to spend, and which was barely sufficient to buy them tobacco: this was a prelude to begging. But I am in a country of beggars; who, instead of buying bread with an ill-bestowed *biocco*, (or halfpenny,) run to the first water-carrier and get a glass of iced water, even at this season: for Naples is, like Malta, a regular hot-house. Some

* The details which the author had recorded in his Journal respecting Pompeii and Herculaneum, having been in a great measure superseded by subsequent operations, he thinks it better to omit them, and pass on to other matters.

also informed me, that many of them died from the air being too keen and light at such a height. I suppose they meant their appetites were keen, and their food light: and that they were starved. St. Elmo, as a fortification, is nothing; its position everything.

In the evening I went to San Carlo, where I had a near and distinct view of the king, queen, and court. His majesty, I must say, when I first saw him, brought to my mind Molière's play of the *Medecin malgré lui;* for he looked for all the world like a fine athletic fellow, who had been picked up in the streets, had a fine coat put on his back, and been turned loose to act the gentleman and the king. At all events, he fell very far short of what my imagination had pictured him, as the dashing dragoon so often talked of. His queen was graceful, pale, and slender. On his entry, everybody rose, and a feeble clapping of hands followed, which was again repeated when he left the house. The people about him were in very rich costumes, but he himself wore a dress much like the Windsor uniform.

Before the ballet was half over, a young gentleman with a pleasing aspect, and a most gentleman-like manner, entered the box where I was, and said he had been sent by Lady O——, who occupied one almost directly opposite, and close

to that of Murat—who wished me to be presented to her, and to dine with her on the following Tuesday. I started off, under escort of Mr. G., whose uncle I had known at Palermo, and having made my entrance into her ladyship's box in due form, I was by her presented to her daughters, and to rather a decayed-looking nobleman, Lord F——k M——, who appeared to be doing duty as cavaliere servente. We had a long conversation about Murat and his fortunes; and I soon discovered that the lady was a warm partisan and a great admirer of his. She then said, I really must go to court, which I respectfully declined, by hinting, that in his present position a formal introduction at his court would not be quite the thing for me, a British officer. She then told me there was to be a review to-morrow, and that I ought to be present. This was more in accordance with my humour, so I agreed; being anxious as a soldier to see everything military.

Lady O——'s liege lord has foolishly gone to England, to move the government in favour of her pet, Joachim; carrying with him a *carte blanche* from the king, to be filled up in the shape of a commercial treaty with England, in the most favourable way for that power. This appears to

be the dernier resource of poor Murat, and I fear its failure.

As I eyed Murat and his court this evening, I could not help feeling how difficult and delicate his position must be, looking at him as a brave, but wavering monarch, stimulated by his his own inclinations as well as by the ambition of his queen, who had no notion of putting off her royalty because her brother had been forced to do so. Both Murat and she tried every means to meet the coming catastrophe; and I have a shrewd notion, from what I have this night seen and heard, that they want to make a tool of me.

Whilst Murat held Ancona, he held out to Napoleon, that if he would guarantee to him all the Italian provinces south of the Po, he would advance and hoist the standard of Italian independence: and whilst doing this, he was coquetting with England and Austria, and representing his brother-in-law's ambition as insatiable, and his infatuations past remedy; only demanding Naples to be guaranteed to him, when he would join the coalition, and pass the Po with 30,000 men. I believe, in addition to the overtures made to England, of which Lord O—— is the bearer, he has sent a similar sheet to the Congress, to be

filled up as they shall dictate; the only *proviso* being, that he retains the crown of Naples. His majesty may discover when it is too late the truth of the old proverb about the two stools.

October 17th.—Last night's adventure and rencontre were rather novel and exciting; but they were nothing to be compared to what today has produced: the plot thickens. This morning, after breakfast, I was fixing with my new friend, Mr. G., to get a carriage and go to the review, when, who should appear but the family physician of Lady O——, who, I presume, was bent on my appearance in the Champ de Mars; and most likely, as it afterwards turned out, the plan had been arranged by his majesty and herself. Doctor R—— said, he had been sent by her ladyship to offer one of her riding horses. I at first declined, having made an engagement with young G. The doctor went off, and soon returned, saying, that her ladyship would also mount Mr. G. I could no longer decline, and forth we sallied, all three on horseback; the doctor being my second aid-de-camp.

We bent our steps to the Champ de Mars, which I have already mentioned as lying outside the barrier by which I entered. Murat has been at great pains in forming and improving this fine piece of ground, now set apart for military evo-

lutions. We found his majesty, with a numerous staff, already on the ground, and himself manœuvring four regiments of cavalry; consisting of one regiment of cuirassiers, another of hussars, and two of light dragoons. At the period of our arrival, he was drilling them in very slow time, after which they stood at ease, the men dismounting, when his majesty rode off to the royal tent, where he remained a few minutes, and then returned on a fresh charger. During this interval, I was introduced to a Colonel D'Arlincourt, commanding the cuirassiers. He appears a pleasant intelligent fellow, and speaks English perfectly well. On the King's return, I paid particular attention to the different formations, and rode in every direction; his majesty contriving to show a front, wherever I happened to be. It now occurred to me that I was observed by him; and this conjecture was in a few minutes afterwards confirmed;—I saw a general officer, all over stars and feathers, leave the king and gallop up to me.

When he arrived, hat in hand, he addressed me in French, asking me if I either spoke French or Italian? I replied a little of both. He then said, his majesty had sent him to apologize for the manner in which the troops manœuvred, as they were young soldiers, and seldom drilled together.

I was "struck all of a heap," and bungled out my approbation by two or three times repeating the word *Superbe! superbe!* and essayed to explain to him how highly flattered I was. He again galloped off, leaving me a greater man than I had ever before believed myself; even my companions evidently began to feel more respect and awe in my presence, and appeared now to keep more aloof from me. I could not account for all this attention, unless as a preconcerted plan between my lady and Murat; 'tis true, I had a frogged great-coat, and a pair of huge mustachioes, but nothing else military about me.

On the General rejoining his master, the troops continued to manœuvre with more precision, and with more celerity. I now anxiously observed the royal cortège, and thought I perceived an inclination to edge down to where I was. As the court came nearer, my attachés kept a still more respectful distance from me, and I was left entirely alone in my glory. And now doubt turned to certainty; for the King almost immediately afterwards rode up to me, followed by his whole suite, only leaving me time to stand uncovered, to receive the first shock of majesty.

His first salutation, after taking off his own hat, was, "*Couvrez vous, Monsieur, couvrez vous.*"

He then commenced by making apologies that his troops were young troops, lately formed, and that he seldom had an opportunity of having them together. I was now quite collected, and ready with my replies, and said in French, (the language in which he addressed me,) that I had been admiring their precision, and fine military appearance; that I felt certain they must rapidly improve under his majesty, and that I considered this the most fortunate day of my life, in having seen cavalry manœuvres under the most celebrated cavalry general in Europe. Here was a *home* thrust, and he again touched his hat, and bowed very low.

His majesty then said, "You have been here but a very few days;" and hoped I was going to stay some time. He then asked me where I was quartered. On my replying, Genoa, he remarked that Lord William Bentinck was daily expected there. He then asked me what regiment I belonged to, &c. During a short pause, I remarked what beautiful ground this was for exercising on. He told me that he had made it. He then turned round, ordered some fresh manœuvres to be performed, and continued the conversation. I observed that his hussars were very fine. This led to an harangue from him, about the time it required to form a cavalry soldier, but that foot ones could be made in a day.

I remarked, that the Neapolitan horses were well adapted for cavalry; when he again began about the youngness of his horsemen, and the time required to perfect them in their various duties. I again alluded to his renown in that arm, and his majesty kept bowing and smiling. He then told me he had commanded forty thousand of them in the Russian campaign, and that he had them so much in hand that he could turn them round his finger. He again inquired the length of my stay, urged me not to hurry away, that he should be delighted to show me the whole of his army; and hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing me again, he galloped off.

King Joachim seems remarkably active, and a complete courtier, with a good-humoured smile on his broad and manly countenance. His figure is fine; and he has large blue eyes, and immense whiskers and mustachioes. His dress was on this occasion a light blue frock-coat, with two silver epaulettes, a cocked-hat garnished with feathers, with an immense plume waving above all. His long coal-black hair hung in ringlets over his fine broad athletic shoulders.

Napoleon, although he used sometimes to ridicule Murat, had a great regard for him, and appreciated much his valour and his attributes as a cavalry general. This prince, notwithstanding

his theatrical propensities to borrow and deck himself in costumes from all countries and all periods, which appeared ill to accord with the dignity of a sovereign, was, nevertheless, the first cavalry officer in the French army. His prompt *coup d'œil*, his ability of judging of the position and force of the enemy, his daring and dash when necessary, his imperturbable coolness when surrounded with dangers, his warlike countenance, his strong and well-proportioned form, his noble and firm seat on his beautiful charger as he scampered off, left something very like an impression on my mind, that I had been holding converse with a hero, and I could easily fancy him, unappalled by danger, dashing fearlessly amidst his foes, and dealing death around him.

The French army know Murat by the name of the *Sabreur*. I am told he performed prodigies of valour on the memorable day of Leipsic. Napoleon always listened with the greatest respect to his military opinions; admired his activity, zeal, and the punctilious manner in which he carried his orders into execution; and those who know him well, assert, that his good-humour, even in affairs the most serious, never forsakes him.

I rode home in company with the colonel of the cuirassiers, who gave me several anecdotes of

his majesty, and with whom I held a long military conversation. I also ventured to say, that the splendid pavilion, planted on the Champ de Mars, was an old friend of mine, and that I had pointed some cannon at it, when his majesty came with the intention of paying us a visit in Sicily. It was of such immense dimensions, that I could not possibly mistake it. The colonel, who had accompanied his majesty when he came to invade Sicily, told me it was the same. This led to further conversation about the invasion, and I was curious to know why he had separated his force, and put ashore a part of his troops at Scaletta. Colonel D. assured me, there was no serious intention of making good the disembarkation of the army at that point, but that his majesty wanted to prove to Napoleon the possibility of effecting a landing, as the Emperor, jealous of the enterprise, had determined to oppose it in every way, and afterwards absolutely prohibited the French soldiers taking part in the expedition.

This day I dined with a Sir Gilbert S——g, where I met a Mr. W., both of whom tried to persuade me not to go to Murat's court; and although I confess I have been hugely tickled by his politeness, I have no serious intention of being presented in form. They all agreed that the attention I had this morning received at the review,

was an arranged scheme between Lady O. and the king, to decoy me to court; where they said it might be of some consequence to parade an English officer under present circumstances. Their conjectures were confirmed by her ladyship's Swiss finding me out at Sir G.'s, and handing me a *billet-doux* from *la belle intrigante*, asking me to look in at her ladyship's. I accordingly went, and expressed my delight at the polite attentions I had received, my admiration of the king, his court, and his troops, but still resisted her ladyship's entreaties about a formal presentation.

Oct. 18th.—At noon this day, I went by appointment to Lady O.'s, where, with the addition of the family, was old sleek Lord F. M——, looking as if he had just come out of a milk-bath; also, my young friend, Mr. G., and Mr. H——e, my painting one; Doctor R., the family Esculapius, whom lady O. told me they had picked up at sea, and who had been the surgeon of a man-of-war; there was also a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. T., tutor to young Alfred, and the family music-master. Lady Jane and Lady Fanny went on horseback. The first named is not pretty, but most accomplished and amiable; the rest are clever, and have the fatal gift of beauty, especially Lady Charlotte, who is a delightful creature, and promises to be perfectly beautiful; she is

just at that attractive age, which wavers between the child and the woman. This lovely sylph-like creature is full of life and animation; she was my companion during the whole of this agreeable *pic-nic*. The next, Lady Fanny, has also a sharp wit, and is a great mimic, and seems fond of quizzing; they both run about like young colts, and treat the gentlemen as if they were posts or pillars. We had also the youngest son with us, a fine romping wild boy, my lady's pet, of course, who, I must say, is a charming woman, and I am quite sure must hold more hearts in thraldom than the old Lord F.'s, who seems to dote on her. My imagination, even now, when I behold her, the mother of so large a family, paints her to have been as near perfection as it is possible for beauty on earth to be.

I don't know when I have spent so charming a day. We had our dinner on the grass, by the side of the *lago d'Agnano*. We also visisted the *grotta del Cane*, explored some ruins, and visited the country-house of Lucullus. In short, the bay, the ruins, the drive, the lake, a good dinner, plenty of champagne, wit, beauty, and lots of fun, made this *pic-nic* precisely what a *pic-nic* ought to be.

On our return to the *chiaja*, where Lady O.'s mansion is, I spent a most agreeable evening with

this happy, talented, and united family. I had, during the day, many political confabs with her ladyship, who is all for Joachim. She tells me the Princess of Wales will be here shortly, and that she is on the look-out for a house; Lady O. and her royal highness are sworn friends.

Oct. 19th.—This morning, Lady O.'s youngest son, Alfred, with his tutor, the Rev. Mr. T., and Doctor R., breakfasted with me, soon after which, Mr. H. M. and self started for Puzzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum, &c. This excursion being first arranged, I was obliged to decline an invitation from Sir G. S——, to accompany him and his party to the summit of Vesuvius.

We again passed through Pausilippo's Grot, and soon found ourselves at the ancient city of Puzzuoli, which was formerly of considerable size, and still exhibits many interesting remains of the olden time. I was particularly pleased with the pedestal of a statue, which, from the inscription on it, showed it to have been formed in honour of Tiberius, who, during his reign had rebuilt several Grecian cities that had been destroyed by an earthquake, the names of which, our cicerone pointed out to us; I think he said eight; but he so murdered and mixed up his classical learning with his Neapolitan jargon, that I could scarcely follow him. He was quite

a character, and talked with perfect non-chalance of male Dianas, and of she Endymions! He had been nearly fifty years in his calling, and piqued himself not a little on having been guide to kings, princes, and men of high degree; but I did not listen to and look on him with a favourable eye, my antiquarian affections being deposited at Rome, with my friend Giuseppe San Severino.

The most interesting object here, is the temple of Jupiter Serapis, a most magnificent one, which, after having stood the pelting of the pitiless storm for so many ages, is in a wonderful state of preservation; some of the columns are of a tremendous size, and it is said that old Neptune had it in his bosom for some time! This vast temple stands on the borders of the god of ocean's dominions, and although there is no written tradition of the period when this inroad was made, still you can plainly perceive, that about twelve feet up each column, the waves have been beating and perforating the stone, forming crevices which are now filled with marine substances.

The whole of this country seems to have undergone most surprising transformations. A short distance from this spot, you see Monte-Nuova, which was rapidly formed by a volcano bursting forth from the middle of the lake Lucrinus, now nearly dry; this took place in 1500.

Not far distant is another volcanic mount, which produces, it is said, the famed Falernian wine; I got a cup of wine, which, whether Falernian or not, tasted to my parched palate like nectar, for the day was very warm, and the exercise severe.

We now hired a boat, and crossed the bay, which was famed as a secure and large port in ancient times. The remains of the old mole run for a considerable way out to sea; it must have been a wondrous work of solid masonry, which is rendered still more surprising by the depth of water being eighty feet. We landed at a place called Bacola, on the other side, and walked to the *Piscina Mirabile*, with its *Cento Camarille*. This vast Roman work seems to have been originally intended as a reservoir for water.

The Sybil's Palace and other ruins, interested me. We traversed the Elysian fields, visited the famed port of Mysenum, and saw the site of the ancient town of Cuma. In short, we have been all day treading on classic and fairy land. From the promontory, the bay was perfect, with the fertile island of Procida, its castle and town, almost under our feet.

We found, in this sheltered bay, my old friend Buonaparte's brig-of-war. This looked rather suspicious on the part of Murat, who pretends to be courting the Congress, and eschewing his

banished brother. It reminded me of the proverb of "Two strings to your bow." I proposed to board her, which Mr. H. assented to. We were admirably received, but the captain was not on board. Some of the old guard were there, doing duty as marines, and occasionally acting as sailors. We were informed that Murat would not allow them to go to Naples, although they were come to receive the Princess Pauline on board, and carry her to Elba. This princess is married to a friend of mine, the Prince Borghese; she is the handsomest by far of all Napoleon's sisters.

After inspecting the Solfatara, the temples of Venus and Diana, the Sybil's Grot, and the lake Avernus, we hurried home to fulfil an engagement I had made to dine with Count Mousbourg, Murat's minister of finance, another proof of the mesh that has been made to entrap me. When ministers of state are ordered to feed one, there is more in it than meets the eye. I got home in good time, and was just dressed, when a cavalier of ominous name, *Fortunato*, called and took a Mr. R——y and myself in his carriage: to begin my diplomatic career in such company was at least *fortunato*.

We found a large party already assembled, and after the suspense of half an hour, (quite diplo-

matic,) the minister entered, and rushing up to me, to the neglect of all the other guests, made a thousand apologies, and said, "He had just been forced to send off a courier with dispatches of the utmost importance." His excellency then said, he believed the dinner was on the table, and with many bows and grimaces, he absolutely handed me to the banquetting hall, which was splendidly lighted up, and exhibited a magnificent spread.

The minister's whole attention and conversation were exclusively directed to me. I repeated to him the whole of my interview with Napoleon, for who can be stingy of conversation when the viands are good, the wines superexcellent, and the whole thing in the best style, and you find yourself the *lion of the night?* I quizzed old Ferdinand, of tunny-fishing reputation, and talked about his being the expertest macaroni-eater when he was at Naples, and of his beating the most adroit of the Lazzaroni hollow, and drew the contrast between him and King Joachim; talked with admiration of the latter's masterly manœuvres on the Champ-de-Mars, of my gratitude for his great attention and condescension towards me, &c. This, I confess, was a little in the style of the Vicar of Bray; but surely it would have been

bad taste to participate in the hospitalities of the count, and abuse his master; besides, I was in the lion's den, and *c'est une bague au doigt*, to know how to play your cards on particular occasions. Count Mousbourg and I were both playing a game, and essaying to fulfil the Italian proverb, "Il volto sciolto, gli pensieri stretti."

I must here remark, that whilst the royal game of humbug was going on between the two combatants, nobody spoke, and all eyes were fixed on us.

On retiring to take coffee, I was again placed on a sofa, next his excellency, and our confab was continued. It now became entirely political, his excellency trying to impress on my mind, how much it was his majesty Murat's interest to adhere, and give all his strength and power, to the allied cause. He told me also, how much adverse his master had been to the Russian campaign, although his majesty had so signalized himself in it, and that during the whole advance, especially at Smolensko, he had warmly remonstrated with the Emperor on the impolicy and danger of advancing farther into an enemy's country, and urged on Napoleon the necessity of concentrating his army on the Polish frontier, and patiently awaiting the ensuing spring. The count also added, that after his return here, he

had written many most urgent letters to his brother-in-law, advising him to make peace, and that after the battle of Bautzen, he had joined Napoleon's army with the *sole* intention of urging, in person, his earnest and anxious desire to bring about a general peace; that finding himself there, he had naturally taken a share in the battle of Leipsic, where it was well known he had saved the Emperor's life.

The beginning of this conversation took place during dinner, and then the count wanted to prove to me, that Murat and Napoleon were, previous to the Russian campaign, on such very bad terms, that had the French Emperor been successful, Murat, on his return, would have been dethroned. The minister gave as a reason, that Napoleon was jealous of the many excellent improvements Murat had made for the benefit of his people, and that, although King Joachim wished to rule, and think, and act for himself, where the interests and happiness of the Neapolitan nation were concerned, still, as a French general, he thought it a point of honour to fly to arms at the bidding of his imperial master; thus accounting for the share he took in the Russian campaign.

Our next subject was, his majesty's projected conquest of Sicily, and the count condescendingly tried to prove how easily it would have been

accomplished but for the jealous interference of Napoleon. Little did his excellency know that his guest and listener had commanded, on that occasion, a most formidable battery of eight guns)! commonly called *grasshoppers*, and carried for convenience on mule-back.

It tickles me when I think what trash can sometimes gain notice. On this occasion, and when Murat made a landing, I was alone on the heights of *Corcaracio*, when a motley group of peasantry turned out to support me, some carrying a pitch-fork in one hand, and a gun in the other, making (to speak without punning) *both arms useless.* I wrote to the general of brigade, a ridiculous description of my midnight march; my dear and talented friend P——m made a sketch of it; Major General B. transmitted it to Sir John Stewart, who sent it to Lord Amherst, who absolutely forwarded my highly-painted missive to the Secretary of State, to be handed down to admiring posterity in the archives of England!

I now gave my entertainer a few hints about the stumbling-blocks that would have been found to the conquest of Sicily, in the shape of *British bayonets*, supported by British bravery. Still the count thought that it might have been achieved by a *coup de main*, and before we were so well prepared. I allowed him to keep his own im-

pressions, and shortly afterwards retired, everybody following my example.

The count is one of the oldest and greatest friends Murat has, and married a cousin of his majesty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Court favour—Admiration of Napoleon—Offer of a regiment—Castel Nuovo—St. Januarius—A visit to Mount Vesuvius—The palace of Portici—Dinner at Lady O——'s—Table talk—A breakfast with Murat and his court—Murat's singular costume—Prince Esterhazy—The Queen—Splendid festival—Grand review—The royal stud—Breakfast at Lady O——'s—The Archbishop of Portici—A soiree—A minister of state—A secret correspondence—A jealous lover—The Princess of Wales—Leave-taking—Departure from Naples.

Naples, October 21st.

YESTERDAY morning, my friend the colonel of cuirassiers came early, took me to see his regiment's interior economy, &c., and hinted how well off all were under King Joachim. He then led me to the subject of Napoleon, &c. I had already often expressed, in a rallying way, great admiration of both; and amongst other wise things, I had said that my adoration for Napoleon was such, that I should think it an honour to brush his boots. How

this expression had been twisted and turned I cannot say; but Colonel D., after beating about the bush for a long time, said, he had come to offer me the command of a cavalry regiment, if I should choose to remain in King Joachim's service. I smiled and stared, hummed and hawed; and then, in order to save time, said, I must at all events return to Genoa, to get my heavy baggage—that I considered the offer a great honour, and as we were two friendly powers, it would also be necessary to obtain my sovereign's consent.

We afterwards went and sat a considerable time with Lady O., who seemed to be in the secret, and bent on seducing me; she talked enthusiastically of Murat, his military attributes, his popularity, generosity, magnificence, &c.

The colonel then took me to Castello Nuovo, when we walked round the works. I find that the secret passage, or covered way, communicates with the old royal palace, which the viceroys, during old Ferdinand's reign, used to occupy, and not with the Portici one.

I visited many churches; amongst others, the cathedral, where the body and blood of St. Januarius is preserved; two bottles of clear crystal are shown as containing it. During the festival of St. Januarius, the priest has a means of liquifying it, which astonishes the devout, as well as the vul-

gar, and when it does melt, it is reckoned a happy omen. "The merry month of May," the month on which this great ceremony takes place, is one, as all youths and maidens know, which thaws the blood and melts the heart!

This morning, at six A. M, accompanied by my *fidus Achates*, started for Mount Vesuvius. The morning was not very favourable, and coming back we got a most complete ducking. People talk of the great fatigue attending this ascent. I thought nothing of it; it took me twenty-six minutes to get up the crater, and ten to descend. You drive to Rosina, commonly called the Hermitage, from whence, to the foot of the cone, or crater, you can proceed on donkey-back; and then, if you lack strength, you can be pulled up by the guides, who put their sashes and ropes under your arms, and tug you up by main force; which operation they were performing on an old lady, who was attended by a very pretty daughter, who made her way up the pile of ashes with wonderful agility.

As Peter Linnet and myself landed on the summit of this burning mountain, old Sol, as if to gratify us, peeped out from under a cloud, to show us the richest and most brilliant prospect I had ever beheld; Naples at our feet, Castel-a-Mare in our front. It is curious to trace the

different streams of lava that have issued during recent irruptions.

The crater of Vesuvius is far more curious and interesting than that of Etna. After standing on its crest to admire the splendid landscape, we got into the crater, and I turned to Peter Linnet, to ask him what he thought of it. After crossing himself most devoutly once or twice, he replied, "Please your honour, it's for all the world like the devil's workshop." Peter's conceit was perfect; if I was to describe for hours, I could not pourtray it better. The whole hollow which we walked over had, here and there, dense smoke issuing from various holes and fissures, and in some parts it was so hot, that on poking in a piece of stick, it came out flaming, and I lighted my cigar with it. Some places, especially near the mouth of the great crater, were so hot, that our boots were actually burnt. Of course we approached on the weather side, to avoid the dense sulphurous smoke that was issuing from it; but a sudden change of wind might suffocate one in an instant. Peter refused to light a pipe, saying, as he crossed himself, "By the powers below, he thought the ould gentleman made smoke enough, without our adding to it."

We descended to the Hermitage, where I wetted his inside and my own with delicious draughts of

lachrymæ christi, in honour of the wetting the outer man had received.

Peter, who now felt himself more at his ease, had lighted the pipe, and was in the act of surveying his own figure with great complacency before a large old dim reflecting mirror, when I suddenly turned round to ask him to write his name in the travellers' book; when, taking up the pen, and surveying it with great contempt, "he wondered how any gintleman could write with such a bad one, and for his part, he must be excused." On my urging him further, he at last made a cross, saying, "that was the way he always signed his name, for shortness, and he thought any other a heathenish practice."

We now drove to the palace of Portici, where orders had been given for our reception by her majesty, to inspect the public, as well as her own private museum. Here, amongst other things, such as vases, urns, sarcophagi, and household utensils, rings, coins, and wearing apparel, &c., were the walls of dwelling-houses and theatres, from Pompeii and Herculaneum, admirably arranged, showing the great perfection to which *fresco* painting had reached among the ancients.

On returning into town, I proceeded to dine with Lady O. It was a family party, with the addition (besides myself) of Lord Frederick, who

eyed me askance, with no very friendly expression. Nevertheless, the amorous old *mouche* basked in the sunshine of her ladyship's countenance, and skipped and capered about like a summer fly, when her lovely face directed a smile towards him.

Politics, Murat and his court, and the expected visit of the Princess of Wales, were the general topics of the evening, with the grand review that was to take place on the morrow, and at which Lady O. persuaded me to assist, giving me an invitation she had received for me to breakfast with his Neapolitan majesty, previous to its commencement. The plot thickens.

Oct. 25th.—I luckily had with me a cocked-hat, a long feather, my staff coat, blue embroidered with silver, and two large silver epaulettes, the uniform of a major of brigade of the great guns. I had just completed my toilette, when, about ten A. M., Lady O., Ladies Jane and Charlotte, drove to the inn-door, and I took my seat in their open carriage, and whirled off to the *Champ de Mars*, descending at the door of the grand pavilion.

We were ushered in by splendidly attired lacqueys, in red and gold, with silken hose and powdered pates. The outer apartment of this vast tent was magnificently furnished.

We had not sat long in admiration of this eastern pavilion, when the Prince Esterhazy entered, in full Hungarian costume, accompanied by the Austrian ambassador.

Lady O. immediately introduced me to both, and (all her ladyship's geese were swans) she told them I was "Adjutant-general to the English army," and that I was about to return to Genoa. The prince, looking very knowing, told me Lord William Bentinck had returned to Genoa, and gone off again; but in true diplomatic style he evaded my question as to the place whither he was gone. He added, that he had a letter of importance for Lord William, which Lady O. seemed very anxious I should take charge of. The Russian ambassador now came in, and the conversation became general, till at length the court were announced; and in walked King Joachim, Queen Caroline, with the lords and ladies of their court in full costume. Several of the ministers and their ladies were of this party.

His majesty, I was informed, had on the dress of high admiral of France, although to my mind it was more like that of a stage-player than any other, and evidently taken from the times of *Henri Quatre*. His doublet was rich in the extreme, and covered with stars and orders; his cloak of purple velvet, his neck bare,

with an embroidered shirt-collar of the whitest lace, to set off his jet-black ringlets as they rested on it; a black Spanish beaver turned up in front with a loop and large diamond to do duty as a cockade, with three large and tremendous snow-white plumes gracefully waving in the wind. He had yellow boots and golden spurs, and

> "His trusty blade, toledo hight,
> Descended from a baldric bright."

I really thought him a handsome fellow, with a most agreeable air; and as he went round the circle, I again thought of the poet's words, as better suited to discribe Joachim than King James:

> "The monarch's form was middle size;
> For feat of strength, or exercis
> Shaped in proportion fair;"

Again—

> "Light were his footsteps in the dance,
> And firm his stirrup in the lists;
> And, oh! he had that merry glance
> That seldom lady's heart resists.
> Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
> And loved to plead, lament and sue:
> Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain;
> For monarchs seldom sigh in vain."

But you will think I have said enough of this gay cavalier, this military Lothario, for it is whis-

pered that he is no less terrible as a lady-killer, than as the brave Sabreur, the man-slayer.

And now for the Queen.—Her majesty was attired in a riding-habit, the body of which was tastefully embroidered, to imitate a light cavalry jacket. On each shoulder she had a gold epaulette; the skirt of the habit was blue, but the body green—the colour of Napoleon's coat. She bears the most striking resemblance to her brother only that she is pale and delicate-looking; her regular and beautiful features are full of intelligence and feminine grace.

Lady O. took an early opportunity of presenting me to their majesties, with the old story of adjutant-general to the army,—her ladyship confusing my explanation of my duties of brigade-major, which, I informed her, placed me at the head of the staff of the royal artillery, with those of the army generally.

The King was very facetious, and paid me several compliments, or rather the army and arm I appertained to. The Queen asked me how I liked Naples—how long I had been here—if I had passed through Rome—and whether I belonged to the land or the sea-service, &c.

His majesty now entered into a long confab with Lady O., at which I was repeatedly called on to assist. I was asked many questions about

Elba, and if Napoleon had made good roads: he also talked of the Emperor's intention of occupying Pienosa, and about the various fortresses he had been repairing.

Lady O. exulted much about the news lately arrived, of our having thrashed the Americans and taken their capital (Washington); Murat pretended to be much pleased, and called her a true Englishwoman.

The Prince Achille, the eldest son of the King, was present, and also three maids of honour. We now proceeded to the next apartment—for this huge tent was divided into two large compartments—where a table was sumptuously laid out, everything being of solid gold. The viands included every imaginary delicacy, with all the choicest wines.

The Queen did not sit down, but walked round the table, talking with great affability to every one in turn; she certainly is very beautiful. The war minister was the only one who took his seat at table; all of the general officers in attendance stood; I was placed between Lady Jane and a very handsome Neapolitan princess, one of the dames d'honneur, whose name I forgot to inquire. The attendance was admirable, and the royal liveries were all in imitation of the Prince Regent's.

After this splendid repast was concluded, on sallying from the tent, an equerry came up to me to inquire whether I would prefer going in one of the royal carriages, or on horseback. I chose the latter, and a beautiful English chesnut horse, thorough bred and finely caparisoned, was instantly brought up; I mounted, and accompanied his majesty throughout the day.

There were several brigades of artillery, four regiments of cavalry, and about fifteen thousand infantry. His majesty conversed freely with me about the manœuvres of all arms, but especially of cavalry, and when any blunder was committed, always made some palliating remark. He often asked me how I liked my chesnut, and gave me his pedigree, &c. This splendid soldier (for so he is in the widest sense of the phrase) had evidently managed to inspire his army with love, ardour, and enthusiasm; for after a variety of manœuvres, (such as changing position, covered by artillery, and protected by cavalry, who charged repeatedly; eschellon of columns and numerous deployments,) the troops marched passed previous to filing off to their different cantonments, and the enthusiasm they exhibited was surprising. I could not help repeatedly remarking this to his majesty. The infantry, as they past, at least many of them, threw their firelocks into the air,

(which they managed to do most adroitly,) every company cheering, and vociferating "*viva nostra re Joachino!*" at the very top of their voices.

During the day, the young Prince Achille rode up to me repeatedly, when the burthen of his song always was, how much he regretted his regiment of black horse (hussars) was not present, that I might see him "charge at their head."

The review lasted till dusk, when the royal cortège dashed across the champ-de-mars, where we took leave of their majesties, they getting into their travelling carriage; but Lady O.'s landau was cut off from us by the pressure of the troops, and I was obliged to ride back, with an avant courier clearing a passage for me to get through. My friend the chesnut, rather fiery and very spirited, was pretty well cooled down before I quitted him, which I now did, handing him over to an English jockey, dressed in the royal livery, who had followed me throughout this long and fatiguing day.

Oct. 23d.—I went by appointment to view the royal stud, where I saw some very fine horses and several English grooms. The *Prefectus Equitum* (the master of the horse) treated me with great respect and attention. I afterwards proceeded to Lady O.'s, and accompanied her and two of her daughters to see the house she had

hired for the Princess of Wales, as I am charged to give a particular account of it to her royal highness, who Lady O. thinks will be at Florence by the time I get there, and her ladyship proposes giving me a letter of introduction and other dispatches.

Oct. 24th.—Went to Lady O., at the early hour of nine to breakfast; and at eleven, Lady O., Lady Charlotte, Lady Fanny, young Alfred, and myself, got into the carriage, and drove to the archbishop's at Portici, from whence we proceeded to the country-house of the grand judge, near Pompeii, and found a large party and a magnificent dinner; after which we returned to the palace of the archbishop, and passed a most agreeable evening. He is a delightful old man, full of information, and the most liberal churchman of his persuasion I ever conversed with. He advocates a cause which would be the stepping-stone to respect for the Romish church, by doing away with celibacy among her clergy, or rather among canons of the church.

Both at the dinner and the *soirée* I conversed with many agreeable people; at the latter I had a long dish of politics with Prince Penitelli, Murat's secretary of state, who was evidently instructed to play the same game with me as his inferior colleagues had done, *priming* me with a

view to a favourable report of Murat on my return to Genoa. Lady O. took me home with her, where we found Lady Jane, and old Lord Frederick, anxiously awaiting our return. Lady Jane, with great exultation, handed to me the Neapolitan gazette, with a long account of the review, the grand dejeuné à la fourchette, &c., il Signore Maggiore Maxwell's name standing conspicuous among the principal personages on the occasion. I shall certainly purchase a few copies of this document, to exhibit to my friends the strange card I have been made to play; I never took myself for a *trump* before; I trust I shall not be *dis-carded* on my return.

Oct. 25th.—Went with G—— and H——e, to call on Lady O. I was closeted with her ladyship for a considerable time, when we arranged a key for our future correspondence. This project she had often talked of, and I, much amused with the idea, entered into it. I had heard of the rascally manner in which letters were treated at the Neapolitan post-office, and the system of police regulations now in force, and readily entered into the plot of deceiving them, when my reward was to be so fair a correspondent. Besides, I felt deeply interested in the inmates of this charming family, and I blush to own it, somewhat spoony about Lady Charlotte.

The key fixed on ran thus: Joachim was to be styled the *Peacock;* his queen, the *Dove;* his ministers, *Magpies;* his army, *Mice;* Napoleon, the *fabled Phœnix;* Elba, the *Ashhole;* his brig, the *Craft;* the Prince Regent, *Bluebeard;* the Princess, *Fair Rosalind;* the English army, *Lobsters;* Lord William Bentinck, *Baron Trenck;* Lord Castlereagh, *Harlequin;* and the Congress of Vienna, the *Masquers.*

At this period, we were interrupted by Lord Frederick, who came *limping* into the boudoir, looking daggers at me. We certainly, on the abrupt entrance of his lordship, exhibited a suspicious appearance; for her ladyship blushed bundled up the papers, and then laughed, and patted most affectionately his lordship's grey whiskers. During this tender operation, I absconded.

I returned at five o'clock to dinner, and having previously paid my bills, and made all my preparations for a start, I accompanied them to the opera. Lady O. had in the evening given me my credentials and instructions, should I *en route* encounter the Princess of Wales.

Sir James and myself, on reaching our inn, found all ready, and Peter Linnet with a huge brace of pistols stuck in his girdle, and himself half screwed. Posters came, and half an hour after midnight, with many regrets, we bade adieu to Naples.

CHAPTER XIX.

Return to Rome—Revenge is sweet—Giuseppe again—Letter to Lady O.—Procession of the Pope—Dinner at Torlonia's—Duke of Saxe Coburg—Conversation with Cardinal Fesche—His hatred of the English—Arrival of the Princess of Wales at Rome—Interview with the Princess—Her suite—Her singular manners and habits—Lady Elizabeth Forbes—Sir William Gell—Keppel Craven—The Princess's reception of the Roman officials—Lucien Buonaparte and his American wife—Dr. Holland—High-mass performed by the Pope—Cardinal Ruffo—Another visit to the Princess of Wales—The King and Queen of Spain—The King and Queen of Etruria—Return to Florence—The falls of Terni—Peter Linnet's notion of a waterfall—Perugia—Site of the battle of Thrasimene—Arezzo—A sleepy postilion—A fair landlady—A roguish postmaster—Arrival at Florence—The Grand Duke and his daughters—The Countess of Albany—The Bella Ballerina again.

Rome, October 27th.

HERE I am at Rome once more, having landed at the Albergo d'Espagna at half-past six this evening; not following the proverb of *chi va*

piano va sano, for we travelled night and day, *à briglia sciolta*—that is to say, as hard as we could pelt; thus reversing the order of generalship, and making the retreat as rapid as the advance had been slow.

The Italians say, *la vendetta e dolce*—"revenge is sweet;" if so, I had my share; for, on getting to the Neapolitan frontier, and again showing my passport at Fondi, I was treated with the greatest consideration, and informed, that the impertinent commissaire who had impeded my advance on Naples, had been removed by order of the King. I had told him at the time I would report him, never dreaming that such opportunity would occur; but in my first conversation with Murat, I had casually mentioned the circumstance, and he had ordered the thing to be inquired into; the result was as above stated.

Oct. 28th.—My first move this morning was to find out my respected friend, Giuseppe Sanseverino, who absolutely capered with joy when he beheld me, and it was with much difficulty I restrained him from imprinting an antiquarian kiss on my blushing cheek. He told me there had been a paucity of visitors, and little doing in his line. I next bent my steps to the post-office, and with fear and trembling broke the seal of a missive, bearing the well-known superscription of

my respected commander and late fellow-traveller, Black Jack. Apprehensive of bad news, I luckily found good, telling me that Lord W. had not yet returned, and that my leave was extended to the 12th November.

Not having much to do, *per passare il tempo* I amused myself by concocting a letter to my friend, Lady O., in the cypher agreed on. This symbolical style of composition rather puzzled me at first, but when complete, I rejoiced in my handywork. I have kept no copy, so I cannot enlighten you with it. I had faithfully promised her ladyship to write from Rome, and to give her all the information I could, relative to all the movements of her royal highness, who, I ascertained, was approaching Rome, via Sienna, and that she was to arrive here on Monday, the 31st, and that as Sir James wished to proceed to Florence by the Perugia road, and as I was inclined to take the same, for the purpose of visiting the falls of Terni, as well as the field of battle where the Carthaginian beat the Roman on the border of the lake Thrasimene, I decided (and persuaded my fellow-traveller to do the same) to await the coming of the Princess.

To-day I went to see the return of his holiness, the Pope, from his summer residence at Albano. The streets, as the holy father passed along, were

lined by weeping crowds, imploring his benediction, of which the venerable saint-like Pius was not economical, for he kept his right hand and arm in constant motion, making the sign of the cross, with his thin pale lips constantly in motion, pronouncing his pious benediction.

Oct. 30th.—To-day I dined with the Duke of Bresciano, a well-known rich Roman banker, who has lately bought himself a dukedom. I persuaded Sir James to put on his uniform, I doing the same, to render homage to old Torlonia's new dignity. The house, their country residence, is very close to the city, and is fitted up with surprising splendour and magnificence. There were present several princes and nobles, all of whom were greedy after English news and English politics, and flocked round me, swallowing what I said, and gaping for more, like a nest full of young Magpies.

I sat next at dinner to the Prince of Saxe-Gotha, brother to the reigning Duke; he was polite, conversable, and communicative. On talking about the expected arrival of the Princess of Wales, I had a little *badinage* with his highness about the cruelty of presenting himself to her—from his striking resemblance to the Prince Regent! This tickled him. There certainly is a strong family likeness. He then traced to me

his consanguinity to the royal house of England. This subject led to a long conversation about the family feud, and the Prince's treatment of the fair lady, but as I have no desire to be indicted for scan-mag, I shall not venture to insert it. His royal highness seemed astonished when I informed him, that the Princess was about, not only to proceed to Naples, but to be there domiciled. We both agreed, that she would be a trump-card, and strengthen Murat's hand, when he played his game with the Congress, and with England!

As I sipped my coffee, I had a long conversation with another of the party, no less a personage than Napoleon's uncle, the celebrated Cardinal Fesche. He knew of my having visited Elba, and of my recent arrival from Naples; and one of the first questions his eminence asked me, was, if the Emperor's brig was still there, and why the Princess Pauline had not as yet embarked? I rendered all the information I possessed, and essayed by every means in my power to induce this wary prelate to talk familiarly about his family; and to this end I emperored, kinged, and queened, the whole family in high style. But he looked suspicious, and evinced shyness for the subject. The only topic he entered freely on, was his collection of paintings, supposed to be one of the finest in Europe; he said he

should rejoice to hand it down to posterity, and that he would dispose of it to a crowned head for half its value, and take payment by instalments, or in any other way. His eminence's physiognomy does not betoken talent; he is a fat, hale, ruddy-complexioned personage, of about (I should say) five-and-forty; he seemed to entertain both fear and aversion for the English.

After our chasse caffée, and a due proportion of chit-chat, we returned to Rome, and in the evening went by invitation to her grace the bankeress's town-house; this being a *fête champetre*, which she generally managed during the fine season to give every Sunday, the banking business forcing the Duke to pass the rest of the week in town. The Cardinal popped in whilst we were there; on seeing Sir James and I, he grew as red as his own stockings, and I could trace uneasiness on his countenance.

October 31st.—About half-past four o'clock, P. M., her royal highness the Princess of Wales drove up to the door of the hotel I was living at, of which I had previously been warned, whilst lounging in front of it this morning, by seeing a horseman on a jaded nag approach it at his utmost speed. This cavalier was booted, spurred, and bespattered, and double thonging, with a huge whip, right and left, at a desperate rate, to

attract the attention of the Roman citizens. This fine, tall, broad-shouldered, curly-pated chap, as he pulled up at the inn-door, looked as if he was "Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome!" When he dismounted, and I ventured to approach and address him, his bearing was haughty and consequential, and all I could get out of him was, that her royal highness would arrive about four o'clock. His holiness had sent a guard of honour to greet the Queen of England, (as she was here styled,) and numbers of well-dressed male and female Romans had collected to witness the arrival of her royal highness.

I scarcely gave her royal highness time to dismount, before I handed in my dispatches; soon after which, the Hon. Mr. Keppel Craven sent to say he wished to speak to me; the Princess had sent him to say she would be very happy if I could dine with her; and added, he thought in about an hour. I proceeded to make my toilette, when ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before another messenger arrived to say, that her royal highness wished to see me immediately; and on entering the apartment, I found the interesting travellers already at table.

The Princess received me most graciously, and I had the honour of being placed near her royal highness, who addressed her conversation princi-

pally to me. Amongst other things, she said, that in consequence of what the Grand Duke had told her at Florence, she intended to continue her route to Naples with as little delay as possible—adding, she would tell me more upon this subject at a future period.

The suite of her royal highness consisted of one dame d'honneur, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, who told me she knew my sister and sister-in-law intimately; Sir William Gell, a clever and intelligent dandy, who addressed me, by asking many questions about Naples and its environs, and got me to give him an account of my visit to Pompeii; the Hon. Keppel Craven, whom I have already mentioned; and Captain Hesse, whom I knew before, and had last seen on the summit of Arthur's-seat at Edinburgh. Her royal highness seemed to know my birth, parentage, and education, and talked to me about the Duchess of Bedford, then in Italy, and other of my great relations. She asked me many questions about Murat and his court, making me describe his dress, and that of his chamberlain and equerries; she then said, "How very odd,—our taste so similar,—mine almost de same,"—her royal highness's accent and pronunciation being quite German.

The Princess became quite excited at the simi-

larity of gustos between her and his Neapolitan majesty, and much to the discomfiture of the two fine gentlemen her chamberlains, she first coaxed, then desired them to withdraw, and dress, and return to exhibit themselves in full costume, and presently in walked what might have been "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," or any other comic or tragic heroes one likes to picture, with doublets, cloaks, Spanish hats and boots, much the same as I had beheld, and had been describing, the Neapolitan peacock when in full plumage.

Her royal highness now retired to make her toilette, which completed, we all assembled in the drawing-room, ease and good-humour prevailing. The first order that was given, her royal highness and all of us lending our aid, was to put the room into fashionable disorder, by pulling the chairs and tables about, altering the position of formally arranged sofas, and so-forth.

This was the first time I had ever been admitted behind the scenes, and a more amusing comedy I never saw performed. Her royal highness ran about here and there, romping, chattering, and wondering who would come to visit her, &c. Sir W. G., with easy indifference, treated her most unceremoniously, kneeling in front of her, or she running to consult him, &c.

The reception began with the entrance of the

Pope's secretary of state, Cardinal Pacca, who was sent in his holiness's name to welcome her royal highness to Rome, and to apologize for the non-appearance of his master. Then appeared the Duke of Bresciano, in the shape of old Torlonia, the banker, to whom her highness (having an eye to business) talked for some time; he was in full fig, with bag, wig, and sword. Next appeared the English consul, Mr. D——l, followed by all the English residents and travellers then at Rome. Between each act, it was curious to hear the remarks and see all the moves that took place behind the scenes; the Princess running from one to another, like a giddy, gay girl, just escaped from a boarding-school.

The plot began to thicken, when Lucien Buonaparte, with his handsome transatlantic wife, was announced. He is a stout, austere looking character. He has the Buonaparte face, with the Johnsonian eyebrow, and looks the author. His fair partner is a tall majestic figure, with large black eyes, fine face,beautiful hair, and broad white shoulders, and one of the finest women I ever beheld in the gigantic line. Her royal highness paid Lucien most marked attention.

Several Romans, both male and female, came during the evening, but their names I did not ascertain, nor did I that of a Saxon Princess. It

was most amusing to behold the variety of courtly salutations that took place, and the different gradations of respect that were shown to her royal highness, fashioned, I presume, by the varied political feeling and bearing they held towards her royal husband. Lady Elizabeth and myself had great fun, quizzing and laughing at some of the characters, and the various costumes, and her royal highness was not backward in enjoying her joke, and passing her remarks at the end of each act, and before the curtain again rose.

November 1st.—Sir James, Doctor Holland, (another of the suite of the Princess,) and myself, after breakfast, accompanied Lady Elizabeth Forbes to the Pope's palace, to see high mass performed in its chapel, by Pius the Seventh, in person, in high pontifical robes. It was really a grand and most splendid sight, every cardinal being present in his state dress, all doing homage at the conclusion of the mass to the sovereign pontiff. Several prostrated themselves to kiss the toe of the representative of St. Peter upon earth, the keeper of the keys of heaven. All passed the holy father in review order, kneeling and kissing his holy hand, whilst he sat on his earthly throne, with his triple-crown upon his head. The poor old man tottered and shook as he went through the long and fatiguing

ceremony, and seemed to suffer under the weight of state costume; I have no doubt, he inwardly repeated the celebrated words of Cardinal Wolsey,

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye."

Some of the poor old cardinals seemed equally tired of the pomp and glory thus imposed on them, if one might judge by their hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. Amongst the most famed of these, was Cardinal Ruffo, who sat on the left of the throne. The stout robust frame of Cardinal Fesche, contrasted strongly with the age and infirmity around him. The day was that of *All-Saints*, one of the greatest festivals in the Roman calendar.

On my return from this magnificent spectacle, I despatched another letter to my friend Lady O., and then presented myself to the Princess, to take leave. Her royal highness received me, if possible, more graciously than she had done the preceding evening—talked a great deal about my brother Murray, whom she praised as one of the best dancers she had ever danced with, and which her royal highness said she had often done; she then made some remark about his marriage, lamenting the same, and finishing by saying what a fine fellow he was, and what a favourite

of hers. She then went on to explain, that the Grand Duke, when she was at Florence, had heard from Vienna, that everything was arranged that Murat should remain on the Neapolitan throne, &c., and repeated her anxiety to get to Naples. She asked me what kind of a looking woman his Queen was, and if Murat himself was not very handsome. Lady Elizabeth Forbes was extremely kind, and told me she had already written about me to Lady Westmoreland, then at Florence, and to whom her royal highness begged me to remember her. Both the Princess and her lady of the bedchamber repeatedly pressed me to remain a short time longer. During my visit, which lasted a long time, the King and Queen of Spain, with the King and Queen of Etruria, came up to pay their compliments, and were most graciously received. When they retired, the Duchess of Chambery was ushered in; she is sister of the King of Sardinia, and her royal highness presented me to her, as quartered in her brother's dominions, adding many agreeable things.

At two, P. M., my impatient, kind-hearted, good-humoured, but restless friend, the Irish baronet, and myself took our departure for Civita Castellano, five posts from the Eternal City.

Nov. 2d.—The unrelenting Hibernian left me

little time to repose on the rock we had chosen to roost on for the night, for he was at my bedside long ere morning, and had me dressed, packed, and placed in my little carriage at a quarter past four, A. M. Instead of travelling like a baronet and a gentleman, he proceeds like a bagman, who has some great order to execute in London on a certain day; his excuse, however, is, that he must be in town on a certain day and hour.

After dawn, the country we passed through appeared rich and beautifully variegated. We changed horses at Berghetto, Astricoli, and Narni, all of which places are prettily situated on the tops of hills.

About half-past eleven, A. M., we arrived at the town of Terni, placed in a lovely vine-studded valley, between two branches of the river Neva. This is said to be a place of great antiquity, has a cathedral, several convents, and a considerable population. It claims the honour of having given birth to two emperors, and to Tacitus, the historian; the latter-named event made me hail it with especial complacency.

We ordered something to eat at the posthouse, the master of which furnished us with another carriage and horses, and passing through a richly variegated and highly picturesque country

as well as the romantically placed hamlet of Papegna, we arrived at, as our driver called them, Le Cadute delle Marmore, or as they are more commonly styled, "The Falls of Terni," from which town they are distant about four miles. The Velino, which forms them, is a dark impetuous torrent, consisting of streams which collect on very high table land, and precipitate themselves into the river Neva, (running quietly in the valley below,) with infinite force and grandeur, over a perpendicular precipice, I should say of at least four hundred feet. The first view of them strikes awe and astonishment into the heart of the beholder. These cascades may well be considered the finest in Europe; in point of surrounding scenery, I should think they cannot find their equal in the known world.

As Peter Linnet had never beheld a waterfall, we tied a handkerchief round his eyes, and led him blindfold to the point from which you behold it in its greatest grandeur. "Well, what do you think of that, Peter?" said I, as he withdrew the napkin. After rubbing his eyes, and gazing for a considerable time in a kind of extatic agony, apparently unable to articulate, or rather find words to express his admiration and astonishment, at last, on being pressed to answer if he had ever seen anything like that before, "The Lord spare

your honour, and sure havn't I seen, after a shower of rain, the blissed water from heaven that fell from the housetop into an ould beer barrel placed below?"

On returning to our inn, we found a good dinner prepared, which we speedily dispatched, and were again *en route*, a little past three o'clock. Everything foretold the approach of winter; the autumnal tints were vanishing, and the leaves were falling and the wind was bleak. Towards nightfall we got to Spoletti, a wild deserted looking place, situated on a hill, with its castle placed on an opposite one; the two connected by an old Roman bridge, built on piles. This is a wondrous work, and well worthy examination; it also serves to cross the rapid Marreggia, which forces a passage between the said mountains. I was very much disposed to stop here for the night, but the albergo did not look inviting; and, besides, although I detest to make toil of a pleasure, I was willing to indulge "Young Rapid," as I knew his whims could not annoy me farther than Florence; so I whiffed a cigar, sipped a cup of wine, and composed myself for sleep in the corner of the caleche.

I was disturbed during the night, by hearing Signore Pietro uttering the most tremendous oaths, and cursing with all his heart and soul

the *postillione*, who, it appeared, had fallen asleep and taken us two miles beyond the station where he ought to have halted to change horses.

We passed through Perugia before dawn, and as the shades of night gradually took their flight, the first thing that presented itself to our enraptured sight, was, as our postilion informed us, La Lago di Perugia, sometimes called La Lago di Trasemeno.

Here, then, was fought the celebrated battle of Thrasemene, which the African general gained over the Roman consul. My enthusiasm here became so decided, that "Young Rapid" durst not interfere with it, and I ordered the postilion first to drive slow, and then to pull up. On reaching the exact spot where the battle took place, the bad generalship of Flaminius became apparent, for no able commander would have risked his army in such position, pent in as he must have been on all sides.

At Camucia we stopped to breakfast, and whilst the same was preparing, in despite of the persuasions of my flying friend, I determined to see Cortona, which is finely situated at the top of a very high pyramidal hill, at the bottom of which the posthouse of Camucia is placed. My undertaking was a breather, my reward a very fine view of Perugia, Arezzo, and the rich valley, com-

monly styled the Valdi Chiano, where the Tuscan grape flourishes.

We next reached Arezzo, the frontier town on the Florentine side. This beautifully placed city is also on a rising ground, and at the confluence of the Chiano with the Arno. It is a pretty picturesque-looking place, its women very handsome, and very tastefully and neatly dressed. How many spots one fancies in travelling one could fix on as a residence for life! This charming town of Arezzo, hallowed in my mind as the birth-place of Petrarch, would have been one of my selection.

About eight o'clock in the morning, (Nov. 3d,) we reached Levane, dead beat, the road from Arezzo to this place being execrable. The stations in the Tuscan states are more distant, and the posts worse served than in the Roman; even the baronet was knocked up, and we got out, at not a bad inn, where we found a very pretty girl who acted as waiter and chambermaid, and who told us she was landlady into the bargain. The fair Tuscan gave us a *petit souper*, with some excellent juice of the grape, which was in flasks, with a little Florence oil poured on the top to keep the external air from the wine; it was *corked* with a bit of loose cotton, which serves, to draw away the oil when you want to get at the vinous fluid.

Nov. 4th.—We were off by three hours after midnight, and after getting over most iniquitous bone-setting roads, and by turns coaxing post-boys and bullying postmasters, (who, by-the-bye, are the most consummate scoundrels in this country, trying at every turn to impose on you, by making you take three, sometimes four horses,) we arrived at Florence about eleven o'clock, A. M., where we descended at my old friend Schneider's, with only one solitary paola between us. The hotel was crammed to excess, and he could only accommodate me. But this made very little difference, as Sir James and myself had agreed to separate here. He is a fine good-natured, open-hearted young Emeralder, and now that I am no longer to be saddled with this "flying childers," I wish him well.

Florence is inundated, and England has broken loose to follow in the wake of the banished Princess. Lord and Lady Holland are here, as is Lady Westmoreland, to whom I this evening delivered my message from the Princess.

A warm-bath and an excellent breakfast made me feel like a refreshed giant, as I looked from a window of this splendid establishment, under which the Arno was majestically rolling. I believe I have before mentioned, that this hotel was formerly a palace belonging to the Medici family.

After breakfast, I hurried off to seek for the church of the Reparata, (now called Santa Maria-del-Fiore,) to view the locale where the tragic scene took place, when the great Lorenzo was wounded and his brother Juliano killed.

I next proceeded to the Palazzo Pitti, the residence at present of the reigning Grand Duke, whom I met crossing the court-yard, accompanied by his two daughters, nice-looking young girls. The physiognomy of the Grand Duke was mild and sensible, and both he and the young Princesses threw gracious smiles to me, in return for the salute I administered to them as they passed.

Having time on my hands before dinner, I directed my steps to the palace of the Countess of Albany, the once renowned mistress of the poet Alfieri, and the pretendress to the crown of England; she is a dignified old lady, anything but handsome, though the world says, she once possessed beauty in a high degree.

I took a farewell dinner with my friend Sir James, who had a brother baronet with him, Sir William Chatterton, after which we proceeded to the theatre of the Cucumbers, where the beloved of Lieutenant D., the often-mentioned Marietta Conti, was dancing and acting

divinely; she has become a first-rate favourite with the Florentine public, and is now considered one of the first actresses in Europe, as far as pantomimic effect goes.

END OF VOL. I.

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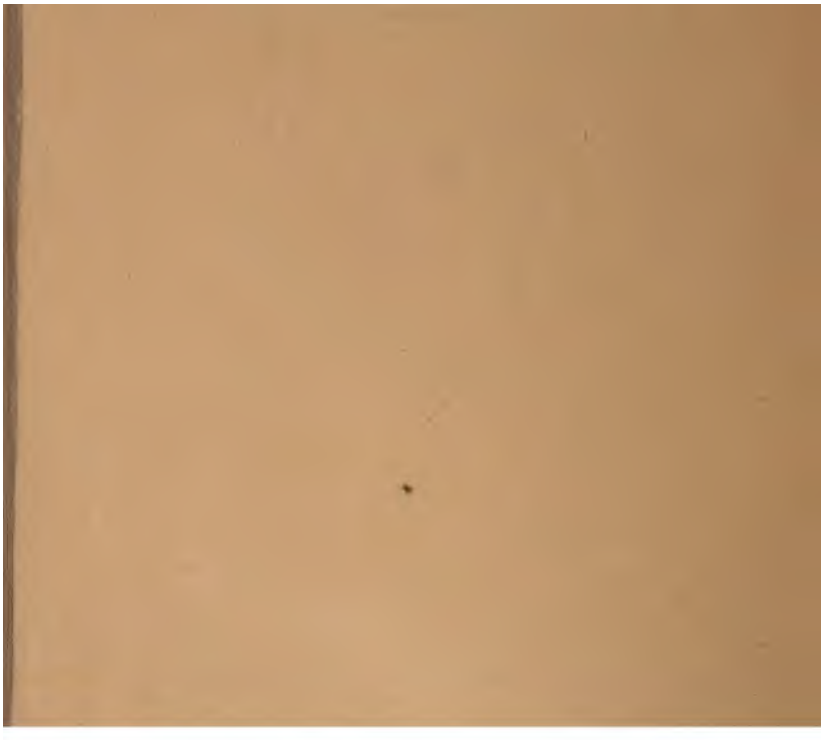

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